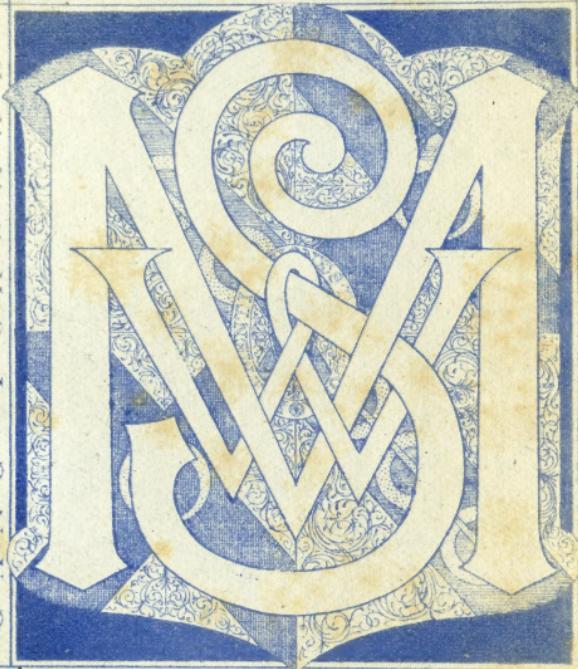




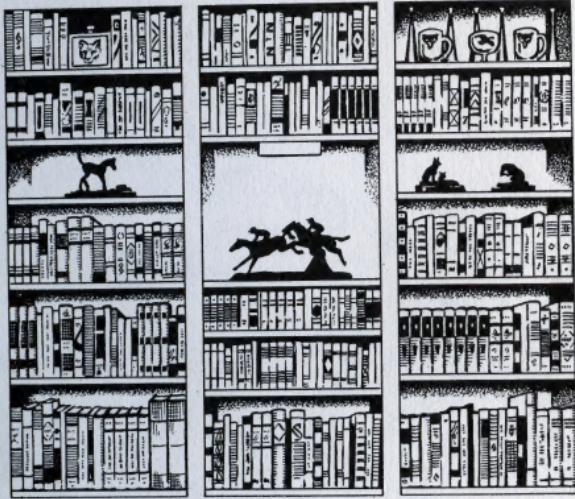
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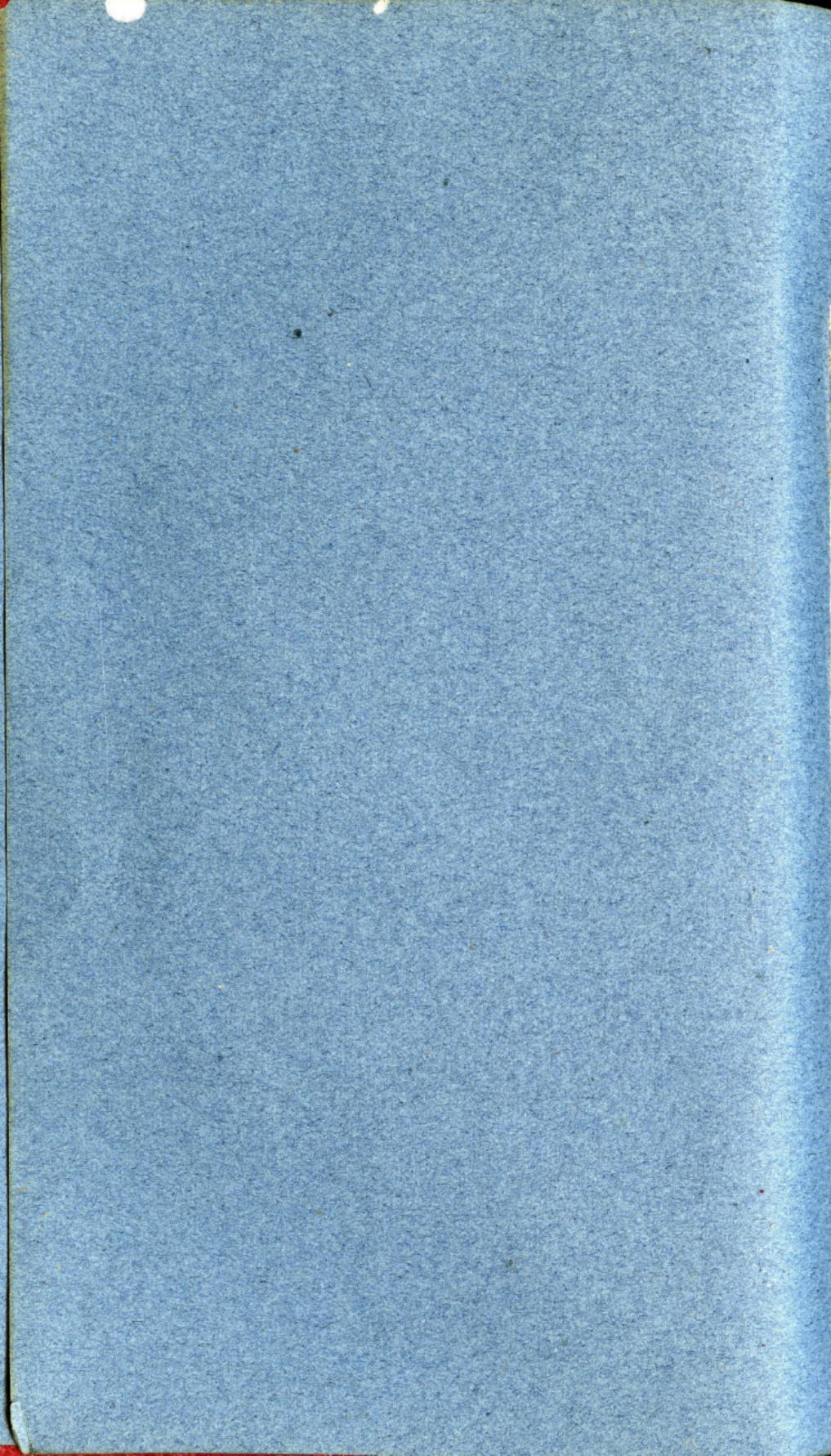
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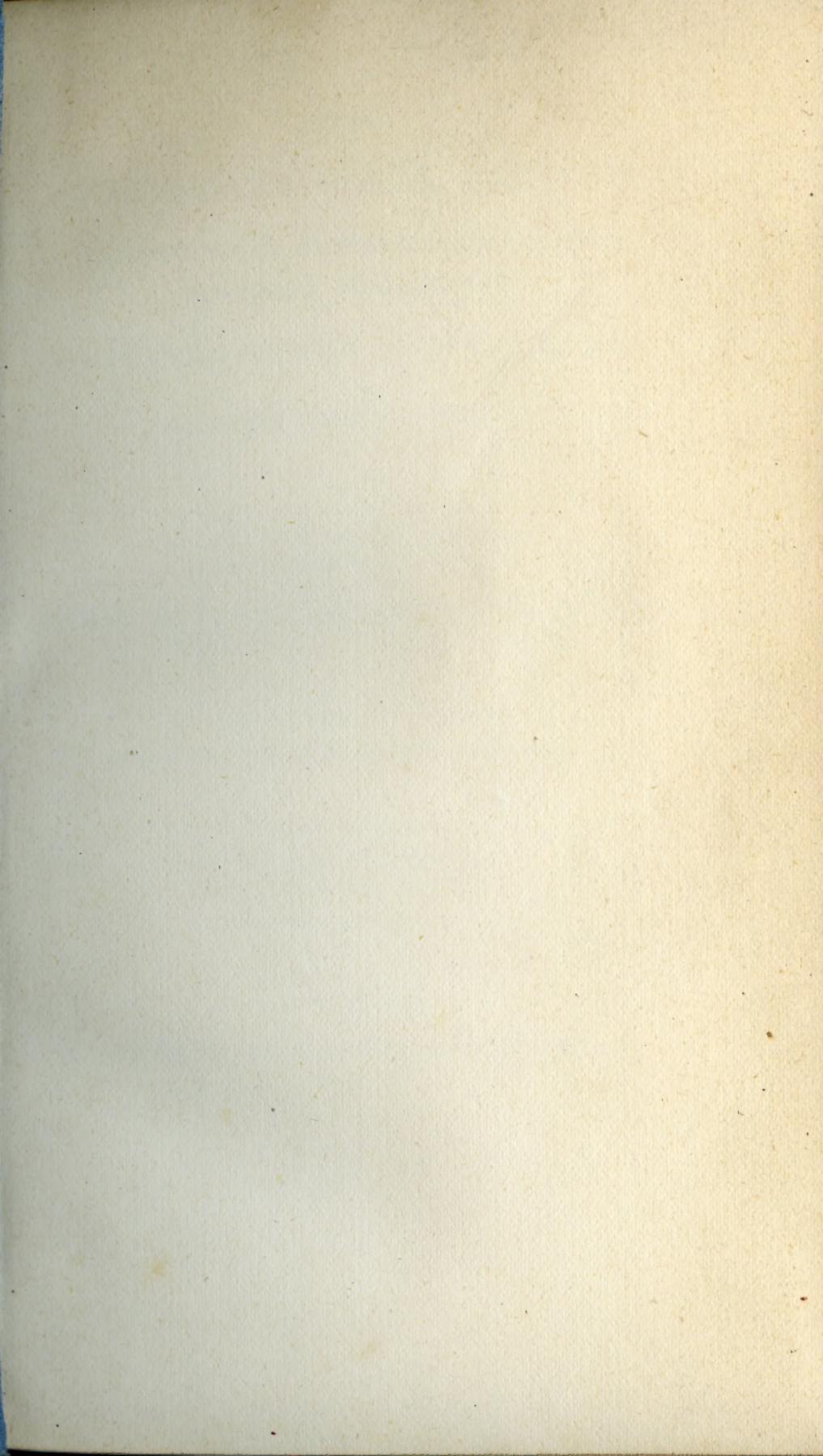


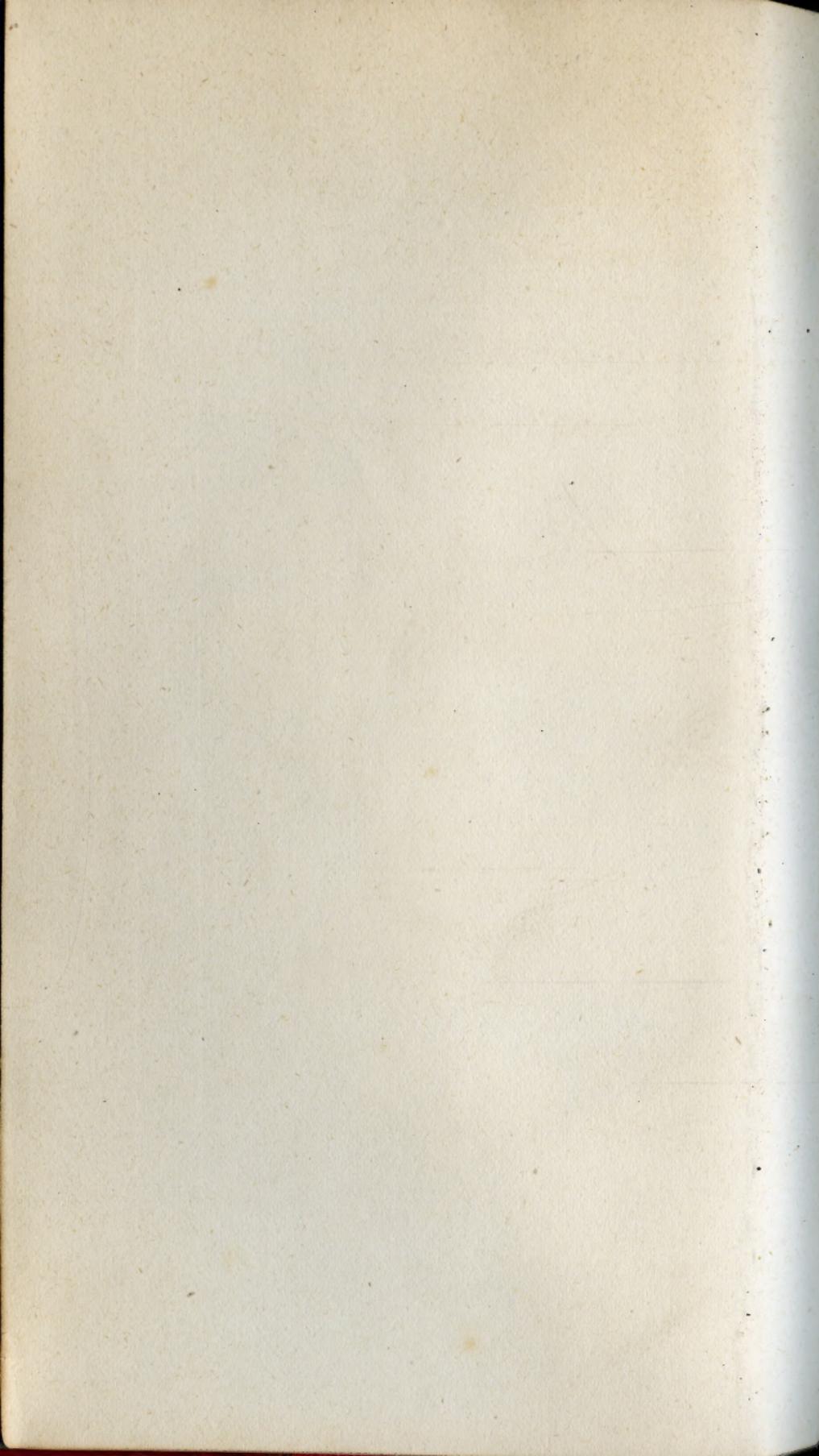
WILLIAM STIRLING MAXWELL



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JOHN AND MARTHA DANIELS







THE
SPORTSMAN'S VOCAL CABINET,
COMPRISING AN EXTENSIVE COLLECTION
OF SCARCE, CURIOUS, AND
ORIGINAL SONGS AND BALLADS,
RELATIVE TO FIELD SPORTS:

VIZ.

Racing,	Shooting,	Archery,
Hunting,	Hawking,	Cricketing,
Coursing,	Angling,	&c. &c.

Interspersed with explanatory Notes and brief Sketches of Men who have
distinguished themselves on the Turf or the Field, &c.

BY CHARLES ARMIGER,
EDITOR OF "HOWITT'S BRITISH PRESERVE."

"Oh happy! if ye knew your happy state,
Ye rangers of the fields; whom Nature boon
Cheers with her smiles, and ev'ry element
Conspires to bless."---*Somerville*.

LONDON:

T. GRIFFITHS, WELLINGTON STREET, STRAND.

1830

35

2

A D D R E S S.

THE principal object of the volume now respectfully submitted to the public, is to obviate the complaint frequently made, at the festive board, of a dearth of sporting songs: how far the Editor has succeeded in the task assigned to him, he leaves others to decide; he trusts, however, that neither the **TURFITE**, the **HUNTER**, the **COURSER**, the **SHOOTER**, the **ANGLER**, the **ARCHER**, the **CRICKETER**, nor, indeed, any "brother," will complain that his favourite pursuit has been overlooked or neglected.

The distinguishing feature in **THE SPORTSMAN'S VOCAL CABINET** is, that of the numerous songs and ballads which the Editor has collected, not one is to be found in its prototype—*The Songs of the Chase*—a volume held in deserved esteem by those for whose amusement it was compiled—**BRITISH SPORTSMEN**; a class alike distinguished for liberality and intelligence.

In the language of **SOMERVILE**, "I have done. I know the impatience of my brethren, when a fine day and the *concert* of the kennel invite them abroad. I shall therefore leave my reader to such diversion as he may find."

CHARLES ARMIGER.

Great Melton, Norfolk, July 19, 1830.

THE
SPORTSMAN'S VOCAL CABINET.

AURORA has mounted, has mounted her car,
And open'd the portals of morn ;
The shadows of night are dispersing afar,
And day in its glory re-born !
And hearken ! the horn says, the hunters are up,
All dress'd, and prepar'd for the race ;
And having drank round from the heart-cheering cup,
Tantara ! are off to the chase, to the chase !
Tantara ! are off to the chase !

O'er mountains and valleys, hedge, ditches, and stiles,
Tantara ! tantara ! they fly !
Bold reynard leads onward, with cunning and wiles,
Yet reynard, stanch reynard, must die !
And, hearken ! list, listen ! that shout tells his fate,
He trembles !—pants !—struggles for breath ;
But no, no ; they've caught him, the huntsmen relate,
Tantara ! we are in at his death ! at his death !
Tantara ! we are in at his death !

THE sportsman, distant from his native home,*
 Where tyrant insolence his bliss denies
 To trace the stubbles, with his dogs to roam,
 And wing the whirring partridge as she flies,
 In pleasing dreams oft sees the covies rise;
 Sees the proud pheasant fluttering in the sun,
 And fancy leads him to possess the prize,
 To bag the treasure, and reload his gun.

Thus oft in dreams our pleasures are renew'd,
 We hear the horn resounding thro' the space,
 Leap the bar'd gate, nor think the toil too rude,
 That waits the raptures of the manly chase:
 'Tis thus with all who bear a quiet mind,
 Whatever task the waking strength pursu'd,
 Still to the same propensity inclin'd,
 In sleep the former object is renew'd.

The sailor slumbering on the stormy deep,
 Dreams of the blissful home he left behind!
 And torturing mem'ry often wakes to weep
 O'er pleasures past, still lingering on the mind.
 The soldier, midst the battle's dreadful roar,
 Feels nature's softness clinging to his breast,
 And thinks on those whom he shall view no more,
 Ere yet he sinks with victory to rest.

* Dr. Shaw, in a letter to a friend from Algiers, says, "I went out one morning with my gun and Phillis, in expectation of being entertained with that sort of amusement, you and I have so much delighted in; but I was presently disappointed; for one of the douaneers followed, and gave me to understand no such pursuits were allowed by the Algerine government."

So I, my Ellen, while I'm far away,
 Dream of those charms I oft at home possess'd,
And wake in anger with the envious day,
 That calls too early from the couch of rest.
Thus sings your sportsman on the Barbary shore,
 Where Liberty and Love but strangers seem ;
Be you but faithful, and I ask no more,
 The rest is moonshine and beneath a dream.

AURORA's blush dispels the night,
The darkling shades decay ;
The sun breaks forth in glory bright,
And hails the new-born day :
Diana's voice, through wood and glen
O'er ev'ry sound takes place,
And calls on horses, dogs, and men,
" Arise, and join the chase."
Tantivy ! tantivy !

O'er mountains, vallies, hills, and dales,
The fleet-foot coursers fly ;
The huntsman's sweet halloo prevails !
A stag, a stag must die !
Roads, trees, and hedges, seem to move,
Such joys does hunting yield ;
While health, a handmaid deigns to prove,
When sportsmen take the field.
Tantivy ! tantivy !

Thus virgins are by man pursu'd,
And beauty made his aim ;
Thus man is by the fair subdu'd,
When love, sweet love's the game ;

And since e'en life is but a race
 We run till forc'd to yield ;
 Yo ho ! tantivy ! join the chase,
 Arise, and take the field.

Tantivy ! tantivy !

Who knows not the forest* where Harold was tomb'd ?
 One morn in the middle of May,
 We rode to Hale-End, where the hawthorn trees bloom'd,
 And the red deer delighted to stray.

Squire Laughton was there, with his excellent pack,
 Tilney Long too, that baronet bold,
 The Marquis of Lorne, with his suite at his back,
 In green liv'ry bedizen'd with gold.

And these were well furnished with horns of the best
 That the skilful e'er took into hand,
 So kind was my lord, that to pleasure each guest,
 He provided this musical band.

Will Dean was our huntsman, at Epping well known,
 For riding his hunter with grace,
 For having a voice of Stentorian tone,
 And for breeding his hounds for the chase.

A brave looking stag 'twas our fortune to rouse ;
 The victim appriz'd of his fate,
 Left his companions in quiet to browse,
 And leap'd over the high forest-gate.

* Waltham Abbey, once part of Epping Forest.

Our huntsman was willing to give him some law,
Tho' his hounds were a clamorous crew ;
Yet he kept them in check till the moment he saw
'Twas time for the pack to pursue.

The word now was given, they snuff'd up the scent,
Then follow'd the deer in full cry ;
Sure this was the music our Somerville meant,
" That was fit to mount up to the sky."

On Buckett's Hill' brow we had sight of the game,
Over Fair-Mead * he flew like a lark,
Pass'd Lord Orford's at High-spear† (that temple of fame,
Of old for our seamen a mark).

With the hounds at his haunches he turned off full speed,
Left Loughton's sweet village behind,
Then dash'd through the Abridge, skim'd over the mead,
And in Hainault sought shelter to find.

Full soon he discover'd himself in the wrong,
For our huntsman was up to his art ;
And his strong scented slot made the swift-footed throng
Unwilling to let him depart.

All Hainault he circled with grace and with speed,
Left old Fairlop a distance behind,
Reach'd the Thames, but his fears made his courage recede,
And for East-Ham that instant inclin'd.

* Fair-Mead Bottom, a well-known spot on the Forest.

† So called from a lofty spire, seen on a clear day at sea.

O'er the pales that encircle the physical* grounds,
Sage Fothergill's constant delight,
He fled, like a swallow, to 'scape from the hounds,
To hide where the waters invite.

In the lake he took soil to temper his heat,
Where the willows spread wide a cool shade,
But the pack, all discerning, soon found his retreat,
And the hunters soon follow'd the lead.

Ha ! this was a moment for excellent bliss,
The task was the Marquis of Lorne's ;
My lord gave the signal, what concord's like this ?
The chorus of hunters and horns.

The chase being done, moved by friendship's control,
The doctor† invites to his cheer ;
With humanity, ever the guide of his soul,
He begg'd for the life of the deer.

The favour was granted, the buck-cart in view,
We drew the faint beast from his lair,
And sent him to Hale-End, to join with the crew,
Once more of their comforts to share.

Now the horns fill'd the air with new strains of delight,
And no longer desirous to roam,
To save from the shades of the quick coming night,
The hunters rode merrily home.

* The Physical Gardens once belonging to Dr. Fothergill, at East-Ham.

† Doctor Fothergill, whose goodness of heart was beyond commendation.

ARISE, jolly sportsmen, the sun-beams of morn
Illumine the mountains and crimson the thorn,
The lark spreads his wings, and to Heaven's porch flies,
As the dew-drops of night on the forest leaf dies ;
The linnet's sweet carol resounds from the spray,
And nature, all nature, salutes the new day.

Arise, jolly sportsmen, the hounds are awake,
And the birds in loud chorus from brier to brake,
The ploughman is whistling, the mill-flyer goes,
And the blush of Aurora, more fresh than the rose ;
From the light rays of morning the owl flaps away,
And nature, all nature, salutes the new day.

Up, up, my brave fellows, the fox has broke ground,
And the hare, from her form, looking fearfully round,
The hawk-butcher 's mounted the regions of air,
While the victim bird trembles with grief and despair ;
Every hill, field, and valley looks cheerful and gay,
And nature, all nature, salutes the new day.

FROM east to west, from north to south,
Where'er bright Phœbus darts his beam ;
O'er Ganges' flood, or Euxine's mouth,
Or where the Niger rolls his stream ;
To lengthen out the thread of life,
All, all, pursue the hunter's strife.

Since father Tubal's early day,
Who made the tuneful brazen horn,
To cheer the hunter on his way
At night's return, or rising morn ;

THE SPORTSMAN'S

Throughout the ample world we trace,
Monarchs have dignified the chase.

The Indian nabob seeks the pard,
From blushing light till evening's close,
Nor thinks the sultry labour hard,
That rids him of his country's foes ;
His bow unstrung, his heart refresh'd,
His Brama thanks, and sinks to rest.

The hardy Norman spreads his toils
To trap the wolf, the shepherd's dread,
Or from the wild fox tear the spoils
Borne from the peasant's humble shed ;
But for example wherefore roam,
When we have hundreds nearer home.

In Gallia's realms few love the sport ;
Less manly pleasures give delight,
Scarce worthy mine or fame's report,—
The dance, the fiddle, and the gaudy sight ;
Still to their fathers' customs true,
The self same follies they pursue.

In Britain, where the natives brave
Partake the nature of their clime,
Now light and cheerful, never grave
Enough to dread the weight of time,
Both high and low by turns embrace
The pleasures of the manly chase.

This Edgar taught, the farmer's friend,
From rav'nous beasts he freed the strand ;
Made all men hunters in the end,
Himself the Nimrod of the land :

Beneath his reign our navies rose,
The terror of his country's foes.

The Norman William lov'd the chase,
Enlarged his forests many a mile,
When thousands follow'd to embrace,
The healthful sports that care beguile.
Thus William led, with great delight,
The way to hunt, and how to fight.

Now, brothers, fill your glasses round,
And ere the moments flit away,
Let toast, and song, and mirth abound,
And drink the hunters of to-day :
And, when their coursers' backs astride,
May no untoward ills betide.

WHAT joy can compare with the sports of the field,
The physic our grandfathers chose,
Ere indolence half her disorders reveal'd,
Or quacks with their nostrums arose.

They mounted the hill, and inhal'd the strong breeze,
While nature was charming and kind,
The fumes and the pangs that engender'd disease,
They left with the drunkard behind.

The sweets that arose from the blossom of spring,
Were certain to make their hearts gay,
And the lark's early song, on the quivering wing,
Was as sure to drive sorrow away.

If their flocks were secure, their cares were at rest,
 They've left us this lesson behind :
 If you wish with good health, like us to be blest,
 You'll find it with sporting combin'd.

Then come, come away, and remember this truth,
 Impress it on pleasure's smooth wings :
 Those charms must be great, that make age look like youth,
 And give rapture to princes and kings.

WHEN inclined for a shot, I am up with Aurora,
 My jacket lies ready ; my buskins are brief ;
 I speak not a word at the Manse to the snorers,
 But whistle to Juno, and off like a thief.

I leave dykes and hedges, and up to the muirlands,
 That stretch out so tempting, so brown, and so wide,
 To me they are rich lands that others think poor lands,
 As I stalk o'er the heather in freedom and pride.

I grudge not my time, nor of powder am chary,
 But roam, looking sharp after Juno's white back ;
 'Mong the flows and the rough bits she scuds like a fairy,
 But, when fixed, she's like marble to wait for the crack ;
 It may shower—it may shine—or the big clouds may sever,
 And drift with long shadows o'er mountain and fell,
 But the muir-cocks still find that I'm their fail-me-never,
 Nor will finish the day till I've tickled them well.

When I spy at a distance a smoke gently curling,
 I can guess that some gudewife's small cottage is near ;
 She knows that the minister brings nothing sinister,
 And beckons me in to partake of her cheer.

Her cheese is most rich, and her cakes are delicious,
And a glass with clear sparkle concludes the repast ;
O, long could I sit, but my wife is capricious,
And home to the Manse I must trudge away fast.

Now rip'ning berries grace the thorn,
Young sportsmen, you that love the morn,
Leave your haunts, and come away :
While the glowing Phœbus shines
O'er limpid lakes and golden bines,
Embrace th' enliv'ning ray ;
Lead up your pointers nobly trained,
From vicious habits long estrang'd,
And ever ready to obey.

Bring you the gun with barrel light,
Whose lock is fam'd for acting right,
Where Mortimer has set his mark ;
Let all your tackle be in style,
Your fleeting moments to beguile ;
Then bid good Morrow to the lark.
Now through the stubble prone to run,
Where the goss'mer threads are spun,
Prepare the charge to reach the mark.

As round the field your pointers fly,
And every quarter careful try,
Mark when the steady point they make.
Silent the leaden death prepare,
And, as the covey mounts in air,
Let thunder through the stillness break :
The while the covey sinks around,
Rous'd echo shall return the sound,
And all the sleeping groves awake.

Such are the charms we sportsmen know,
While autumn spreads his cheering glow,

And kindly deals his barley cup :
Let gloomy mortals stay behind,
Feast on the mis'ries of mankind,
Nor yield a friend the parting sup :
Such are the joys the lib'ral meet,
Ere mirth and ripening suns retreat,
And winter leads his terrors up.

Then, brother sportsmen, haste away,
Ere dark November's dismal day
Returns to check our rural sport,
Ere hoary frost shall spread around,
And no quick scent shall taint the ground,
Our pointers quest, and love to court ;
And when to wintry fires we run,
We'll sing the pleasures of the gun,
Where smoking friends at eve resort.

Now Phœbus glads the hills no more,
And icy winter spreads his store ;
Now ev'ry river, pool, and lake,
Faded bush, and leafless brake,
Puts on the gear the clime bestows,
Without a tear to weep its woes.

Come, sportsmen, to the fens repair,
And find a consolation there ;
Seek out the secret sheltering spot,
By every wanton breeze forgot —
There haunts the snipe to pierce her bill,
To reach the sweets the springs distil.

Or, haste to Ely's osier way,
Where the wild duck loves to stray—
There lurks the snipe, and there you'll find
A pastime to divert your mind ;
For there's beneath the treach'rous sward,
A moisture grateful to the bird.

When every spring the sod forsakes,
By Russia's seas or Finland lakes—
Or to Old Romney's marsh repair,
You'll find the wint'ry travellers there ;
Drove from their adamantine coast,
Here, seek their food the fledgic host.

Or by the banks of winding Lea,
Where oft the snipe has pleasur'd me ;
While city feasts (a dang'rous mess)
Have chok'd the glutton with excess—
Then have I found round Waltham marsh,
An antidote for civic trash.

Come then—equipp'd, a sportsman bold
Defies the rigour of the cold ;
The fur-dress'd cap, the friendly boot,
The buckskin glove, the light surtout—
But, above all, or nothing's gained,
Your spaniels must be fairly train'd.

Thus take your way, and if your eye
Can mark the birds that downward fly,
Discharge your fire, and you shall find,
Snipe shooting to your wishes kind.

At eve return, before the sun
His short diurnal course has run.

Then seek in town the friendly bowl,
Beneath sobriety's divine control ;
And city friends shall learn of you,
To kill the snipe the season through.
When vernal sweets again arise,
And from our shores the woodcock flies—

To lands more grateful to his taste,
And the snipe follows him in haste,
Then, sportsmen, for the chase prepare ;
Or hunt the stag, or course the hare—
By this you'll many a bliss disclose,
And wear in frost the summer's rose.

DON'T you know I from Hawkesbury came to behold
Your races, that seem'd to delight young and old,
Where each rode afoot, if not blest with a horse,
And canter'd away to that place called the course.

Sing Ballynamony—ora,
A tight little horse race for me.

Och! then what a noise open'd up to my view,
About your Paddywhack and old Bryanboroo ;
But sacrilege surely it was, at the least,
That Paddy's dear name should belong to a beast.

Sing Ballynamony—ora,
Ah! no such vile nick-names for me.

There were gentlemen mounted so fine and so gay,
And ladies that look'd like a star at noon day—
When I see the dear creatures I grieve that I'm poor,
Since beauty's the planet we all must adore.

Sing Ballynamony—ora,
A smart little damsel for me.

Six jokers on horseback were standing stock still,
Like as many dragoons that were learning to drill,
Till losing their wits, sure, they all at one time,
Galloped off at full speed, without reason or rhyme.

Sing Ballynamony— ora,
Ah! no such diversion for me.

In no time, at all, sure they twirl'd round about,
And met cheek by jowl at the place they set out;
Then faster and faster they went, I protest,
To see which could manage to break his neck best.

Sing Ballynamony— ora,
Their necks they may crack all for me.

But think what the devil myself could possess—
One said would I lay? and I thought I'd say yes!
Then because I just lost, and had nothing to pay,
Why I raced by myself, and so galloped away.

Sing Ballnamony—ora,
No kicking or whipping for me!

How sweet is the perfume and breath of the morn,
When blushing Aurora gives light to the world!
And sweet are the tones of the echoing horn,
When night's sable robes are invisibly furl'd.

A set of brave fellows as e'er rode a steed,
 Set off t'other day, in pursuit of the hare ;
 'Twas glorious to see how they flew o'er the mead,
 As if, oh, the goddess Diana was there !

Bold Tomkins led forth, on a fine shining bay,
 My lord follow'd next, on a stout raven black ;
 While Sir Charles, who for no one would ever yet stay,
 Darted forward, right forward, to make the attack.
 'Twas glorious to see how they flew o'er the heath,
 Then the halloo, the halloo, that rang in the air—
 All danger was gallantly dash'd in care's teeth,
 As if, oh, the goddess Diana was there !

From six in the morning, till close upon noon,
 The high mettled sportsmen kept up to the chase ;
 Not a hound was at fault, nor a horn out of tune,
 But each in good order kept regular pace.
 Poor puss was run hard till she gave up the game,
 And a day of more sport never hunter did share ;
 'Tis seldom, if ever, you'll hear of the same,
 For the goddess, the goddess Diana was there !

By purling stream, in shady dell,
 The angler tunes his vocal shell,
 And, hark ! invites the fair :
 Soft and enticing are his lays,
 And sweet of men of sense the praise—
 Our smiles reward his care.
Chorus.—The jolly angler's sports we'll join,
 And love with pastime shall combine.

Too long has foolish custom crept
Between the sexes—too long kept

Those form'd for bliss apart :
The bottle's rude intemp'rate noise,
The social charms of life destroys,
Which woman's born t' impart.

Chorus.—The jolly angler's sports we'll join,
And love with pastime shall combine.

The chase ill suits our tender frame,
Exposure brings the blush of shame—
Indelicate display !
But see the fair, with arm divine,
Spring round the rod and throw the line,
'Tis grace herself at play.

Chorus.—The jolly angler's sports we'll join,
And love with pastime shall combine.

We'll share the peaceful angler's joys—
The world's tumult, care, and noise,
For calmer scenes resign :
Upon our cheeks health's ruddy glow
Ethereal beauty will bestow,
And make our charms divine.

Chorus.—The jolly angler's sports we'll join,
And love with pastime shall combine.

Boy, hither bring th' elastic wand,
Endued with magic by our hand,
'Twill charm the finny prey :

With graceful sweep, the line once thrown,
Fishes as well as men shall own
Our universal sway.

Chorus.—The jolly angler's sports we'll join,
And love with pastime shall combine.

'TWAS one day at a fete giv'n at Jove's *sans souci* ;
The gods drinking nectar, the goddesses tea,
While many a whim did their pleasures beguile,
They at last talk'd of Britain, their favourite isle ;
Of its loyalty, whence all its blessings increase ;
Of its glory in war, of its splendour in peace ;
Cry'd Jove, we'll revive one accomplishment more,
Thro' which Britain's sons gather'd laurels of yore—
When fame led her archers wherever they went,
Proudly perch'd on the plume of the Bowmen of Kent.

Come, name your endowments, cry'd Mars, for my meed—
I courage would give, if of courage they'd need ;
And I, cry'd out Vulcan, will gladly bestow,
Of well temper'd steel an old tough English bow.
The bold archers all offer'd some gift to adorn ;
Cynthia gave, as her meed, a superb bugle horn :
Mercury, skill and address ; Momus, mirth ; Bacchus, wine ;
The care of their dress, cry'd gay Iris, be mine :
Thus no trophy that fancy or taste could invent,
Was neglected to grace the bold Bowmen of Kent.

Cry'd Venus, her words sweetly kissing the air,
Gift you your bold bowmen, whilst I gift the fair :

And first of my cestus each fair shall be queen,
Who sports a gay sash of toxopholite green ;
Next my son, from his quiver an arrow shall draw,
Such as wounded my heart when Adonis I saw ;—
His bow shall be lent, and a lesson impart,
Expertly to shoot at their target, the heart ;
Then the trophy of love, that by Venus was sent,
Shall reward the brave faith of the Bowmen of Kent.

Thus bestow'd each celestial some tribute of worth,
And Mercury descended triumphant to earth ;
New Henrys and Edwards, that swarm'd on the plain,
New Cressys and Agincourts conquer'd again ;
And many a fair, darting love from her eyes,
As captain of numbers, soon bore off the prize.
Favour'd thus by the gods, by your king, by the fair,
May ye Britons have peace—yet should trumpet speak war,
Of a nation united, beware—the bow's bent,
Then make from the shaft of the Bowmen of Kent.

COME, Anglers, come, for work prepare,
The scaly-race demands our care ;
The tears of morn in rain-drops fall,
Sweet tears of bliss, to anglers all.
Bring forth your tackle, bait, and hooks,
The watery world divinely looks !
Come, anglers, come, nor longer stay,
We must, we shall have sport to-day.

See yonder trout, how proudly shy—
But on the stream-king keep your eye ;

He must be taken, hook'd ere long—
 To raise the smile, and laud the song ;
 The fly-line plays—the fish bite well—
 And who kills most, boys, time will tell ;
 Yes, anglers, yes, for truth to say,
 Our sport, sweet sport, is good to-day.

How runs the time ?—Yet, what care we
 For care or time, while here we be.—
 Well caught ! that jack prolongs our stay ;
 We cannot, must not yet away.
 Bravo ! that greedy perch too cries
 We must have more, to feast our eyes !
 Yes, anglers, yes, for fame to say,
 Our sport, sweet sport, is good to-day.

The owl-bird flies, the shade-scene falls,
 And “ home, boys, home,” the night-bell calls ;
 There, there to chaunt the festive strain,
 And drink old Isaac o'er again !
 Great Walton ! whose piscatory skill,
 Shall long a place in memory fill !
 Shall live for truth's glad tongue to say,
 “ Success to angling night or day.”

A BOWMAN's life's the life to court,
 There's nought can charm so dearly
 As roving, butting, all in sport,
 To the sound of the bugle cheerly.
 When morning smiles on hill and dale,
 Away he wends,
 His bow he bends ;
 His shaft will seldom fail :

Full thirteen score,
And something more,
To steadily hold their flight :
 Anon at the butt,
 With a delicate cut,
He pops them in the white.
And then to hear them—whack,
And the gazers cry good lack !
Well, he does it with such a knack :
 Then he laughs a little,
 And quaffs a little,
 And sings a little,
 And shoots a little,
 And fiddles a little,
 And foots it a little,
And sings himself home in a crack.

Whene'er without, or wind or rain,
 Forbid us to touch a feather,
Then snug within we all remain,
 Unruffled by blust'ring weather :
For blest with a convivial set,
 Howe'er it blow,
 Or overflow,
No pastime we regret :
 Spite o' the day,
 We feast away,
And nectar crowns the board.
 We bumper it up,
 With a chir'ping cup,
To the lass by each adored.

And then the toast goes round,
Our mirth is ne'er aground—
We all have such a comical knack,

That we laugh a little,
And quaff a little,
And joke a little,
And shoot a little,
And fiddle a little,
And foot it a little,

And sing ourselves home in a crack.

Carousing thus we close the day,
Nor of sport shall evening cheat us ;
For hey for the fiddles and foot it away,
When our smiling partners greet us.

Array'd like Dian's sylvan train,
In white and green,
Each rural queen,

Bounds nimbly to the strain :
Hey from town,
Then caper it down,
To rustic liberty.

Here is found,
The yaried round,
Of pastime, dance, and glee.
With a merry old ballad anon,
Of Robin Hood and Little John,
We finish our snug little plan.

For to laugh a little,
And to quaff a little,
To sing a little,

And shoot a little,
To fiddle a little,
And to foot it a little, 's
The life of a little bowman.

YE mortals whose boast is the sports of the field,
And know the sweet pleasure that coursing does yield,
'Tis yours to illustrate the greyhound's swift run,
What cups he has gained, and what sweepstakes he's won.

O'er Ashdown and Malton, how wind-like he flew !
And the loud shout of " bravo !" from all around drew ;
With what triumph he bore off the trophies of bliss,
" On that day won the goblet, the couples on this !"

Poor puss ! and thy life is indeed but a day,
When the eye-searching greyhound encounters your way ;
Thy tears show the dread of the danger behind,
And tell but too plainly your death-doom is sign'd.

In vain is thy courage, thy daring, and speed,
The fleet-footed greyhound condemns thee to bleed !
His mouth opens on you—his strength runs you down—
Thy death is his triumph—your life his renown !

Not RIVERS,* whose dogs with the best of dogs vies,
And oft bore away both the matches and ties !
Not Rivers, could save thee, when once his hounds run—
Your field-sport was over—thy breath of life done !

* The Right Honourable GEORGE PITT, Baron RIVERS, of Stratfieldsay in Hampshire, who added fresh lustre to the name he bore, and to the family from whom he had the honour of being

Brave *Rex* ! and the sovereign indeed of greyhounds,
Hare Park and elsewhere, with thy glory resounds ;
Like *Snowball* triumphant, thy deeds will long shine,
And your right noble master, say proudly, " he's mine ! "

Fill the bowl, fill it flowing, since life glides apace,
And health be the toast to the dog-coursing race !
To the greyhound's wing'd speed, wheresoe'er it abounds,
Till time calls away to the field, park, and downs.

To Knole's famous seat, in the year sixty-two,
Four nobles came over from France ;
They brought their stanch hawks the fleet hern to pursue,
The bird with a beak like a lance.

Four falc'ners, all skilful, arriv'd in their train,
And my lord, if we credit report,
Resolv'd that their visit should not be in vain,
Most kindly prepar'd for their sport.

descended, died July 20th, 1828, at his house in Grosvenor-place, near Hyde Park Corner. His lordship was born September 19th, 1751, and succeeded his father, George, the late lord, in 1803. No man, probably, ever bred more largely, brought more capital greyhounds into the field, or was more successful in his various contests at Swaffham, Newmarket, &c. The names of all his lordship's greyhounds began with R., and before he came to the title with P. (the initial of Pitt, the family name). For a memoir of his lordship the reader is referred to the Sporting Magazine, Vol. XXII. New Series, page 436.

At Penshurst, blest seat of the Sidneys of old,
On the tops of its high towering trees,
A hernry for ages, so story has told,
Has been rock'd and refresh'd by the breeze.

The day was delightful, the harvest all done,
And the farmers at rest from their toil,
Up the vast arch of Heav'n bright Phœbus had run,
And had drank up the pools on the soil.

On Chislehurst common, in gallant array,
The duke with his nobles were seen,
When the falc'ners prepar'd for the sport of the day,
All clad in their liv'ries of green :

Their hawks were unhooded and bold for the chase,
When high floating in beautiful form,
A hern from her quarry was mark'd by his grace,
When the crowd were like bees when they swarm.

A falcon selected was thrown to the wind,
A second and third to pursue,
While those in reserve were impatient behind,
To mount to the game bird in view.

The game knew her foes, and increas'd in her flight,
Yet boldly prepar'd to defend ;
Tho' her courage was great, yet unequal the fight,
For the hern had with three to contend.

Ah! this was a moment of matchless delight,
The birds were at war in the skies,
And the hawks on their pinions exerting their might,
To conquer and bring down the prize.

Full great was the concourse assembled below,
Rich and poor in the pleasure unite,
Every breast from his grace felt the rapturous glow,
At so novel, so marshall'd a sight..

At length overcome with fatigue and despair,
The hern strove for life to depart,
When the falcon too eager her plumage to tear,
Felt her strong pointed beak in his heart.

Nor escap'd the game a less share of distress,
For the while she was wheeling around,
The falcon's sharp talons had struck her to death,
And they both fell like shot to the ground.

The hern's gaudy top, the pride of our knights,
The falc'ner swift tore from its place ;
And now amidst shouts and the highest delight,
Presented the prize to his grace.

The sport being over, my lord with his guest,
Return'd to a banquet at Knole,
Where they finish'd that day with a liberal zest,
Which meanness could never control.

The nobles return'd to their gay Gallic court,
And report with the greatest delight,
That the Britons were equally brave in their sport,
As they were when led on to the fight.

THE lads of Windsor would set out
On the noble diversion of hunting :
The heath was black, and the sky was grey,
The clouds in many forms did play :
What a pleasing diversion is hunting !

Four and forty men and more,
Hey ho ! for hunting ;
There were tailors by the dozen, and snobs by the score ;
Farmers a few, and gents, one or two ;
Where the heath is so black, and the fences so new,
Away they flew ;
Such a pleasing diversion is hunting !

There was Davis, and Freeman,
Hey ho ! for hunting :
With Daniel Cox and Mister Rose ;
The deer in the cart, with nottage so smart,
To turn him out,
Where the heath is so black, and the fences so stout—
Halloo and shout,
What a pleasing diversion is hunting !

They made the place too hot for him,
For they opened the cart behind ;

To get him in had cost much ado,
So happy enough away he flew
From the heath that's black to the hill that's blue,
Soon out of view ;
What a pleasing diversion is hunting !

The hunters and hounds stuck close to him,
All on the forest of Windsor ;
There was Merryman and Ferryman,
And all the others that end in " an ;"
With Thunderer and Blunderer,
And all the others that end in " er ;"
Fleet Dairymaid and Merrymaid,
And all the others that end in " aid ;"
There was Rachel and Bluebell,
And all the others that end in " el ;"
Old Dashaway and Splashaway
And all the rest that end in " ay :"
And Driver, he drove him off,
And Scentwell he scented him off,
And Marksman, he mark'd him off,
And Crier, he cried him off,
And Follower, he followed him off,
And Tracer, he traced him off ;
They stuck so close to him, with all their might,
While the scent was good, and the day was bright,
And just before the setting of night,
The stag was brought before their sight ;
He found his speed began to droop,
So they pulled him down with who-whoop !
What a pleasing diversion is hunting !

And then came on the sleet and snow,
 All on the forest of Windsor :
 The hunters found it dark and drear,
 With twenty miles from home, or near,
 With weary pace they on did drag,
 The horses were tired, the hounds did lag ;
 Such are the joys of hunting the stag,—
 Such the diversion of hunting !

The devil take the hindmost all the day,
 All on the forest of Windsor :
 Quoth Davis, who thought it small delight,
 To melt all day, and freeze all night,
 " The hearth shall blaze, and a bumper or two
 Shall warm our noses, which now are blue,
 " Pleasures renew,
 " Such as our sports alone can strew :"
 Such a pleasing diversion in hunting !

YE sons of dull sloth, who in cities reside,
 Insipid yourselves, ye our sports may deride ;
 We envy you not all your honors or wealth.
 Our object is pleasure united with health.

CHORUS.

Hark, the horn, see the hounds, and the horses appear,
 And tan tan tan tivvy, tan tan tan tivvy,
 And tan tivvy, salutes the glad ear.

On the wings of the wind we pursue the fleet hare,
 Leap gates, hedge, and ditches, forgetful of fear ;
 Kind echo returns the enlivening sounds,
 And the welkin is rent with the horns and the hounds.
 Hark, the horn, &c.

Diana, the empress of hunters, thought fit,
 Her seat 'mong the gods in Olympus to quit ;
 Why think you the goddess and nymphs left the place,
 But to meet in the woods us gay sons of the chase.
 Hark, the horn, &c.

Thus steal we through life, in a round of delight,
 With hunting all day and with bumpers at night ;
 Then push round the glass to the girl of our heart,
 And drink till love whispers 'tis time to depart.

Hark, the horn, &c.

O LIST ! 'tis the horn's joyous sound,
 Re-echoing over yon hill ;
 The mountains far distant resound,
 It gurgles along with the rill.

It bursts through the valley so fair,
 It whispers the breeze as it flies,
 It charms the young sylphs of the air,
 And pierces the blue vaulted skies.

O haste to the joys of the chase,
 Ye youth of the mountain and vale ;
 Mount steeds, the most famed for the race,
 As they snort to the echoing gale.

See reynard, he flies with the wind,
He darts through each deep wooded dell ;
He hears the dread war cry behind,
He lists to the tally-ho yell.

He attempts every art in his power,
Perceives all his subtleties vain ;
Though death with a frown seems to lour,
He scuds with fresh speed o'er the plain.

He steps with the swift brawling brook,
And hies his pursuers to foil ;
He doubles each brake and each nook ;
In vain does he labour and toil.

Each hound strains his sinews to lead,
Each horse champs his bit with delight ;
They skim o'er the sun-gilded mead,
And rush with an o'erwhelming might.

Like the swell of the ocean they move,
At check as the ebb of the tide ;
The wiles of sly reynard but prove,
With the fall of the torrent they glide.

The lava more fierce rolls along,
The crater forth belches its fires ;
He falls in the midst of the throng,
Terrifically fighting, expires.

Hark ! Shirewood's old forest resounds,
 Down Belvoir's fair vale it swift flies ;
 Could Robin* but hear the sweet sounds,
 From nature's green turf would he rise.

Ye sons of the chase, haste away,
 Ye sons of fam'd Shirewood retire ;
 Yon orb quits the mansions of day,
 Your gen'rous steeds they will tire.

O sportsmen, I bid you adieu,
 Till sol gilds yon fair eastern sky ;
 Fresh joy to the chase will accrue,
 As echoes the tally-ho cry.

THE leaf is red, the leaf is sear,
 The sunbeams early die ;
 The swallow leaves her dwelling here,
 To seek a warmer sky :
 Then mount and away for the forest glen,
 I hear its echoes ring,
 When winter falls on other men,
 It is the hunter's spring.

The leaf is red, the leaf is sear,
 Then brim the bowl with wine ;
 What care we for the closing year,
 Or early eve's decline ?

* Robin Hood.

For blithe the vigil hunters keep,
 Nor heed the daylight gone ;
 There crimson drops alone shall weep
 For joys that bless the morn.

Oh, then we did ride by the covert side,
 When the gallant fox stole by,
 And gave at view, the wild halloo,
 And heard the opening cry.
 The trophies dear of that career,
 With lightsome spirit bring ;
 No fading scenes of life are here,
 It is the hunter's spring.

WHEN parting at Cobham, his grace let it fall,
 " Tell my friends I expect them at Knole's ancient hall,
 To-morrow at seven ; and this understand,
 Let each bring a neighbour, or friend in his hand :
 For we mean to be gay, and that time shall give place
 To the sweets of the bottle, and charms of the chase."

Old Time heard the mandate, and pleas'd at the sound,
 The duke's invitation flew speedily round :
 The hall was lit up by the great chandelier,
 And its panels adorn'd with the spoils of the deer ;
 Where the tale of Actæon* was painted to life,
 And the huntress Atalanta,† Meleager's wife.

* The tale of Actæon the hunter, who met his fate for disturbing Diana and her nymphs when bathing.

† Atalanta who slew the wild boar, and afterwards became the wife of Meleager.

But above all the rest, to improve the design,
 The table was cover'd with excellent wine.
 His grace took the chair, as becoming a lord,
 And these were the lads that sat down at his board :
 Sir Horace below did duty in prime,
 A better could not be selected by time.

Honest Homewood came to partake of the sport,
 And the Tildens were there from Old Ifield Court ;
 Next Dering, Sir Edward, the county's delight,
 Who always stood up for the Kentish man's right ;
 Then Twisden, Sir Roger, a sportsman more bold,
 Ne'er cross'd o'er a saddle in heat or in cold.

Stout Boghurst was there, who had sat himself down
 By Symmonds, recorder of Rochester town ;
 And opposite Whiffle, a talkative elf,
 Who always was telling strange things of himself,
 'Squire Hoare and young Stanhope from Chevening Place
 And these were the friends that surrounded his grace.

Comport* of the castle, and old brewer Best,†
 Whose butt has been famous from east to the west,
 Bill Edmeads of Nutsted, and two or three more,
 The whole in conjunction, might make up a score ;
 Beside a few stanch hounds, the best of the breed,
 Which ever were famous for keeping the lead.

* Comport of Cowling Castle.

† Best, the famous brewer of Chatham, well known for his excellent "Butt," as it is called.

A bugle was sounded, the mirth to begin,
When bounce went the corks, as the punch was brought in;
All forms of distinction were banish'd aside,
No thoughts on precedence, the offspring of pride.
All, all, was true friendship, that never beguiles,
That springs from the heart enliven'd by smiles.

The duke claim'd attention, all answer'd, "hush! hush!"
While he held up his bumper, and shew'd them the brush,
This sentiment gave (the hall rang with the sound),
" All jovial fox hunters ! wherever they're found,"
Now round flew the toast, and to crown it with glee,
We demanded the chorus of " three times told three."

Thus with high tales of sporting, the hunter's delight,
And libations to Bacchus, we shorten'd the night ;
The wine was so potent, the spirit so good,
That to honor the duke we took in a flood :
All, all, was good humour, till young squire Hoare,
Fell back in his chair, and could take in no more.

Now merry Frank Mackwreth, a little afloat,
Emptied his glass down the young squire's throat ;
This trifle excepted, our joys were complete ;
And the bugle now sounds for the guests to retreat :
Upstanding, uncover'd, was claim'd from the host,
And fresh bumpers were fill'd for Sir Horace's toast.

" May health ! peace ! and plenty ! still wait on his grace,
With a son like himself, and no end to his race!"
Thus ended the meeting, and fox hunters gay,
Remounted their steeds, and rode cheerful away.
Diana was up, for she knew they must roam,
And kindly assisted in lighting them home.

LET abler bards rich trophies raise,
 To heroes, Greek or Roman ;
 Pure native themes employ my lays,
 A royal Kentish bowman ;
 Our sires supported gavel-kind,
 With steel and trusty yew, sir,
 And rightful princes all shall find,
 We're loyal, firm, and true, sir.

CHORUS.

Then let the foes upon our coast,
 Attempt a fresh invasion ;
 " Invicta" still, brave Kent shall boast,
 Whene'er they give occasion.

When Norman William's curfew bell
 O'er England caus'd a rout, sir,
 The fire of freedom, annals tell,
 In Kent was ne'er put out, sir ;
 And when the fierce usurping duke
 Held warlike Britons under,
 In Kent he met with such rebuke,
 As fill'd the realms with wonder.
 Then let, &c.

Tow'rs Dover, as on vengeance bent,
 He march'd in dread array, sir,
 The valiant yeomen, pride of Kent,
 Oppos'd him on the way, sir,

So bold and free, our fathers yet,
With crafts of war prov'd gifted,
Who, William's mightier host beset,
With oaken boughs uplifted.

Then let, &c.

Hence ancient Kent, for sword and bow
Extoll'd in martial story,
Proud ensigns bore, that we might know,
And emulate her glory ;
The men of Kent distinction gain'd,
When conqu'ring William landed ;
Which, left to us, should be maintain'd,
As down from them 'twas handed.

Then let, &c.

Now, bowmen, join with heart and voice,
To bless our constitution,
Content with ease, and social joys,
We wish no revolution ;
We fear no foreign hostile band,
Nor home-bred vile commotion ;
Kent's royal patron guards the land,
May Surry's rule the ocean !

Then let, &c.

WHAT, though the hunter's horn is mute,
The wild halloo no longer heard ;
Though fox nor hound is now a-foot,
And no one wears the scarlet suit,

And no one wings a bird :
Yet still young May doth don a dress
That shines a thing of loveliness
In raptur'd sportsmen's eye ;
Not, not alone, for the sweet rose
That now first owns the summer's sun,
Not for the blossoms they descrie,
From spring's full flow'ry lap just won ;
But that she calls them to the plain,
And beckons to the stream,
And, joying in her genial reign,
Bids heart and hope to beam :
Oh ! then there is something the sportsman to cheer,
Though winter is gone and the May-days are here.

Then, sportsman, to the course, the course,
For there is the "high-mettled" steed ;
Or bend thy steps to the river's source,
When 'tis rippled by the south wind's force,
And the spotted trout do feed ;
Ay, hie thee on, these are of May,
And make of their spirit a holyday,
Nor think of the covert and fields :
You sure must love the cheerful scene,
All crowded o'er with busy life,
Which the peopled race-course yields ;
The stately steed with spirit rife,
His eye a blaze, his nostril flame,
(Eager as are the new-slipp'd hounds,)
His bursting veins, his rider, fame,
His port, his speed, his bounds :—

These, these to the sportsman's spirit are dear,
Though winter is gone and the May-days are here.

Or the banks of some peaceful stream,
If thou lovest a quiet joy,
Will bid thee forget the tedious dream,
The struggle of life for fortune's beam,
Which the worldly-wise employ.
O'erbower'd with newly budding trees
And kiss'd by the gently fanning breeze,
How sweet is the fisherman's haunt !
Life's struggles do not reach him there,
And there ambition is forgot ;
There dwells no pride, there springs no taunt,
Nor pining for a prouder lot.
Then let the prey in covert rest,
The game nestle in field and wood,
And change the scarlet for fisher's vest,
The stubble and chase for the flood :
For kindly doth nature to sportsmen appear,
Though winter is gone and the May-days are here.

COME, you who love the pastime of the fields,
And hear a brother sing their charms with glee ;
Of joys the pheasant to the sportsman yields,
When yellow autumn tints the forest tree.

Farewell the partridge, and the stubble field,
A loftier game our busy thoughts employ,
I sing the charms the fading coverts yield,
When from the town we fly for sylvan joy.

Nor lose we little by the hasty change,
For there, we leave behind the source of ill ;
But here, the while the rural walks we range,
Nature and health defy the doctor's pill.

The shady woods our sober steps invite,
Through thickets dress'd in golden autumn's pride,
To see our spaniels range, a pleasing sight !
To lazy sluggards and to sots deny'd.

The painter's art is studied to surprise :
To balls and plays, let other sportsmen run,
What scene can equal when the pheasants rise,
And blaze their beauties to the brilliant sun ?

And thus disturb'd, they mount the devious way,
Now high in air, they ply the whirring wing,
That glittering gaudy in the face of day,
Presents a sight to gratify a king.

Through mimic thunder flies the leaden death,
And now to make our sylvan joys complete,
Our well-bred spaniels, panting out of breath,
Display the feather'd treasure at our feet.

Such is the manly sport that care defies,
Let us enjoy it (fortune) to the end,
And share the pleasure with the lads we prize,
For what is life ! or wealth ! without a friend !

Now raise the bumper to the fervid lip,
Let Chloe's name be usher to the glass,
And ere the moments from our mem'ry slip,
Let ev'ry sportsman give his fav'rite lass.

KEEP silence, good folks, and I pray you attend,
For I'm no common singer you'll find in the end ;
Tally-ho, &c.

I'm a hunting physician, and cure ev'ry ill,
Disorders and pain, without bolus or pill.
Tally-ho, &c.

Let the man who's disturb'd by misfortune and care,
Away to the woodlands and vallies repair ;
Tally-ho, &c.

Let him hear but the notes of the sweet swelling horn,
With the hounds in full cry, and his troubles are gone.
Tally-ho, &c.

Let the lovers who secretly simper and sigh,
And droop at the sight of a blue or black eye,—
Tally-ho, &c.

Brush up to 'em boldly and try 'em again,
For women love sportsmen, as sportsmen love them.
Tally-ho, &c.

Should you chance to be bless'd with a termagant wife,
Who instead of the joy, is the plague of your life ;
Tally-ho, &c.

When madam her small shot begins to let go,
Why draw on your boots and away, tally-ho.
Tally-ho, &c.

Ye poor forlorn devils, oppress'd with the hip,
 Who thus the sweet moments of pleasure let slip,
 Tally-ho, &c.

As soon as the whimsy your fancy surrounds,
 You have nothing to do, but get after the hounds.
 Tally-ho, &c.

Come here, ye old codgers, whose nerves are unstrung,
 Come follow the hounds, and you'll hunt yourselves young
 Tally-ho, &c.

'Twill cure the short cough, and the rheumatic pain,
 Do but cry tally-ho, and you're all young again.
 Tally-ho, &c.

If death, that old poacher, to smuggle you strives,
 Get astride on your saddle, and hunt for your lives ;
 Tally-ho, &c.

Never heed his grim looks if your gelding can go,
 You cannot be caught while you cry, tally-ho.
 Tally-ho, &c.

HARK, away to the woodlands, for hear the blithe horn,
 Makes cheerful the welkin resound ;
 What pleasures can equal the sports of the morn,
 Where blithe yelps the mettlesome hound.

CHORUS.

To the chase then let's hasten nor longer delay,
 While echo re-echoes the cry—hark away.

Rosy health ne'er forsakes the gay sports of the field,
When all cheerful a hunting we go ;
For the joys of the chase no one pastime can yield,
Such pleasure as it doth bestow.

To the chase, &c. &c.

WHAT is life without pleasure ? a station, at best,
Surrounded with troubles, and care,
Where the mind, like the ocean, is seldom at rest,
But when sleep lulls the pangs of despair.
Then let us, while fortune permits us to stay,
With innocent pleasures solace,
And the calls of the horn in the morning obey,
And join in the charms of the chase.

'Twas a lesson first taught by our princes of old,
As a cure for the toils of the state :
By Alfred the gen'rous, and William the bold,
And by Edward, and Henry the great.
Then let such examples to-day be our pride,
Dull indolence serves to debase,
While activity's efforts with friendship allied,
Give zest to the charms of the chase.

The rattles of riot let blockheads attend,
And the follies of vanity's schools ;
Pursuits that the libertine strives to defend,—
While wisdom consigns them to fools.

We sportsmen delight to skim o'er the lawns,
 And escape where night frolics disgrace,
 And kiss bright Aurora as soon as she dawns,
 To enliven the lads of the chase.

The bottle may raise up the spirits awhile,
 But where 'tis too amply applied,
 The strength of the liquor is sure to beguile,
 And the man's to a monster allied.
 Then who'd be behind while the woodland invites,
 And sink down to unmanly disgrace?
 The sensualist only, who ever delights
 In all but the charms of the chase.

Come, certainly turn all those vices and follies aside,
 A kind Lethe you'll find for your care,
 And above all the rest, which no rake can provide,
 A form worth the arms of the fair.
 Such raptures as these shall activity wait,
 And felicity mantle the face
 Of the sportsman who flies from the tables of fate,*
 To be blest with the charms of the chase.

THE HUNTSMAN'S LAST REQUEST.

As for me, now old age and infirmities blend,
 Let my fellows (I modestly crave),
 With the bier that conveys to the churchyard, attend,
 And give the death shout† at my grave.

* The gaming tables.

† The death halloo used by sportsmen.

Tom's will was obeyed, and the lads of the chase,
With many bold sportsmen of worth,
Attended the bier to mortality's place,
With a shout as they put him to earth.

Tho' far from field sports, we will field sports apply,
Hark ! hark ! social sportsmen, hark forward and try ;
Nor think we want *game*, tho' we're settled in town,
Its *follies* are *game*, which we here will hunt down.

We break cover first, and throw off 'mong the great,
By *babblers* surrounded, called *flatt'lers of state* ;
Whip them off, for they're vermin unworthy a chase,
Their patrons' dishonour, and bounty's disgrace.

Like pageants, the *nimrods* of *nabobs* behold !
'Midst all they have purchas'd by strange-gotten gold ;
Tho' large packs of livery couples they own,
When *conscience* starts up, can they all hunt it down ?

In French varnish'd chariots, see *quacks* drawn along,
Like *death* looking down on their *victims*, the *throng* ;
With tales of their med'cines each paper abounds,
Hunt their *nostrums* ;—no, no !—they would poison our
hounds.

Disappointment against the successful exclaims,
And *envy* will always make *uproar* call names.
Those pests of the public to *clamour* make court,—
To kennel such curs, for they only spoil sport.

The outs 'gainst the ins will for ever take aim,
 And *ministers* must be the multitude's game ;
 'Tis tempests and tides which preserve the pure sea,
 We soon should be stagnate if all should agree.

Beat about for fresh sport, thro' yon hall let us draw,
 It abounds in black game, and that game is the *law* ;
 Call the dogs off, I say,—there have nothing to do,—
 If you meddle with them they'll soon turn and hunt you.

We're *at fault*, but whose is it ? come, sportsmen, try back,
 Hark to *honesty*, that's the prime hound in our pack ;
 We are all sound and stanch, for a brisk *burst* prepare,
 Tally-ho ! 'tis a bumper—fill free and drink fair.

Here's the *queen* of our hunt, 'tis *Britannia*'s our boast,
Old England for ever ! let that be the toast :
 See, a fresh bottle starts, one view halloo ;—huzza !
 The *fox brush*, and *beauty's brush*, brush them away.

MY hawk is tir'd of perch and hood,
 My idle greyhound loathes his food
 My horse is weary of his stall,
 And I am sick of captive thrall ;
 I wish I were, as I have been,
 Hunting the hart on forests' green,
 With bended bow and bloodhound free,
 For that's the life is meet for me.

I hate to learn the ebb of time,
 From yon dull steeple's drowsy chime,

Or mark it as the sun beams crawl,
Inch after inch along the wall.
The lark was wont my matins ring,
The sable rook my vespers sing ;
These towers, although a king's they be,
Have not a hall of joy for me.

No more at dawning morn I rise,
And sun myself in Ellen's eyes,
Drive the fleet deer the forests through,
And homeward wend with evening dew ;
A blithesome welcome blithely meet,
And lay my trophies at her feet ;
While fled the eve on wings of glee,
That life is lost—to love and me.

Look, look ! brother Bob, to the meadows below,
Over-arched by that rainbow so bright,
And covered with lady-smocks whiter than snow,
What a gay, what a delicate sight !
And the river, how briskly it prattles along,
'Neath those willows that kiss the clear stream ;
And hark ! to the nightingale ! sweetly in song,
While the ousel-cock joins in his theme.

That crowd of young sportsmen, how brisk they appear,
With their sharp pointed spears raised on high,
To dart at the otter that wantons so near ;
For 'tis fit that the tyrant should die :

He's a foe to our sports, and the angler's hate,
Not a fish but he seeks for his prey ;
He's a check to our labours, for early or late,
He bears the rich morsel away.

Come, let us away, and join the blithe throng :
See ! see he comes up for a vent ;
And hark to the pack, how they carol along,
Till the air with their music is rent :
That spear-man how manly he handles the dart,
How skilful the weapon he throws ;
The point of the spear has now enter'd the heart,
And there's one less to league with our foes.

Through strong breathing brass the welkin loud rings,
They've brought the dead culprit to land ;
As the conquest spreads round on felicity's wings,
The rustics rejoice with the band :
Not an angler but sought the bold glutton with hate,
And exults in the watery chase ;
Not a creature to-day but grows glad at his fate,
And longs to extinguish the race.

Sage WALTON and COTTON the otter despised,
As a check on the pleasures of man ;
And thought it a pity the race were devised,
When time the creation began.
The shorn monks of Waltham held once a dispute,
Ere their lent and their fast day began,—
If the otter should class with the fish or the brute,
Or their flesh be a dainty for man.

The church soon declared him unfit for their dish,
And quickly spread round their report.
And from that day to this, he's rejected as fish,
And for hunters become the free sport.
Now let us away where good liquors abound,
O'er the death of the otter we'll sing,
May the fiends of destruction, wherever they're found,
Make sport for the people and king.

ATTEND, brother sportsmen, your tribute I crave,
A tear on the sod of poor Tally-ho's grave ;
You, who often have smiled at his innocent mirth,
Won't refuse him a tear now he's slipped into earth.

No more when the hounds are unkenneled at morn,
Shall we hear the loud blast from his shrill-sounding horn;
No more hear the halloo, the old sportsman gave,
For green grows the sod on poor Tally-ho's grave.

Should the chase chance to lead 'mid the forest's drear gloom,
Where the tears of the morning shine bright on his tomb ;
You will not refuse the sad tribute I crave,
A tear on the sod of poor Tally-ho's grave.

No more the old sportsman at morning we meet,
Whose smiles once made cheerful this forest retreat ;
The gallant old horseman has yielded his breath,
His *covert* is found in the mansion of death.

For see ye yon mound where the moon-beams now play,
 Where the wild flowers grow, and the moss looks so gay,
 Where the sad weeping willow its foliage doth wave,—
 'Neath those wild flow'rs and moss is poor Tally-ho's grave.

THEN free from care, from pain, and sorrow,
 Haste to the thorny down to-morrow ;
 There shall our steeds outstrip the wind,
 And time and age creep far behind :
 No longer vigils of love we keep,
 No evening cares disturb our sleep ;
 But e'er the sun has mounted the skies,
 Fresh as the dawn we gaily rise.

Then, &c. &c.

Behold from France yon *petit maitre*,
 Thus exclaims the puny creature,
Comment-ce ? sortir avant l'aurore,
Sans dejune ?—'tis one great bore !
 Such trifling fops can never know
 From the brisk chase what pleasures flow ;
 Joys above those of power and wealth,—
 Vigour of mind and rosy health.

The muckworm cit, who rolls in riches,
 Curses the gates, the woods, and ditches ;
 What ! for a vermin vile, he cries,
 Venture your necks and wound your eyes ;
 But we can tell the wary Jew,
 We have douceurs, and premiums too,
 Bacchus at night our temple warms,
 And Venus gives us all her charms.

Hill and dale with music sounding,
Every heart with joy rebounding ;
What transports in our bosoms glow,
When first we hear the tally-ho :
Bridegroom and Bachelor lead 'em on,
Soon they give way to riot's tongue ;
See thro' the wood young Harold tries,
Old Warbler roars, and Wilful cries.

Check'd by sheepfolds in the valley,
Men of weight find time to tarry ;
Mopping his front and double chin,
Each heavy Blue comes puffing in :
Juniper scents him down the way,
Magpies and crows his path betray ;
O'er the woods, meads, and chalky soil,
The villain runs his tainted foil.

Fatigued, at length he seeks the village,
Where of late he roamed to pillage ;
Midst his old haunts he finds no friend,
And Joe's who-whoop proclaims his end :
My rhymes now o'er, once more excuse
Your ancient laureat's limping muse ;
And here in Diana's jovial court,
Drink in full cups the noble sport.

AURORA has harness'd the horses of light,
And smiles on the hills with a grace ;
The hounds are unkennel'd, the bugles invite,
To partake of the joys of the chase.

Hark forward, old reynard has made for the field,
 Since his earth is stopp'd up in the park ;
 Then away to the pleasures which hunting can yield,
 And join in the chorus—hark ! Rattler, hark, hark !
 Then away, &c.

Ye lovers, let Venus to Dian give place,
 And for once barter heaven for earth ;
 Then away from the sweets of each charmer's embrace,
 Hark forward to pleasure and mirth.
 Ye misers, no longer your spirits perplex,
 Leave your gold in the mouldering sack ;
 O'er some hedge, gate, or gap, break your d—d worthless
 necks,
 Or else live to repent and set up a good pack.
 O'er some hedge, &c.

Ye doctors, to cover, hark forward with speed,
 Leave your canes, lay your wigs on the shelves ;
 If ye don't deal in health to poor patients in need,
 Ye may purchase some share for yourselves.
 Ye grave politicians, whose learned debates,
 Prove your intellects misty as night ;
 Who knows but a fall on your iron-bound pates,
 Your brains may unravel and set them to right.
 Who knows, &c.

Saddle Pegasus, poets, and hither repair,
 Elysian pleasures invite ;
 Quit Helicon's fountain and rivers so fair,
 We'll regale you with Bacchus at night.

To bachelors' hall, ye fam'd aldermen rush,
 Join the party and jovially drink ;
 'Stead of claret, strong punch, well stirr'd round with
 the brush,
 And a rich hunting pudding shall fill up each chink.
 'Stead of claret, &c.

Let the soft *petit maitre*, with saddle bran new,
 Bring his lap-dog to help in the chase,
 Ride a mile round the ditches, which straight we pursue,
 Or bewail a slight scratch on the face.
 Then forward, hark forward, while Phœbus shines bright,
 The music, my lads, only mark ;
 The hounds are unkennel'd, the bugles invite,
 Join the chorus,—hark ! Rattler, hark ! hark !
 The hounds, &c.

DESCEND, ye chaste Nine ! strike the chord you love best,
 I've a theme that will put your high notes to the test ;
 I've a chase to describe, that assuredly will
 Rouse the dead from the graves, with hurra ! for Fox-hill.
 Ballynamona—ora,
 The hounds of Ralph Lambton for me !

We shall ever remember that glorious day,
 When to Long Newton village we rattled away ;
 Every hound seem'd that morning, by instinct, to know,
 That the Long Newton* country would give us a go.
 Ballynamona—ora, &c.

* The southern district of the Sedgefield country.

Burn Wood was drawn blank, but we cared not a rap,
 (Though we all thought it smelt *h—h strong of a trap*;)
 For we knew that *a rallying point** we could make,
 Where a thoroughbred son of *old Cæsar* would break.

Ballynamona—ora, &c.

Scarce the hounds were in covert, when off reynard stole;
 How high beat each heart! how transported each soul!
 Every hound in its place, and, to give them their due,
 Over Newbiggin bottoms like pigeons they flew.

Ballynamona—ora, &c.

By Sadberge and Stainton he now bent his way,
 For Elstob† afforded no shelter this day;
 Little Stainton then gain'd, but he durst not look back,
 So close at his brush laid this brilliant pack.

Ballynamona—ora, &c.

Next pointing for Whitton, by Hillington Mill,
 One or two boasted clippers were fain to stand still;
 But remember, my boys, with a Long Newton fox
 It don't do to lark when they're up to the hocks.

Ballynamona—ora, &c.

O'er the fam'd Seaton hills with what vigour he flew,
 Determin'd to prove himself thorough true blue;
 Sterns down! bristles up! 'twould have done your hearts
 good

To have seen this stanch pack running frantic for blood.

Ballynamona—ora, &c.

* Fox-hill, a celebrated fox covert.

† A fox covert burnt down.

By Thorp, Thewls, and Grindon we rattled like smoke,
And the hounds gaining on him at every stroke,
He, disdaining Thorp Wood should his destiny mark,
Drop'd his brush, and died vermin in Wynyard Park.

Ballynamona—ora, &c.

Fill! fill! ye brave fellows, that rode in the run !
May the pack add new laurels to those they have won !
At my toast how each bosom with ecstacy bounds,
Long life to Ralph Lambton ! success to his hounds !

Ballynamona—ora,

The hounds of Ralph Lambton for me.

HARK, the horn, from the valley, how lively it peals,
And beats from the cavern around to the hills,
How sweetly does echo repeat her own mocks,
And how melting the murmur that dies in the rocks.
Each note is a warning to join the career,
And a signal that summons the sun to appear.

Behold in the east, the clouds sever'd with light,
How glorious the prospect that bursts on the sight,
A tumult of gladness plays round the warm heart,
And the spirit of ecstacy throbs in each part :
The air courts the sense as it steals o'er the field,
Enrich'd with the fragrance the rose-thickets yield.

On his roost the shrill cock, early herald of morn,
Flaps his wings and proclaims the sun's welcome return,
The lark mounting sings, and the sweet warbling thrush,
Her dulcet song carols from the low hawthorn bush ;
For the op'ning the coursers impatiently pant,
And the deep-scented hound longs the onset to chant.

But see, from his covert the fox slowly creep,
 And steal, leering backward, along the wood's steep.
 That halloo, proclaims him discover'd ! he sees
 Flight's the refuge remaining, and runs with the breeze,
 Away in pursuit !—we'll his vestiges trace,
 And mix with the clamours that chorus the chase.

HARK ! hark the hunting horn
 Salutes the blushing morn ;
 While springing from the corn
 The skylark wings his way.
 Hear ! hear the hounds' loud cry,
 (While men and horses fly,)
 Proclaims a fox must die,
 Must breathe his last to-day, to-day.
 Must breathe his last to-day.

See ! see how faint he runs,
 Nor can the death hounds shun ;
 His wily race is done,
 The tear-drop dims his eyes !
 Hark ! hark the hunters' shout,
 Declares beyond a doubt,
 His lamp of life is out,—
 Poor reynard, reynard dies ! he dies !
 Poor reynard, reynard dies !

COME ! come, my good fellows, attend to my song,
 And I'll learn you the way to live happy and long ;
 Throw ! throw off the tricks of the dull smoky town,
 To rise with the lark, and lie down with the clown.

With your pointers and gun, to the stubbles repair,
To bring down the partridge, or fleet scudding hare ;
To start the gay pheasant, in woodland conceal'd,
For there's nothing gives health like the sports of the field.

The doctor to this, boys, will never agree,
It deprives him of practice, and lessens his fee ;
To his skill and his prattle no credit bestow,
But leave him to botch up the musty old beau ;
Or to wait on my lady, who fancies she's ill,
And always in search of a medical pill :
For the whole of my life I ne'er valued his lore,
But rejected his drugs, and can hunt at fourscore.

The merchant may toil from morning till night,
And all turn to profit, that turns to his sight ;
But what are his profits when health is no more,
E'en tho' they amount to old Crœsus's store ?
When pang'd with the gout, he sits down to repent,
And wishes his youth in the fields had been spent,
Looks up to the sportsman with health in his face,
And thinks with a sigh on the charms of the chase.

Thus you see, my good fellows, my thesis is true,
A sedentary life is the worst to pursue ;
It brings on infirmities, sorrows, and strife,
And is sure to effect an abridgement of life :
Then who'd spend his days, who is favour'd with sense,
In hoarding up nought but pounds, shillings, and pence ?
Then fly from the town to the lawns and the farm,
Where the beauties of nature have plenty to charm.

Then mount your brisk coursers, and fly to the fields,
And partake of the bliss that activity yields ;
Leave the dull plodding drudge to his ledger behind,
And the prig of the law courts to trouble mankind,
When winter approaches to drench from his urn,
And the finger of time shews the way to return,
You'll own that our sports leave no stings to annoy,
And the charms of your Chloe with raptures enjoy.

Of the bards of old times, and the minstrel's gay strains
Have the sports of the chase, all transcendent, reveal'd,
Sung of Nimrod's exploits on the wide spreading plains,
And from Dian's bright charms trac'd the charms of
the field ;
Whilst the turf's native green,
Ever hallow'd has been,
And a contest more glorious enliven'd the scene ;
When the high-mettled racer, proud, pamper'd, and gay,
Bore the meed of his prowess triumphant away.

These sports are confin'd to no climate or shores,
But regions remote shall new patrons secure them ;
Like the orb in the east, which all nature adores,
They have dawn'd on our land, and 'tis ours to matur
them !
No longer a waste,
As in rude ages past,
Shall our turf be forsaken by beauty and taste,
But impart to the high-mettled racer, so gay,
Fresh ardour to bear the proud trophy away.

The smiles of the fair, like spring's fostering breath,
 Shall rear the young scion, and teach it to shoot ;
 Round the temples of beauty we'll twine the fresh wreath,
 And love's hallow'd altars shall teem with the fruit.

Then leave cynics to rail,
 Our voice shall prevail,
 And the sons of the turf their fair favourites hail !
 Whilst long for their sakes shall the sports of to-day,
 The high-mettled racer's fleet prowess display.

When these plaudits are lost in the arch of high heav'n,
 A strain more exalted shrill echo shall send ;
 'Tis the suffrage of gratitude, cordially giv'n,
 To our patron, our chief, our protector, and friend !
 To him whose calm voice
 Makes his people rejoice ;
 That the friend to mankind is their sovereign's choice !
 And long may his mild and beneficent sway,
 Enhance, whilst it sanctions, the sports of to-day !*

BRIGHT Phœbus in his chariot borne,
 Had scarce proclaim'd the approaching morn ;
 Scarce had the lark's aerial flight
 Proclaim'd the banishment of night,
 And with its sweet melodious lay,
 Hail'd the long wished for, " Hark away ;"
 When, from his drowsy bed, up sprung
 Chloris, to join the jovial throng,

* Sung at Wills's, on occasion of Sidney races, New South Wales, 1810.

Assembled in the hall,
Sees with delight hounds, horses, men,
Eager to try the dewy glen,
And hear the huntsman's call.

Rapturous he hears the merry sound,
The bugle-horn, the deep-toned hound,
Inspire his eager breast ;
“ Halloo ! hark forward !” is the cry,
“ This day, this day a fox must die,”
Broke through his slumb'ring rest.
No longer can the youth refrain,
But leaping from his couch amain,
With joyful heart, he cries,
“ John ! John ! away, the morn is fair,
“ Saddle my hunting chesnut mare,
“ This day bold reynard dies.”

Quick on the saddle Chloris sprung,
Eager to join the jovial crew ;
Hears with delight the hound give tongue,
And sees them snuffing up the dew.
Reynard, forsaken and forlorn,
Hears the loud clang, the bugle-horn ;
Hears from behind the murd'rous cry,
Which urges him in vain to fly.
Now here, now there, now looking back,
He sees behind the panting pack ;
In vain each earth he tries ; alas !
All are stopped up ; he cannot pass ;
No covert near, no blooming heath,
Closely pursued, he yields his breath.

The chase given o'er, the jolly band,
Around the board, now take their stand ;
" Fill to the brim," re-echoes loud,
From every voice within the crowd.
" Diana, goddess of the chase,
" With three times three, in cups we grace,
" And all her hunting train ;
" One bumper more, one parting glass,
" First to fox hunting, then your lass,
" Until we meet again."

O ! LIST to the sound of the horn,
It swells on the light flowing breeze ;
It hastens the breaking of morn,
And trembles the dew on the trees.

What feelings the bosom dilate,
As, bursting, it swells on the ear !
So happy, so mildly elate,
We think not of danger or fear.

But on the gay mettlesome steed,
As champing the bit with delight,
We fly at the point of his speed,
And gain the assemblaged height.

That echo ! see yonder he flies,
How quickly he speeds o'er the plain ;
His heart every cunning contrives,
Alas ! all his cunning's in vain.

Thro' vallies undaunted he bounds,
O'er uplands he measures his head ;
Still hears he the cry of the hounds,
It strikes on his bosom with dread.

He stays for a moment to breathe,
He listens with throbbing affright ;
In quickness alone can he live,
He flies, 'tis the ebb of his might.

As joyfully follow the pack,
The falcon, when soaring above,
Not more patiently views the sad track,
Where his victims unconsciously move.

So eager they snuff up the scent,
So eager they press him behind ;
So stern on the chase are they bent,
They fly on the wings of the wind.

In vain has he sped o'er the plains,
The last spark of strength disappears ;
As the taper's expiring remains,
A gloomy obscurity rears.

Tho' fierce as the storm howls along,
And bellowing, thunders the vale ;
Yet louder triumphing the throng,
They stun e'en the blustering gale.

Now warbles the horn in the glade,
Now thickens the tumult around ;
The burst of the raging cascade,
Would cause not a mightier sound.

How thunder the chase at his heels,
How vengefully tremble their throats ;
He totters, he staggers, he reels,
He dies, 'midst the echoing notes.

Oh, had you but seen, near the stone they call Blarney,
The sportsmen set off to the lake of Killarney !
Oh, that was the day, soon the fox was in sight,
And great, O, my soul, was our joy and delight !
We were all in full glee—'twas a beautiful morn,
And echo struck up a duet with the horn.

Cries the horn, " How d'ye do ?"
" Mighty well, I thank you."
Oh ! a glorious duet 'twixt the echo and horn.

Away Paddy Rafferty dashed o'er the plain,
His fine mettled horse devil a bit could he rein ;
Till the rude vicious beast, by a sly ugly twitch,
Neck and heels soused poor Paddy plump into a ditch !
While the oaths and the screams, as he lay there forlorn,
Made a curious duet for the echo and horn :

" Dam'me there he lies flat !"
" Fait, and you may say that."
Oh ! the curious duet 'twixt the echo and horn.

I AM a jolly bowler,
Of the free-thinking club;
And all my notes are fly, fly, fly,
Rub, rub a thousand, rub.
And a bowling we will go, &c.

There's ne'er a set of bowlers
So far or near renown'd;
We twist and screw, and with grimace,
We coax the bowl around.
And a bowling, &c.

We have the finest bowling-green,
There's none with us can vie;
No void of mugs, or pots, and jugs,
To drink when we are dry.
And a bowling, &c.

The rudiments of sciences
In bowling may be found;
For 'tis in vain to think to bowl,
'Till you first know the ground.
And a bowling, &c.

From bowling we may learn too,
The patience of a Job;
For as in bowling, so in life,
We bear with many a rub.
And a bowling, &c.

What trifles men contend for,
In bowling's understood ;
Where mortals sweat, and fret, and vex,
About a piece of wood.
And a bowling, &c.

The fickleness of fortune
In emblem here is seen ;
For often those that touch the block,
Are thrown out of the green.
And a bowling, &c.

Of courtiers and of bowlers,
The fortune is the same ;
Each jostles t'other out of place,
And plays a sep'rate game.
And a bowling, &c.

In bowling, as in battle,
The leader's apt to claim
The glory to himself alone,
Tho' the followers get the game.
And a bowling, &c.

A challenge from the best,
We value not a straw,
But first and second too must yield,
If we do once but draw.
And a bowling, &c.

The jack is like a young coquet ;
 Each bowl resembles man ;
 They follow wheresoever she leads,
 As close as e'er they can.
 And a bowling, &c.

What tho' they fetch a compass round,
 The bias draws them in ;
 And he that lies the closest to't,
 Cock-sure he is to win.
 And a bowling, &c.

Alas ! here's one that knocks it off,
 And touches to a hair ;
 Hold, hold, an inch—your tongue, you dog—
 A pox ! I can't forbear.
 And a bowling, &c.

Here, quickly bring a reed, boy,
 And measure it out of hand ;
 The case is clear, 'tis lost, 'tis lost,
 You cannot make it stand.
 And a bowling, &c.

For tho' in other gaming
 A blockhead be in jest,
 Yet he that's nearest to block-head,
 In bowling is the best.
 And a bowling, &c.

Then to the Rose!—of bowling

Now we have had our fill :

Let us lay aside our jack, boys,

And each man take his gill.

And a bowling, &c. (1)

FROM Noah's great grandson, our order we trace,
Who invented, and taught us to follow the chase,
By which, health and vigour we always embrace.

O! the brave bucks of old England,

And O! the old English brave bucks.

Then let us the steps of our founder pursue,
And do as the jolly old Buck used to do,
Let's follow his maxims with hearts firm and true,

O! the brave bucks of old England,

And O! the old English brave bucks.

And first, let us do nothing mean, or by stealth,
But, as industry's always productive of wealth,
Put our hands to the plough, 'tis conducive to health.

O! the brave bucks of old England,

And O! the old English brave bucks.

The buck, who would never with antlers be tipp'd,
Must be conscious he never another's doe leap'd,
But with innocent freedom be always equipp'd.

O! the brave bucks of old England,

And O! the old English brave bucks.

Unanimity renders society sweet,
Our strength it increases whenever we meet,
And makes our fraternity truly complete.

O ! the brave bucks of old England,
And O ! the old English brave bucks.

Each buck in his station submits to the sway,
Of the grand buck, most noble, and never says "nay,"
But when call'd on, we cheerfully cry "we obey."

O ! the brave bucks of old England,
And O ! the old English brave bucks.

The day's hunt when over, each jolly buck hies,
To the chase of the bottle, and jovially cries,
"Let's drink and be merry, be merry and wise."

O ! the brave bucks of old England,
And O ! the old English brave bucks.

These precepts sententious, which Nimrod laid down,
Our lodges inculcate, in country and town,
Which renders this order, in such high renown.

O ! the brave bucks of old England,
And O ! the old English brave bucks.

DICK SPENCER was son of a country squire,
He was king 'mongst the Hertfordshire beaus ;
His frame was as strong as the heart could desire,
And his visage might rival the rose.

Like his old fash'on'd dad he was fond of the chase,
And the first at the field in the morn ;
With the hounds to the uplands to follow the trace ;
And his bliss was the brass breathing horn.

At a mark our bold Dick was inferior to none,
When the covey before him would rise ;
And the pheasant was sure of the charge of his gun,
As away to the woodland he flies.

At length Dick was trapp'd by a beau of the town,
Who soon taught him his fribbling airs ;
Pretending his sports were the ways of the clown,
And fit only for bumpkins and bears.

He led him to concerts, to powder his head,
And taught him, to heighten his bliss,
Never till daylight to go to his bed,
And to take into keeping a miss.

To plays, balls, and operas together they run,
To deck his new coat with a lace ;
To forget all the charms of the dog and the gun,
And relinquish the charms of the chase.

Now Dickey's strong frame seem'd to dwindle apace,
His spirit declin'd and his stomach grew queer ;
Where nature's gay roses embellish'd his face,
The lilies of sickness began to appear.

Dick crawl'd to the doctor, and told him his case,
Sage Gallipot gave this advice ;
Go join your old dad in the charms of the chase,
And your health shall return in a trice.

Dick fled from the fop and his idle pursuits,
 Return'd to old pleasures again ;
 He hunts the fleet stag, and his system recruits,
 From the heart-cheering sports of the plain.

By temperance he lives, and goes early to bed,
 And ashamed of his indolent life ;
 Determin'd with fops ne'er to trouble his head,
 And, instead of a miss, take a wife.

His health soon returns ; it appears on his brow,
 His fellows rejoice at the change ;
 And, prompted by wisdom, Dick utters this vow,
 " No more with a fopling to range."

Convinc'd of this truth which admits no alloy,
 From such as seek titles and wealth ;
 The greatest of blessings a man can enjoy,
 Are friendship, peace, plenty, and health !

THE LULLINGSTONE* HUNT.

On the third of September, I think thereabout,
 From the Lullingstone kennel the hounds were led out ;
 The harvest was over, the morning as bright
 As ever succeeded the darkness of night :
 Dick Carter, the huntsman, a rider as bold
 As e'er cross'd a saddle in heat or in cold.

* The pack was the property of Sir John Dyke, of Lullingstone

A brace of brass-horns by Sir John was supplied,
 And old Pierce, the earth-stopper, went on as a guide ;
 For he knew where the fox had been tempted to lurk,
 And the hoary old jockey was up to his work :
 At Ludsdown deep thickets was the fix'd meeting place,
 And these were the sportsmen who follow'd the chase. *

His Grace Duke of Dorset appear'd in the van,
 Attended by Twisden, and sage Horace Mann.
 The brave noble Amherst, for Britain who fought,
 And Dering, the member who never was bought :
 Honeywood, Tilden, and young Squire Hoare,
 With Hull, from the Leith Hills, and half a score more.

Stout reynard unkennel'd, we gave him some law,
 When he took through the stubbles, to Allington-ha'*
 Then dash'd through the Medway, just under the mill,
 And fled like a swallow the steeps of Bell-hill :†
 Where in Kit's Coity-house‡ he determin'd to wait,
 (The old Kentish tomb that tells Catigern's fate):

But finding the pack coming hard at his brush,
 He left his abode with the lightning's fierce rush ;
 Ah ! this was a sight worth a sportsman to see,
 For the champaign was clear from a bush or a tree :
 Kind Phebus spread round a cerulean sky,
 The sportsmen full speed, and the hounds in full cry.

* Allington Castle.

† Blue Bell Hill, between Rochester and Maidstone.

‡ The tomb of the British Prince Catigern, brother to Vortimer, who fell in battle there, fighting against the Saxons, as did their general, Horsa, whose grave gives the name to a neighbouring village called Horsted.

The rustics were out, and this cadence arose,
Most sweet to the ear, "there he goes! there he goes!"
The horns call'd for echo's responses between,
And all nature concurr'd to enliven the scene :
E'en the larks over head could exult at the show,
For the culprit was known for a general foe.

At Horsted we turn'd him, up Steephill he climbs,
To the heath* where stern justice sends knaves for their
crimes ;
Cross the level he scuds, like a bird in the wind,
And seem'd little to care for the hunters behind :
But the Lullingstone pack were full bent on his harm,
And they turn'd him again, at George Willoughby's farm.

As he flew up from Marden for more than a mile,
Dick gave the view halloo in excellent style :
The horns a tantivy, so sweet to the ear,
That our coursers reviv'd, and fled swift as the deer :
When finding his efforts were feeble and vain,
He took tow'rd the Blue Bell, for Ludsdowm again.

Dash'd down to the Friars, where Romney's kind lord,
Lives the friend of mankind, and's by thousands ador'd;
He again took the Medway, but faulter'd in pace,
While the old bridge at Aylsford befriended the chase :
At Halling, sly reynard had near met his doom,
Where Lambard the learned had chosen his tomb.

At length lame and fainting, yet bold to repel,
He sought to find shelter in Cobham's deep dell ;

* Penenden Heath, near Maidstone, the place of execution for the county.

Just under the space once assign'd for the dead,
Where the grand mausoleum* uprears its proud head :
But Sweetlips and Dido the pride of the pack,
Were hard at his brush, and were first on his back.

Now snarling he fell as he gave up his breath,
His eyes like two meteors were flaming in death ;
Dick Carter was active, and in with the hounds,
Whose musical notes at the death had no bounds ;
The horns caught the sound, and so sweet in the rear,
That Handel himself had been charm'd to be near.

The hunters came in and surrounded the spoil,
A little the worse for the length of the toil ;
For report if we credit, and most think we may,
We had rode fifty miles thro' the whole of the day :
His Grace took the brush, it was claim'd as his dole,
Then set off with his friends to his palace at Knole.†

Now the goddess of night denied us to roam,
Fill'd the horns of her lamp, and conducted us home ;
We parted in friendship, like brother with brother,
And some they rode one way, and some went another :
Confessing such sport, with such marks of content,
Was never before in the county of Kent.

* Erected by Lord Darnley, intended as a sepulchre for his father.

† A magnificent mansion near Sevenoaks, built in the reign of King John : after passing through the hands of the crown to various noble families, it was, in the reign of James the first, settled on the descendants of the Earl of Dorset, &c.

THE glowing east Aurora streaks,
 Her blushes tinge the ground,
 The day in mildest splendor breaks,
 And sweetness breathes around :
 Then shake off your slumbers, arise !
 Blooming health ! see ! she tends on the morn !
 See, she waves you, up, up as she flies,
 Hark ! she calls by her herald the morn.

Already in her airy cell,
 The nymph of mimic voice
 Awakes, and with responsive swell,
 Applauds the hunter's choice.
 Then up and away to the chase,
 Blooming health ! see ! she tends on the morn !
 See, she smiles with ineffable grace,
 Hark ! she speaks in the sound of the horn !

The cry is up, the ardent hounds,
 Pursue the destin'd prey ;
 He yields ; with shouts the field resounds ;
 Let friendship close the day :
 And still let's be ready to meet,
 Blooming health as she tends on the morn ;
 Fill ! to love ! make life's pleasure complete,
 Sound ! to joy ! sound the echoing horn.

THE woodcocks and snipes t'other eve met together,
 To talk o'er the news of the day ;
 When the president, shaking indignant each feather,
 Cried, " List, friends, to what I've to say :—

“ By the chiefs of this land we’ve been deem’d a rich prize,
We have flown far to pamper their wills ;
And year after year, when they wanted supplies,
We were all on the wing with long bills.

“ Nay, so much were we lik’d at the feasts of the great,
Tho’ I never before of it boasted,
That princes and lords of our merits would prate,
And even our trails have they toasted.

“ But now they may cry up a crow or woodpecker,
Their owls and their pies, great and small,
For the Chancellor vile of the British Exchequer,
Has fairly made game of us all.”

By this story depress’d, they all slowly took wing,
For to fly fast they seem’d quite unable ;
And each took his oath—“ By the clear water spring
I’ll be shot, if I e’er grace his table.”

BROTHER sportsmen, give ear,
Rich September is near,
Be ready to rise with the sun ;
Leave your wives, leave your wealth,
For contentment and health,
And bring a stanch dog and a gun.

To be furnish’d complete,
With the useful and neat,
Let the sportsman to Mortimer run ;
He may there be full sure,
The best stock to procure,
And no one can equal his gun.

O ! how charming to stop
On the blue mountain's top,
Or through the wheat stubble to run,
When the game's on the wing,
Gods ! who'd be a king ?
Let me have my dog and my gun.

Leave the man of the law
From the artless to draw,
Fee on fee, till the blockhead's undone ;
With less guile on our parts,
We despise his low arts,
And harmless we carry the gun.

Leave the dull nightly pld,
To make mammon his god,
Or full cry after stocks let him run ;
With what providence sent,
The blithe sportsman's content ;
Our treasure's the dog and the gun.

Thus equipp'd with what's good,
Quit the town for the wood ;
Sweet peace shall approve when you've done ;
For the bosom shall feel,
More than words can reveal,
As the covies spring up to your gun.

Then come ! come away,
While the season is gay,
'Tis wisdom town follies to shun ;

And before the week's end,
We may pleasure a friend,
With the delicate spoils of the gun.

MANKIND are all hunters, the little, the great :
The cit hunts a plum, and the squire an estate ;
The courtier incessantly hunts for a place,
But is sometimes thrown out in the slough of disgrace.
Sir John hunts a title, with arrogant pride,
And boasts his descent, but owns nothing beside ;
While his tenants are pining, the victims of care,
And sink down, while he revels, the game of despair.

The doctor impatiently hunts for his fee,
While the powder of post swells his long recipe ;
But the wheels of his carriage we seldom explore,
With the means of relief at the cottager's door :
Too low for his practice are such silly things,
Tho' he feasts on their labours—the treasure of kings.

The parson's a hunter of higher degree,
In pursuit a of mitre he's always *qui vive* ;
At the board of my lord he sits down to say grace,
In hope like a rocket to rise in his place :
For this, like a chum in hypocrisy's school,
He smiles at his nonsense, and flatters the fool.

The farmers are hunters, from evening till morn,
To jockey the markets and keep up the corn ;
While the swain, from whose toils their tables are spread,
Is craving with want, and his children for bread :

The trader (but here let the poet beware,)
For his taxes are great, and a burden to bear.

The lawyers are hunters—a terrible race,
Who sport with them least have the best of the chase ;
Whoever's the loser they're certain to win,
For their clients thrown out, they are sure to come in :
Then let us, good lads, as our ages increase,
Leave lawyers to mend, and love mercy and peace.

Thus you see, brother sportsmen, whatever his aim,
Every man is a hunter in quest of his game ;
Then let you and I, under reason's control,
Go hunt down the bottle, or fathom the bowl :
And this sentiment give for the rest of our lives,
May we never be slighted by sweethearts or wives.

WHAT pastime's like hunting, it lengthens our lives,
And gives us new charms for our sweethearts and wives,
While dull plodding mortals who indolence court,
Are the food of disease, and the doctor's support :
Did but such know our joys, they'd no longer delay,
But join in the chase, and prevent their decay.

'Tis the font where the stream of felicity springs,
The high bliss of the swain, and a pastime for kings ;
'The farmer delights in the rapture it yields,
As he tops the barr'd gate, and encircles his fields :
'Then let us, while health spreads her bloom in the face,
Arise with the day-star, and follow the chase.

Away then with mammon, who loves it too much,
Encounters a demon he trembles to touch ;
While the hunter, more liberal and happy in mind,
Is met with respect as the friend of mankind :
As he bounds o'er the hills and surveys the grand whole,
The beauties of nature enrapture his soul.

Approv'd by himself, thro' the stages of life,
He's exempt from the fears and the law-courts of strife ;
Unwrung by ambition, to meanness unknown,
He seeks but from others no more than his own :
Contented he lives, youthful pleasures runs o'er,
And follows the hounds at the age of fourscore.

DEAR Phillis, farewell ! see the sunbeams of day,
And the horn, the shrill horn, calls the sportsman away :
Nay, frown not, nor sadden those bright eyes with woe,
Did I ever deceive thee ? O, no, my love, no.

The fields have their 'lurements, the water its charms,
But what are such trifles, sweet girl, to thy arms ?
Those arms which, like heaven, impel me to know :
Did I ever deceive thee ? O, no, my love, no.

Not a bird skims the air, nor in water a fish,
But I'll hasten to catch at my Phillis's wish :
For a kiss, at her feet lay the hare, fox, and doe :
Did I ever deceive thee ? O, no, my love, no.

The fields and the water may tempt me to roam,
But you, like a magnet, can draw me to home !
Then tell me, O, tell me, why start and sigh so ?
Did I ever deceive thee ? O, no, my love, no.

Believe me, no pleasure I find in the chase,
 Like that to be found in thy beautiful face !
 Believe me, no bliss like thy bosom, I know ;
 Did I ever deceive thee ? O, no, my love, no.

Farewell, then, dear Phillis, a short time adieu !
 Yet an age, a long age, till it brings me to you !
 But thou, thou art with me, wherever I go !
 Did I ever deceive thee ? O, no, my love, no.

THE west wind sighs, the night has fled,
 And morning lifts her rosy head ;
 Each songster swells its little throat,
 Flings on the gale the warbling note ;
 The sun with half-shorn glory shines,
 Like brilliants rough hewn from the mines ;
 The sky-lark matins forth her lay,
 As Tom the huntsman mounts his bay ;
 His ready hounds, with joyful cries,
 Salute the morn, and shake the skies.

Tom's bay was of the choicest kind,
 A good broad chest, and fair behind,
 Her legs were handsome, strong and sleek,
 Her spirit neither wild nor meek,
 Her *tout-ensemble* very good,—
 In short, she was a bit of blood ;
 Had carried him, with boundless speed,
 O'er hedge and ditch, and brook and mead ;
 Nor ever had refus'd to take
 The tough ox-fence, or high-ribbed flake.

With heart elate, and spruce, and gay,
Tom and his pack have dash'd away,
To draw the woods of Belvoir's vale,
Woods that are never known to fail :
With ample voice he cheers his hounds ;
O'er all the wood the echo sounds ;—
Sly reynard flies with might and main,
Skims like a swallow o'er the plain :
List ! to the deep-ton'd notes that flow—
Hark ! to the thund'ring tally-ho !

As the raging cataract roars,
And down the rock its vengeance pours ;
As the falcon rides above,
And views her victims careless move ;
As the storm that eddying flies,
And with its lightning rends the skies,—
So rush the pack down Belvoir's woods,
Shaking the welkin—stem the floods,
Whilst down the valley ! gently floats
The mellow horn's enchanting notes.

And now the spirit of the chase
Appears in each bold leader's face,
With animating cry inspires
His noble horse—nor damps his fires,
But leads him skilful as he bounds
O'er broad deep fence, in sight of hounds ;
Whilst thoughtless many a horseman rides,
And damps the spirit as it glides,
And as the chase keeps on its course,
He tires himself, and fags his horse.

O'er hill and dale, with might and main,
Sly reynard flies—still flies in vain ;
Nor basely yields, but onward steers,
With ardent strength and list'ning ears ;
'Till downright spent, he moves along
Some few short fields before the throng,
Then clears, and o'er the trembling mead,
He bursts again with desperate speed :
'Tis useless all—Tom's thund'ring cries
Still on his ear unerring flies.

Now full in view the chase appears,
He backs his dogs with hearty cheers ;
They rush, they fly—alas ! he's gone !
That shout proclaim'd the work was done.
What animating bursts invade
The ear, and warble in the glade !
Behold the brush ! the hunter's share,
The glorious trophy, waves in air ;
And homeward as each sportsman wends,
He boasts his feats, and gulls his friends.

Oh ! who would lead that sickly life,
So full of sorrow, care, and strife,
Where nought is seen but heavy books—
The head-ache—sickness—sallow looks—
Which for the sake of hoarding wealth,
So oft we sacrifice our health ;
Instead of rising every morn,
To greet the huntsman's hounds and horn,
And through the merry live-long day,
Join the blithe halloo ! hark away !

LINK'D in pleasure's sweet communion,
Put around the sparkling wine,
Glory's laurel, charming union,
With love's myrtle shall entwine :
Spread around the archer's fame,
Catch the enthusiastic spark ;
Give the toast its due, a brimmer,
Let no ray of day-light glimmer,—
The king, and may each Briton aim
To hit fair duty's loyal mark.

Our sport's a type of life's condition :
True archers are the supple bow
That takes truth's even round position,
But bends to nothing mean and low ;
Then bend the bow—that merit claim,
Impell'd by honour's fervid spark,
Again the toast—come, fill, a brimmer,
Let no ray of day-light glimmer,—
May knaves, that would at virtue aim,
Disgrac'd, hit shame's reproachful mark.

The bowstring is that due subjection,
Which our various passions reins,
And guides the bent of our affection,
Till worth the prize of virtue gains.
Draw the string—the Bowman's fame
Acquire, through emulation's spark ;
Give the toast its due, a brimmer,
Let no ray of day-light glimmer,—
May mirth at honour's target aim,
And hit fair pleasure's golden mark.!

Our various fortunes are the arrow,
 Which let careful prudence hold,
 In even mean, nor wide nor narrow,
 And hit the target in the gold :
 Let fly, deserve the bowman's fame,
 Impell'd by perseverance' spark,
 Round with the toast, fill up a brimmer,
 Let no ray of day-light glimmer,—
 May industry at honour aim,
 And hit fair fortune's golden mark.

Then careful brace the bow, and bend it,
 Prudent draw the string, and wise ;
 The arrow pois'd, like lightning send it,
 Hit honour's mark, and gain life's prize.
 Spread around the archer's fame,
 Catch the enthusiastic spark,
 Give the toast its due, a brimmer,
 Let no ray of day-light glimmer,—
 The fair, and may each bowman aim
 To hit, in love, fair honour's mark.

To the waters of Lea, so much in esteem,
 Where the willows in clusters appear,
 And the old wooden bridge that bends over the stream,
 Invites to the miller's good cheer.

Where, of Alfred the Great, the wise, and the good,
 This memento conspicuous remains,
 The place where he gave a new turn to the flood,
 And left dry the piratical Danes.

To this honor'd spot, while the season was gay,
Piscator retir'd with his friend,
To angle in quiet the long summer's day,
And the mind with the sage to unbend.

One servant attended, to lessen their toil,
Their tackle with care to secure,
In safety, to place the amount of their spoil,
And make pleasant the rustical tour.

With such skill and such quiet they trace by the stream,
That had sage Walton and Cotton been there,
They had sworn, by the sweets of the char and the bream,
That their equal was not to compare.

Now the sun was declining to evening apace,
And time told the hour to give o'er,
And the friends were inclin'd to retire from the place,
That had furnish'd their skill with a store.

Behold, sirs,* said Peter, bent down on his knee,
As he held up a delicate trout,
A fish with more beauty there is not to see,
If we search all the rivers about!

They pack up their treasures and quickly retir'd,
Where peace and kind plenty were found,
Where a modest repast to refresh, they requir'd,
While mirth and true friendship abound.

* This scene has been charmingly painted by the elder Reinagle, from which there is an engraving by Wm. Nicholls, a pupil of the celebrated Anthony Cardon. The print is well executed, and worthy the portfolio of the collector.

FREQUENT at early blush of morn,
At infant peep of day,
When glitt'ring dew-drops deck the corn,
I wind my pathless way ;

To where yon distant spire, scarce seen,
Embosom'd in the vale,
That peeps the nodding elms between,
Soft sighing 'midst the gale.

There oft at dewy dawn of day,
I seek the silent stream,
Where willows mark the wat'ry way,
Where sleeping Naiads dream.

'Tis there, with angling ease reclin'd,
With health and pleasing friend,
Calm contemplation lulls the mind,
And all our cares unbend.

While, on the whisp'ring western breeze,
Morn's balmy breath is borne,
That scarce disturbs the fresh clad trees,
Or waves the rising corn.

UP, up, sportsmen, up, ere the sheep leave the fold,
Up, up, ere young Phœbus drinks night's healing dew,
Up, up, ere the morn shall begin to wear old,
And good housewives are busy to bake and to brew;
For we never were born, gallant brothers, remember,
To sleep, like dull sluggards, the *First of September*.

Don your russet brown vest, place your belt by your side,
 Call Ponto and Juno from kennels away,
 And stalk o'er the stubbles, in holiday pride,
 Health and freedom attending your hearty array :
 Forget ease and slumber; pride, passion, surrender,
 For your dog and your gun, on the *First of September*.

Climb the hills, seek the valley, try furze-break and down,
 Let your stanch pointers range o'er the newly reap'd
 field,
 Ye shall win more delight, and achieve more renown,
 Than whole years in the bowers of false fashion can
 yield ;
 For our laws will admit of no fickle pretender,
 To mark, and bring down, on the *First of September*.

Then success crown'd at last—for the best day must end—
 Return to your homes with true conquerors' pride,
 And again find a joy in a sociable friend,
 Or in casting your spoils 'fore your sweetheart or bride;
 These, these are our ecstasies, sportsmen, remember,
 Then up, fowlers, up, 'tis the *First of September* !

How lovely the morning, the landscape how bright,
 The mind with new raptures to fill :
 The dew-drops like diamonds appear to the sight,
 And how sweet is the murmuring rill.

CHORUS.

Then rouse, brother sportsman, enjoy the sweet day,
 Health comes in the breeze, to the chase let's away.

The steeds are all panting, the silver-tongu'd hounds
 Are yelping all over the lawn ;
 And wide thro' the woodlands blithe echo resounds,
 Which doubly makes cheerful the dawn.

Then rouse, brother sportsman, &c.

When the hart, or the hare, we have hunted with glee,
 Or reynard, so artful and sly ;
 O'er the bowl in the evening, how happy are we,
 And the joy giving song lift on high.

Then rouse, brother sportsman, &c.

You boast of wines from gaudy France,
 From rich Madeira's isle ;
 We, sportsmen, hear what you advance,
 And treat it with a smile.
 We lads, who brush the woodland thorn,
 And follow up the hind,
 Know nothing cheers at night or morn,
 Like home-brew'd barley wine.

It gives us strength all day to roam,
 It makes our spirits gay,
 And more, at night, when we come home,
 It drives fatigue away.
 Your city fops may laugh at this,
 And what I sing malign,
 But nought from such, I'll take amiss,
 With home-brew'd barley wine.

It spreads the cheek with rosy red,
Re-nerves the feeble frame,
While those by Gallic vintage fed,
Go gouty, sick, and lame.
It lengthens out our thread of life,
Improves the bard's design,
And often stills the tongue of strife—
This home-brew'd barley wine.

It makes good blood for pretty maids ;
From this, 'tis plain to trace,
Young hunters rise, to brush the glades,
A bold and gen'rous race.
The vixen when she's most in rage,
And reason can't confine,
A dose of this shall soon assuage—
Good home-brew'd barley wine.

It makes the prude her pride forego,
And often change her mind ;
And now the friendly kiss bestow,
And treat her sportsman kind.
Leave wines of France to higher folk,
Who own a golden mine,
But let us hunters sing and smoke,
O'er home-brew'd barley wine.

We'll not forget the farmer's health,
Who holds the needful plough,
Without his aid what's all our wealth ?
He piles the barley mow.

Then let us sing, the malt and hop,
 When skilful hands combine,
 And those who tun the precious drop
 Of home-brew'd barley wine.

BRIGHT blazed the fire of crackling wood,
 And threw around a cheerful gleam ;
 In front a vast oak table stood—
 A bacon-rack hung from the beam :
 Pipes, mugs, the chimney-piece well grac'd,—
 In rows the fishing-rods hung o'er ;
 On each side otter skins were placed.—

Rap ! rap ! cries dame — “ Who's at the door ? ”

Chorus.—Some jolly anglers, loud they bawl,
 T' enjoy the pastime of Trout-Hall.

Bright as her fire glow'd dame's plump face,
 As her old friends she welcom'd kind ;
 “ Here ! Joan and Dolly, clear the place,
 “ And tap the humming ale, d'ye mind ?
 “ First fetch my bottle of right Nantz,
 “ The ev'ning air is keen and raw ;
 “ My friends of cold shall run no chance—
 “ You'll pledge me, gentlemen, I know.”

Chorus.—Come, jolly anglers, one and all,
 You're kindly welcome to Trout-Hall.

Their stomachs fortified, around
 The sparkling fire the anglers spread ;
 Fill pipes ; crack jokes ; the walls resound
 With laughter that might rouse the dead :

The supper on the table smokes !
 Round the oak board they take their seats ;
 Now din of knives, forks, plates !—no jokes—
 Right earnest aldermanic feats.

Chorus.—Much good may't do each honest soul—
 Each true bred brother of Trout-Hall.

The supper o'er, well fill'd each guest,
 Dame with her private flask appears ;
 Hopes they are pleas'd—“ She's done her best”—
 They greet th' old worthy with three cheers :
 Again fill tankard, pipe, and bowl,—
 Joke, tale, and toast, and song go round ;
 Begone dull Care ! shouts ev'ry soul,
 To thee this is forbidden ground :

Chorus.—Begone ! Thou never canst enthral,
 The jolly anglers at Trout-Hall.

WHEN the season's fine for sporting,
 What to hunting can compare ?
 Naught in life, except 'tis courting,
 When we press the yielding fair.
 See, the hounds begin to feather ;
 There's a touch, by all that's good !
 Hark ! they're getting fast together ;
 Now they thunder down the wood.
 O, what a crash !
 Forward they dash :
 There the fox goes ;
 The huntsman blows ;
 Every hound now flings and throws.

To the scent the pack are settled ;
 Now, who leads the daring throng ?
 Fox-hunters, alike high-mettled,
 Shove their smoking steeds along.
 Then, as if the d——l kick'd us,
 Neck or nothing we all go,
 Look, that fellow there has nick'd us ;
 You were wrong, I told you so.
 Leap o'er the brook ;
 Don't stay to look.
 Ride at the gate ;
 You'll be too late ;
 None to open it can wait.

Happy he, who now stays by them,
 Whilst the nags knock up so fast ;
 Such a day as this will try them ;
 None but good ones long can last.
 What a head the pack still carry ;
 O, it is a glorious run !
 Jack is down, and there goes Harry ;
 Bob is blown, and Dick is done.
 Ride for your life ;
 Get out your knife.
 There the hounds fly ;
 Soon he must die ;
 Who shall brush him, you or I ?

But, if sport like this inspires us
 With such ardour for the chase ;
 Think how female beauty fires us,
 When displaying sylph-like grace.

With equestrian skill appearing,
Charming Down enchant's the field ;
Ev'ry fence, with courage clearing,
Sportsmen to her spirit yield.
Struck with the sight,
Lost in delight ;
She, like the wind,
Leaves them behind ;
And who, then, his heart can find ?

* In January, 1818, Mr. Conyers' hounds met at Row Wood, where they found a fox, which they ran for thirty-five minutes without a check, and killed him between Canfield Mount and Dunmow Highwood. They afterwards found another on Takeley Forest, which they ran through the forest to Hallingbury ; back again over the open part of the forest, within two fields of Prior's Wood, by the corner of Canfield Hart, to High Roothing street, then up to Row Wood, over the large fields, through Man Wood to Matching Green, where he was headed ; he then went off in the direction of Brick Hills and Wood End, by the end of Fyfield ; and was run into in a large field close by Garnish Hall, after one of the most brilliant runs ever witnessed in the county of Essex.

A few days after, Mrs. Down, accompanied by Mr. Down and a very respectable field, assembled at the Thrift, near Chelmsford, which was drawn without success. The hounds were then led on to the covers in the neighbourhood of Little Baddow, where a brace of foxes were found, one of which led them an excellent chase of nearly an hour and a half, when the hounds were obliged to be called off, in consequence of a severe storm of rain and hail coming on. Mrs. Down topped every thing she came at, and rode well up the whole day, scarcely meeting with a check. An old fox-hunter, struck with the novelty, and fired with renovated youth whilst in company with the lady, composed the above song.

THRO' woodlands and forests, how sweet sounds the horn,
 While cheerful the hunters pursue ;
 Each meadow, enrich'd with the dew-drops of morn,
 The track of the hare gives to view.
 The well scented hounds yelp over the grounds,
 Tantivy, tantivy, the welkin resounds.

The high mettled steed flies o'er mountains and vales,
 Nor hedges nor ditches impede ;
 Hark forward ! they cry, as she leaps the park pales,
 And boldly again they proceed.
 The well scented hounds yelp over the grounds,
 Tantivy, tantivy, the welkin resounds.

Augustus himself loves the joys of the chase,
 'Tis royal ! 'tis noble ! divine !
 Gives vigour to life, and sweet blushes the face,
 Then who would such pleasures decline.
 The well scented hounds yelp over the grounds,
 Tantivy, tantivy, the welkin resounds.

I SING the fam'd Hunt, whose men and whose hounds,
 Ne'er felt themselves shackled by old-fashion'd bounds ;
 Whose system's their own, and whose merits, I trust,
 Are, just as they ought to be, dashing and first.

Sing Ballynamona—ora,
 And this famous stag-hunting for me.

Their lord, a good sportsman, of fox-hunting complexion
 Who is coupled to this with strong links of affection ;

Of reasons for liking twelve hundred could bring,
Or else all the pack in his couples might swing.

Sing Ballynamona—ora, &c.

Now G—s—n and Sh—pe in the string we see first,
Whilst J—h—n stands by, or trots on for a burst ;
Who hunts them by proxy, and pockets the pelf,
And all the week after is laid on the shelf.

Sing Ballynamona—ora, &c.

Suppose the stag out, and away they all go,
The hounds well together, some fast and some slow ;
Like a train of wild geese, make a long flowing line,
Forming guide-posts for sportsmen far distant behind

Sing Ballynamona—ora, &c.

Now for the first stop—who heads them ? let's see ;
Is it G—s—n, or V—e, or who will it be ?
Such hunting as this I ne'er saw till now,
And the hounds far a-head in the bottom below.

Sing Ballynamona—ora, &c.

Crash over that fence ; take care, bless your eyes !
Upon Weathercock's Vane, see, yonder come V—e ;
A devil to ride, but who never can tell,
Any more of the hunt than a man in a well.

Sing Ballynamona—ora, &c.

And G—s—n close at him, laid snug in his side—
Such fellows on horseback I never saw ride ;
They already are push'd to the pitch of their might,
And the rest far behind they leave clear out of sight.

Sing Ballynamona—ora, &c.

Next S—w dashes forward, so lively and frisky,
 Who had kill'd the dull spleen in a cup of good whisky;
 A bold son of Erin, both active and light,
 And who dashes at all, whether wrong or right.

Sing Ballynamona—ora, &c.

Next L—w—s comes on, a most thick-headed b—ch,
 Whose horse lately laid him genteel in a ditch;
 Whose centre of balance can never be true,
 But whose system of riding will ever be new.

Sing Ballynamona—ora, &c.

O ! who is he yonder, thus rubbing his pate,
 And stamping and swearing, bewailing his fate;
 Whose horse we see rating it over the plain,
 Feeling hopes he'll ne'er see his long master again ?

Sing Ballynamona—ora, &c.

O ! good master F—nw—k, I wish you much fun,
 I see you are likely to have a long run;
 The forest is wide, and you're lost in a fog,
 And he'll break his d—n'd neck in a rut or a bog.

Sing Ballynamona—ora, &c.

And R—sb—m Jem, a skirting-like elf,
 Whose nerves he makes do for his horse and himself;
 Who, tell him to-morrow no further he'd go,
 Will swear all was well, but his horse lost a shoe.

Sing Ballynamony—ora, &c.

Now comes steady F—m—n, who understands well,
 Every part of the sport, or to buy or to sell ;

Who has feeling enough just to stick to one plan,
To buy when he will, and to sell when he can.

Sing Ballynamona—ora, &c.

O! good doctor D—e! what, you join'd at the check!
Do you hunt for practice—an arm or a neck?
You ride very well, and you have but one fate,
That, start when you will, you are always too late.

Sing Ballynamona,—ora, &c.

Next P—rk—r and D—e, like Pollux and Castor,
Too steady to riot, too wise to go faster;
They ride the long race, and their merit's to wait,
Being sure to be in either early or late.

Sing Ballynamona—ora, &c.

Now T—bb—tt come on, with your fine staring grey,
Who, as a young sportsman, improves ev'ry day;
Whose horse cannot err, if you let him alone,
And may beat all the hunt on a plan of his own.

Sing Ballynamona—ora, &c.

Now B—l—ys sails forward, of sporting-like fame,
For steady, fair riding, you boast a good name;
But I've heard in this hunt you no merit could find;
And they own you might judge, but you're always behind.

Sing Ballynamona—ora, &c.

Next comes, stride-away T—ke, a clean looking soul,
With ardour for sporting he cannot controul;
Who dashes away the instant they've found,
And rides the whole chase without seeing a hound.

Sing Ballynamona—ora, &c.

And next in the string, we spy T—my, the brewer,
 In the old woman's school I don't know a truer
 At a common, a lane, or a road, a neat trap,
 Or trotting round miles for a gate or a gap.

Sing Ballynamona—ora, &c.

And, far in the rear, see, see Jack the painter,
 His horse in a funk, growing fainter and fainter ;
 With V—ll—s, so famous, who rides for a heat,
 Some furlongs behind, but is now fairly beat.

Sing Ballynamona—ora, &c.

And the fam'd yeomen prickers, they have but one plan,
 To do but as little as ever they can ;
 So lib'ral their friends, 'tis but justice to tell,
 For what they get by it, they do very well,

Sing Ballynamona—ora, &c.

The stag being taken, we see for a while,
 Drop in men and hounds, one by one, in good style ;
 And still, as far back as the eye may be bound,
 We see a keen sportsman, or lost tired hound.

Sing Ballynamona—ora, &c.

Now we've thirty good miles to go home for a treat,
 And Sol, too, has driven his steeds to a beat :
 In a cup of the best, then, we'll toast it with glee,—
 Long life to their lord, but fox-hunting for me.

Sing Ballynamony—ora, &c.

ON the downs near new Sarum, to sportsmen well known,
Where a race of young coursers are constantly shewn ;
Where the stables for training, for ages have been,
And the gallant Eclipse first erected his mien ;
Where Frampton, and others of equal renown,
Once rear'd the bold stallion to race for the crown :
To these verdant downs, with a friendly intent,
The Arabian colt was most tenderly sent.

The gay grooms were all met, and the gentry beside,
When the Arab was shewn, and his strength to be tried :
He's too young yet, cried Joyce ; he's too slender, said Clift ;
He's a picture, sang Arnall, in time he'll make shift ;
Bold Goodisson swore, by the charms of the chase,
And Robinson too, he'd be first in the race :
We'll try him, said Buckle, and leap'd on his back,
And without whip or spur he was off in a crack.

He flew like the swallow, that flits on the wing,
And all swore he was worthy the stud of a king ;
Young Haynes, 'mongst the concourse, was notic'd to cry,
The Arab I'll purchase, if money can buy ;
If brought to the hammer, or privately sold,
I'll fill a quart measure with sovereigns of gold :
Peers, riders, and squires, speak high of the horse,
And the fleet flying Arab is led to the course.

At Newmarket's fam'd course his prowess begins ;
He starts for the plate, and he easily wins ;
For though young in the sport, he was equall'd by none
For beauty, for blood, and for sinew and bone.

The sight was most charming, the ladies were gay,
And gave zest to the pleasures and sports of the day ;
The breezes delighted came rushing amain,
And the riders' silk jackets all whistl'd again.

At Ascot, at Egham, and fam'd Runny Mead,
The Arab for seasons still compass'd the lead ;
But ah ! (shall I name it) the sweepstakes he won,
But fell at the post, as if shot from a gun ;
A cruel disaster, all pitied his case,
But his sinews were strain'd, and no more for the race ;
He was led up to Tattersall's, there to be sold,
For a price, to the nackers, too mean to be told.

Thus the young fiery stallion, so swift in his flight,
Who had given to peers and to princes delight,
Was led from the race course, this task to fulfil,—
To drudge in a dung-cart, or turn in a mill ;
But Haynes was at hand, he had heard of his fate,
The hammer was up, as he enter'd the gate :
In time for a bidding, and best on the spot,
The Arabian courser now fell to his lot.

In a rich pleasant pasture he's still to be seen,
His strength much recover'd, as graceful his mien,
While his owner declares he no longer shall run,
But will keep him at ease, for the deeds he has done ;
Thus humanity shewn, by a sportsman so kind,
Deals a lesson of worth to the rest of mankind ;
For let int'rest and cruelty say what they can,
He who tortures his beast is no longer a man !

THE wood-path is carpeted over with leaves,
The glories of autumn decay ;
The goddess of plenty has bound up her sheaves,
And carried the harvest away.
With dissonant guns, hills and valleys resound,
The swains through the coppices rove ;
The partridges bleed on the dry stubble ground ;
The pheasants lie dead in the grove.

To others such pastime, such sport I resign,
And fly to my heart's little queen ;
Her breast with a sympathy, tender as mine,
Will mourn so pathetic a scene.
A keener enjoyment, my fair, we'll pursue,
From a sight so destructive remove ;
Let sportsmen rejoice, with the game in full view,
Our pastime's the pastime of love.

Together the true lover's knot let us tie,
While youth revels high in each vein ;
When youth and its pleasing concomitants fly,
The true lover's knot will remain.
Though age may creep on, and indenture the brow,
Still then shall our constancy last ;
And, if we can't relish the feast we act now,
We'll think on the pleasure that's past.

LET astronomers preach up their science pedantic,
Of stars, and of moons, and of other strange things,
Or philosophers boast of their wisdom gigantic,
To prove water, clouds—or the clouds to be springs.

I've a principle, apter and clearer, in view,
 And in Euclid I'm sure there's no figure more true,
 Than springs health, rosy health, from the chase.

O'er Copernicus, Newton his time had ne'er ponder'd,
 To prove that the earth round the sun runs a race,
 Or Locke, on the Mind, had his arguments squander'd,
 If either had tasted the joys of the chase.

For my principle, &c.

Politicians, so grave on the nation's estate,
 From whom taxes on wine and our hunters we trace,
 Ne'er had ruin'd their health by debating so late,
 Could they join in the pleasure that springs from the
 chase.

For my principle, &c.

I'm a happy old fellow with very few wants,
 And seldom am troubled with cares,
 In quiet I live, in my blest rural haunts,
 And the bloom on my face my life's habit declares.

The system of politics ruffles me not,
 Nor shrink I from pride, or from envy's foul stings,
 But blest with my friend, my pipe, and my pot,
 I look down with a smile on the bluster of kings.

The rich wines of Burgundy, Marne, and Champagne,
 The fierce burning spirits brought home from the isles,
 Nor the vintage, so powerful, produc'd in old Spain,
 Which often the heads of our princes beguiles :

Not these can disturb, or my morals betray ;
But give me of British October enough,
These drams of destruction keep out of the way,
For quacks to make up with their poisonous stuff.

Let princes combine to plague nations around,
And boast to the world their new holy league, in high
strains ;
While the helpless incline to look sad at the sound,
And sue to Great Britain to shake off their chains.

Tho' I pity their case, I can serve them no more ;
But wish from my heart I'd the pow'rs,
This rude play of kings should quickly be o'er,
And liberty dance in her holiday bow'rs.

Let riot's low sons claim the loose midnight song,
And waste by the tapers a mountain of wealth :
Experience has taught me this conduct is wrong,
And subversive of quiet and health.

Let their minds be at rest, and have moderate wants,
And my lessons of prudence go teach to a friend ;
Then care not a fig for the fool's silly taunts,
For prudence, good fellows, shall last to the end.

With me you may think on the charms of the chase,
While manhood gives strength to the frame,
And the roses that blush in sweet Philida's face,
May call up uncensur'd the laudable flame.

And now I have little to trouble my mind,
Save, I think on the fate of a brother gone by,
Who fell in the battle, and left me behind
To yield him, when thoughtful, the tear or the sigh.

Thus fares the old sportsman at eighty and two,
Who leaves this advice at the end of his will :
If you wish to live long, hence my maxims pursue,
And laugh at the quack, and his medical skill.

FROM town I walk'd to take the air,
Shun smoke and noise of coaches ;
I saw a lovely damsel fair,
Angling for dace and roaches.

Close by a brook, with line and hook,
Which curiously was baited,
Attentively the maid did look,
While for a bite she waited.

Struck with her charms, I nearer drew,
To view this lovely creature ;
The line into the brook she threw,
But oh ! with such good nature.

When me this charming girl espied,
She seem'd intimidated ;
Don't be afraid, sweet maid, I cried,
Cupid your hook has baited.

My hand and heart, sweet nymph, are thine,
If you will but accept them ;
And all I have to thee resign,
But die if you reject them.

This, and much more, to her I said ;
She replied, she must away ;
Her friends would think too long she staid,
Then sweetly smil'd, and bid good day.

I soon gain'd her's and friends' consent,
That Delia should be my bride ;
In a few months to church we went,
And the happy knot was tied.

Now pass my days in sweet content,
Blest with her fond embraces ;
And Delia owns she does not repent
Angling, for roach and daces.

COME, tune the solemn strain
To the twang, twang of the bowstring,
While slowly o'er the plain,
We march our yeomanry :
To the foot of yon green-wood tree,
Where round the death-bed chaunting,
We twang, twang the bowstring ;
Our bowman's loss lamenting :
For a good fellow sure was he ;
A good fellow sure was he ;
The pride of bowmanry.

Then dolefully we all sing,
 To the twang, twang of the bowstring,
 While echoes catch the full swing :
 There needs no passing bell,
 To toll our Bowman's knell
 For him our dirges loud swell,
 To the twang, twang of the bowstring :
 And thus we close our farewell—
 To the winding of the horn.

MATT HORSLEY is gone ! a true sportsman from birth,
 After all his long chases, he's taken to earth ;
 Full of days, full of whim, and good humour he died,
 The farmer's delight, and the fox hunter's pride !
 And tho' the small comforts of life's private hour,
 Were often encroach'd on by rank and by power,
 And tho' his plain means could but poorly afford
 To cope with the squire, or contend with a lord,—
 Yet Matt the sharp arrows of malice still broke,
 In his quaint Yorkshire way, by a good humour'd joke.

Till fourscore and ten, he continued life's course :
 And for seventy long years he made part of his horse,
 From the days of old Draper, who rose in the dark,
 Matt hunted thro' life to the days of Sir Mark.*

* Sir M. Masterman Sykes, whose hounds were almost as popular as their owner, and for whom every man, who could, preserved a fox. Sir Mark Sykes of Sledmere House, and of Settrington Yorkshire, died at Weymouth, on his way to London, February,

With Hunmanby's squire[†] he was first in the throng,
 And with hard Harry Foord[‡] never thought a day long ;
 If the fox would but run, every bog it way dry,
 No leap was too large—no wold hill too high :
 Himself still in wind, though his steed might want breath,
 He was then, as he's now, ever " in at the death."
 A tough hearty sapling from Liberty's tree,
 If ever plain Yorkshireman lived—it was he.

But at last honest Matt has bid sporting adieu ;
 Many good things he uttered ; one good thing is true,
 " That aw'd by no frowns, above meanness or pelf—
 No bad thing could ever be said of himself."
 As honest Matt Horsley is gone to repose,
 And he and the foxes no longer are foes !

the 16th, 1823, aged 52. He served the office of high sheriff of the county in 1795 ; succeeded to the title and estates on the death of his father, in September, 1801. In 1807, he was elected representative in parliament for the city of York, after a most severe contest : he was again elected in 1812, without opposition ; and returned a third time, after a contest, in 1813. He retired from public life in 1820, on account of ill health, to the great regret of his constituents. In private life his character shone with the greatest lustre : blessed with a princely fortune, he had the means as well as the inclination to benefit his fellow creatures ; to him the distressed never appealed in vain ; his purse was always open to the calls of humanity.

[†] Humphrey Osbaldeston, Esq. who in his day, and in the days of Isaac Granger, who was his huntsman, had one of the best packs of fox-hounds in England.

[‡] Harry Foord, a former vicar of Fox-holes, on the Wolds, esteemed one of the best gentlemen riders in England, and who preserved that true character in riding, never to avoid what was necessary, or to do that which was not. He, therefore, rode, through ten seasons, two as good horses as ever went into a field, though riding fourteen stone.

Lay one brush on his grave!—it will do his heart good,
 For so vermin his nature—so true was his blood,
 That but stand o'er his sod—tally-ho! be your strain,
 Matt Horsley will wake and will halloo again.

SINCE winter's keen blast must to zephyr give place,
 We resign, for a season, the joys of the chase;
 The cry of the hounds and of hunters must cease,
 And puss thro' the woodlands may ramble in peace;
 In peace let her ramble, regardless and free,
 Till the horn's cheerful note shall awake us with glee;
 Till October returns, let her frolic and play,
 And then we'll pursue her with "hark, hark away."
 With hark, hark away,
 With hark, hark away,
 And then we'll pursue her, with hark, hark away!

When ting'd were the hills, with the crimson of morn,
 We jocundly rose to the sound of the horn;
 Triumphant its melody swell'd o'er the plain,
 While the heath cover'd mountains re-echoed the strain
 Hark, hark! was the mandate, we flew like the wind,
 And care's haggard visage was distanc'd behind:
 What joys can be equal to those we display,
 When we follow the harriers, with hark, hark away!
 With hark, hark away! &c.

Like the soldier return'd from a far hostile shore,
 Recounting his toils and his victories o'er;
 Of the battle's loud din, where is courage so true,
 Obtain'd the green laurel entwining his brow.

Of chases now past let our narrative be,
 Till winter's pale hand shall dismantle the tree ;
 Then, then to the forest exultingly stray,
 And cheer the fleet harriers, with hark, hark away !
 With hark, hark away ! &c.

Then fill up your glasses—yet fill as you chuse—
 Here's a health, brother sportsmen, which none can refuse
 A health that with pleasure our club shall inspire ;
 While hunting delights, or while hounds we admire :—
 See, see how I fill it—'tis Colepitts,* I toast :
 Of our hunt may he long be the pride and the boast,
 And oft may we meet him with joys like to-day ;
 And long may he lead us, with hark, hark away !
 With hark, hark away,
 With hark, hark away,
 And long may he lead us, with hark, hark away !

EARLY one morning as I was a walking,
 Then did I hear of a famous fine hunting ;
 'Twas between some gentlemen and the Duke of Buck-
 ingham,
 So early as I was a walking.

CHORUS.

There was Dido and Spandigo, Gentry was there O,
 Old Trowler who never looks behind him ;
 There was Countess and Rowler, Bonnylass and Jowler,
 These are the hounds that will find him.

* G. Colepitts, Esq. of Killingworth, the worthy master of the forest hunt. He died October 30th, 1793, universally regretted.

Our fox being young, and the sport just begun,
 He straightway took out of the cover ;
 It was up the highest hill, and down the lowest dale,
 Expecting his life for his labour.

There was, &c.

Mr. Watkins he rode bay, Mr. Taffe he rode grey,
 Mr. Draper kept up with his grace, sir ;
 Mr. Watson had no share, for he rode his dappled mare,
 And was forc'd to give over the chase, sir.

There was, &c.

Jemmy trots o'er the plain, as he trips it o'er again ;
 Bold Watkins's horse never fails him ;
 Then for ever and a day, to his hounds he will say,
 Hark away, hark away, all together.

There was, &c.

Our fox being young, and the sport almost done,
 He straightway jump'd into the river ;
 Old Dido he jump'd in, and after him did swim,
 Saying, now we will triumph for ever.

There was, &c.

IT chanc'd that an angler, who liv'd in Cheapside,
 With new tackle and nice lively bait,
 On a fishing excursion to Putney bridge hied,
 And there in a punt, at the due time of tide,
 Expectant and watchful, he sate.

That patience is virtue, the proverb declares,
And our sportsman gave practical proof :
For tho' he display'd all his craftiest snares,
Tho' his hooks were conceal'd, and his lines single hairs,
The curs'd fish still kept swimming aloof.

At length he grew hungry, and weary, and wet,
For the punt was both leaky and cranky ;
And tho' he with caution each tempting bait set,
Not a minnow, a roach, or an eel, could he get,
For they all seem'd to say, " No, I thank 'ee ! "

A wag, on the bridge, said, " No longer contend,
For you've dev'lish bad luck below, brother ;
And the fault's in your *rod*—(for I speak as a friend),
Tho' 'tis certainly true, there's a *worm at one end*,
Yet a *fool* scares the *fish, at the other !*"

SLY reynard is started, the hounds scent his brush ;
The intrepid fox is in view ;
Now this, and now that way, the sportsmen all rush,
And quick, quick as lightning pursue.
Yo, yoix ! yo, yoix ! on all sides resounds,
Fleet reynard still leaves them behind ;
O'er uplands and valleys, undaunted he bounds,
Yoix ! yoix ! more swift than the wind.
Hark forward ! hark forward ! hark forward's the cry,
Hark forward ! hark forward ! poor reynard must die !

He falters, he trembles, yet leads the loud pack ;
 Again he shows courage, and flies ;
 Alas ! 'tis in vain, they are close at his back ;
 They catch him, they catch him, he dies !
 Yo, yoix ! yo, yoix ! they seize on their prey,
 Poor reynard, his blood stains the field.
 Old Juno, young Scentwell, bold Jowler, and Tray,
 Yoix ! yoix ! have compelled him to yield.
 Hark forward ! hark forward ! the hunters all cry,
 Hark forward ! hark forward ! poor reynard must die !

SURVEY the gay heath, what bright beauties are here,
 And hark to the musical horn :
 The archers are coming, behold, they appear
 As brilliant as Phœbus at morn :
 Near Surry advances the bows of St. George ;
 Old Hornsey her Woodmen has sent,
 And next Chevy-chase boys, see Aylesford's kind lord,
 Leads up the bold Bowmen of Kent.

The Toxopholites came with the Robin Hood's bows ;
 Next Suffolk, there's Arden so neat,
 With gay Royal Artillery Archers they close,
 And make the procession complete.
 Who, captain of targets and numbers shall be,
 Full quickly their bows shall be bent,
 There's Jarvis for Hornsey, none better to see,
 And Leith for the Bowmen of Kent.

Hark ! the signal is given, to targets they run,
 E'en swift as the arrow that flies ;
 Their bows are all bent and the pastime begun,
 A bugle of gold is the prize.
 That Woodman* of Arden, how graceful he draws,
 For the goal his arrow was meant,
 Hark ! hark ! from above, what a burst of applause,
 'Tis hit by a Bowman of Kent.

How eager around for the honours they strain !
 Ah ! pr'ythee, dull poet, forbear,
 The brightest of honours they strive to obtain,
 The smiles of applause from the fair.
 See Anderson† triumph like Robin of old,
 His arrows with judgment are sent ;
 And Jarvis, like Midas,‡ turns all into gold,
 While Leith fills the targets for Kent.

The measures of harmony§ sweeten the toil,
 While Phœbus, the archer above,
 At the twang of the bow, looks down with a smile,
 And that cunning Toxopholite Love.
 Now Sol quits the gay scene for his Thetis's bed,
 When Leith|| his unerring bow bent ;
 The shaft seem'd, exulting, to cry, as it fled,
 I win for the Bowmen of Kent.

* Earl Morton led the Woodmen of Arden, and shot with great skill.

† Anderson, Robin Hood's Bowman, declared captain of numbers.

‡ Alluding to his frequently piercing the golden goal.

§ The band of music.

|| Dr. Leith of Greenwich, captain of the target.

The day's sport is over, the targets are told,
 When Anderson mounts o'er the rest :
 While Jarvis of Hornsey, for merit enroll'd,
 And Green, * win the gems† for the breast.
 The signal is given, to dinner each flies,
 Where Willis‡ gives hunger content ;
 Where the good Duke of Leeds§ presented the prize
 To Leith, the bold Bowman of Kent.

COME, listen all, you sportsmen gay, who love to run a
 hare, sirs,
 A story of a course I'll tell, whose truth I do declare,
 sirs ;
 'Tis of a famous stout game hare, which lay near Lonsbro'
 town, sirs,
 Who beating every greyhound there, had challeng'd great
 renown, sirs.

At length the squire of Methill's Hall, heard of this hare,
 by hap, sirs.
 And swore to all his company, he'd single run Blue Cap,
 sirs ;
 At which they laughed, and jeering said, " He never
 would come nigh her."
 " My friends!" cried he, " whate'er my chance, I am
 resolv'd to try her."

* Mr. Green, St. George's Bowman, lieutenant of numbers.

† The Medals.

‡ Master of the Rooms.

§ His Grace was president for the day.

So off they rode, a gallant band, to seek this famous hare,
sirs,
Who often in a stone-pit lay, and sure they found her
there, sirs ;—
So up she got ! and off they went, quite o'er the dale so
clever,
And brave squire Hewitt cried aloud, “ My Blue Cap,
now or never ! ”

And when they got upon plain ground, swift Blue Cap
turn'd her there, sirs,
But still the company would bet five guineas on the hare,
sirs ;
Across the dale she took once more, which made their
horses whinny,—
Yet Hewitt still undaunted cried, “ My Blue Cap for a
guinea ! ”

For shelter then, to Water Wood, swift flew this gallant
hare, sirs,
But Blue Cap press'd her scut so close, she durst not
enter there, sirs ;
Then off she went for Methill's Hall, which was a gallant
round, sirs ;
When Blue Cap took this famous hare, and on his mas-
ter's ground, sirs.

And now this band returning home, in spirits, and full
force, sirs,
O'er good roast beef and bowls of punch, again they ran
the course, sirs ;

The clergyman he gave the toast, which some thought
mighty clever ;
It was the "Squire of Methill's Hall, and brave Blue
Cap for ever."

THE cock awakes the rosy dawn,
And tells approaching day,
While Reynard sneaks along the lawn,
Belated with his prey :
Oh never think to find thy home,
But for thy safety fly ;
The sportsman's long proclaim'd thy doom,
" To-day a fox shall die."

The bugle blows the sporting train,
Swift mount the snorting steed ;
Each fence defiance bids in vain,
Their progress to impede :
The cover broke, they drive along,
And raise a jovial cry ;
Each dog barks chorus to my song ;
" To-day a fox shall die."

Like lightning o'er the hills they sweep,
The readiest roads they go ;
The five-barr'd gate with ease they leap :
Hark forward, tally-ho !
The mist hangs on, and scents him strong,
The moisture makes it lie ;
The woods re-echo to my song ;
" This day the fox must die."

Old reynard, finding shifts in vain,
 While hounds and horn pursue,
 Now leaves the woods to try the plain—
 The bugle sounds a view.
 Old Threadbrake gaily leads the throng,
 His bold unerring cry
 Confirms the burthen of my song—
 “ This day a fox shall die.”

His funeral knell the bugle blows,
 His end approaches near ;
 He reels and staggers as he goes,
 And drops his brush with fear :
 More eager now they press along,
 And louder still the cry ;
 All join in chorus to my song—
 “ To-day the fox must die.”

*CLEAR is the air, and the morning is fair,
 Fellow huntsman, come wind your horn ;
 Sweet is the breath, and fresh is the earth,
 That does melt the rind from the thorn :
 The flowers wax bright with Apollo's light,
 Newly sprung from the ocean queen ;
 Where, on a forest plain, may be seen a brave game,
 Right fit of a prince to be seen.

* This curious hunting song was taken from a very rare book, called “*Wit and Drollery*,” belonging to the celebrated Ritson.

Fourteen couple, truly counted,
Of hounds, both good and trusty ;
And a troop of horsemen, bravely mounted,
Of coursers swift and lusty ;
Of huntsmen so right, that clear were of sight,
To shew the delight, the delight,
So ho, ho ; so ho, &c. there she sits.

Then Coridon was frightened, his lambs they were so parted,
To hear how they did shout, they halloo'd and ^{they} whoop'd,
Whilst Wat before them started,
With halloo, halloo, halloo, halloo, cried the louder ;
The earth ne'er bare a braver hare, that ran more strong
and prouder ;
Swift as a roe she fairly hunts o'er mountains, hills, and
dales ;
O'er meadows, pastures, and o'er fields, over layes and
under rayles :
And then unto the hunt she gets, she winds the furrs,
and plains ;
And here and there she runs six miles before she turns
again.
There might you see proud Strawberry run foaming hard
to hold,
And Peggabrigge, with all her tricks—'tis a pity she ^{ever}
was old :
Robin-red-breast and Shotten-herring, amidst the jovial
crew,
Did top the hounds upon the downs, whilst Wat was in
their view.
Hark, how the hounds, and the horns, and the horns,

And the hounds, and the huntsmen loud do hollow,
Whilst Wat, with nimble feet, doth trip o'er the downs,
O'er the downs, o'er the downs, in all her follow :
But Wat at the length shew'd them such a trick,
That she made them all to stand and to stick,
And to cry, **Joler, Joler, so ho, &c. Joler there.**

So many men, so many minds, and so many dogs, and so
many kinds :

Some stood staring at the head, and some said she was
forward fled ;

But one amongst them all, of judgment small,

In faith, he knew that she was dead—

For a shepherd crost the fields, with a dog at his heels,

That swore “ guds-nigs her bloud was spilt.”

Juno then came back again, and compasse wide did go—a,
To see if she could hit, and sit in the lands that lay be-
low—a,

There she try'd, and out she cry'd, with mouth full deep
and sweet—a,

Which made them all on her to call, whilst Wat away
did creep—a,

Hark there, Juno, Juno, so ho, so ho, &c., Juno there.

See, see, see where she goes, how she turns over,

Juno, and Jupiter, Tinker and Troler,

Singwell and Merryboy, Captain and Cryer,

Gingwell and Ginglebell, Fairmaid and Friar,

Beauty and Bonnylass, Tanner and Troucer,

Fomer and Forrester, Bomer and Bouncer,

Gander and Gondemore, Joler and Jumper,

Tarquine and Tamberlain, Thunder and Thumper,

Over the mountains, and under the vales,
Over the fountains, and under the rails,
Through the woods that are the thickest,
Which the Silvans obey ;
O'er the dikes that are the deepest,
Puss will find out the way.
But Wat grew faint, and spent well nigh,
A little ease for Charity.
Stop the dogs, stay the hounds, give her more breath ;
We will see all her tricks before her death.
But Wat grew faint, and could no longer run,
Her strength was spent, her life was almost done !
And sitting down, she, sighing, seem'd to say,
Those whom I trusted did my trust betray.

YE riders, so fam'd in the field and the race,
Whose mothers first taught you to lisp "Chevy Chase;"
Now own "Chevy Chase" must abate its renown,
When compar'd with the chasing of Elborough Down:
For that Nimrod of hunters, so gallant and bold,
The brisk colonel Thornton,* as gay as he's old,

* The colonel, at one period occupied a vast portion of the public mind, died at his villa near Paris, 10th March, 1823. Notwithstanding his numerous pursuits, he seldom lost sight of those refinements which characterize the man of literature; his collection of pictures indicated his taste for the fine arts, and the journals he invariably kept during his excursions, &c. and the artists who attended him are sufficient testimonies of his diversified talents and classic pursuits. As 'a mighty hunter,' and an enthusiastic admirer of field sports in general, colonel T. will be long remembered.

Swore stoutly he'd give his adventures a sequel,
And produce such a hunt as no history can equal.

The circles of fashion have settled that age,
In cheeses, in ladies, in wine, is the rage ;
So he vow'd he would fully give fashion its due,
And then turn'd out a stag, which he christen'd Old Q.
The hounds he selected—the pack of all packs—
Had nothing but plenty of age on their backs ;
While the leader of all, little Modish, appears,
“A beautiful bitch, aged thirty-five years !”
The colonel, the picture of time, took a freak
On a worn-out old hunter, called Modern Antique ;
Yet, spite of hard work, looking beauteously fresh ;
Only low, like its master, in spirit and flesh.

The stag once turn'd down, horse and dog went away,
And for forty long miles made most exquisite play ;
Till one—then another—fell jaded with pain,
And the dead and the dying strew'd Salisbury Plain.
Two couples still hunted, unconquer'd and tough ;
But the stag now declaring, “He thought he'd enough ;”
And the stag-hounds, not less than the colonel, well-bred,
Begg'd leave to decline it—their stomachs were fled :
But a knife did the business ! and cut the last twig
Of the life of that stag, who now died like a pig !

And now came of all, the most difficult bout,
To pick up the rags of this “revellous rout ;”
Some fox hounds, some greyhounds, some terriers, some
curs,
Some riders with boots, and some boots without spurs ;

Proud ponies, whose pride had experienc'd a fall,
 And Jupiter hunters, unable to crawl !
 The colonel and horse, as the evening grew dark,
 Were safely convey'd in a cart to Spy Park !
 While Modish, whose gait never could fail,
 Delightfully gamboll'd about the cart's tail.

Be proud then, Old Sarum ! and long let the strain,
 'Midst the chalk-pits and shepherds of Salisbury's Plain,
 O ! long let thy vallies re-echo the song,
 Of a hunting so feeble ! so aged ! so long !—
 Abounding with facts, which no history can mention,
 And pompously grac'd by the flowers of invention !

HARK ! hark, I think I hear the horn,
 That chides my long repose ;
 The dew-drops twinkle on the thorn,
 The stream in music flows.

Hark ! hark, I hear Black Betsy snort,
 Impatient of the rein ;
 When nature thus proclaims the sport,
 Shall man cry out 'tis vain ?

For this she lent the gentle hart
 The vivid lightning's speed ;
 She taught the hare her mazy art,
 And wing'd the generous steed.

Let sages then of human race,
The slaves of musty saws ;
Decry the pleasures of the chase,
The fruit of nature's laws.

The chase supplied our ancient sires
With food and raiment too ;
'Till curs'd ambition fann'd her fires,
And bent the sounding yew.

The law stretch'd forth her artful toils,
And cunning laid her snares ;
And plunder gloried in her spoils,
And fill'd the world with cares.

But care does not as yet pursue,
The hunter's bounding hoof ;
And if he even takes a view,
That view must be aloof.

SUCCESS to all hunters, of every degree,
Whether clippers, or craners, or hill-top abiders ;
The man who hates hunting, he won't do for me,
And ought to be scouted by gentlemen riders.

There's William the lancer, a go-along chap,
Who rides well to hounds, which he seldom rides over ;
And Erring the clipper, who fears no mishap
To himself, or a wheat field, or turnips, or clover.

John B——l is not 'midst the coffee-house throng,
He's check'd not by steepers, by hedges, or ditches ;
And Charles of Coldrinick, he will go a-long.
And keep his Welsh nag near the sons of bitches.

Who's he on that Lilliput monoptic nag,
 Who rides o'er the countryman's labour like thunder,
 Follow him, Raw-one ! he'll tip you the bag,
 He goes like the wind—he's a sailor, no wonder !

Behold those two brothers, fence bullying sinners,
 In bog or rough lane they oft find a bed ;
 They must live upon spoon meat, and suck up their dinners,
 Each tooth must be shaken in each daring head.

The Esquire carries John, a most parlous declaimer,
 Yet he rides like a strayed sheep at every fence ;
 I have a good brown mare, I hope I shan't lame her,
 So I'll ride thro' the gateways, and exhibit some sense.

Then comes William the soldier, who rams like a cork
 His spurs in the sides of his steed when unwilling,
 And crams him at hedge, gate, or stile, and 'midst rocks,
 Not valuing his neck, or his horse, at a shilling.

So you've mounted a bay one, a moonseeking leaper,
 You've mounted a red-coat to show us the way ;
 L—d will be a most rattling fence clipper,
 And teach us that following him is no play.

Hold hard, master Philip, that runaway courser ;
 Don't ride at that ash hedge as if seeking death ;
 I have a brown mare, up hill I won't force her,
 For she may be stopp'd by a stoppage of breath.

Why, A—n, my man, why stick 'midst the ploughing ?
 Why dig at the chesnut—why lift so your hand ?
 By George, says old Hilson, the gentleman's sowing
 With horse-blood, instead of with barley, the land.

But A——n's a pluck-one, and keeps among hounds,
 Whate'er be the scent, if it is not too fast ;
 If his horse be a slow one, he keeps within bounds,
 But on lame one, or blind one, he never is last.

Now boys! see the lads of my own time and standing ;
 The young ones can't set them, they keep their place
 still :

When a brush is the gain C——y will have his hand in,
 He's a quick chap who leaves him, be he who he will.

Christopher keeps a good place over Stall Moor,
 He's cramming along at a right steady pace ;
 He looks down from the top of this heavy horse blower,
 And laughs at the youngsters who're riding a race.

All ye who wish to behold much of the hunting,
 All ye who wish to be in at the death ;
 Avoid those who at fences are blowing and grunting,
 Follow John R—s, and spare your nag's breath.

But I, my dear friends, am no son of Apollo—
 From Nimrod himself I my pedigree trace ;
 And tho' I can't sing well, I can whoop and halloo,
 And shew my brown mare 'midst the first in the chase.

SINCE the days of great Nimrod, when hunting began,
 How many strange hunts have been follow'd by man,
 By healthy, by wealthy, poor, fat, lean, and wan :
 Yet the chase to the men has not been confin'd —
 The fair too (whom danger can ne'er keep behind)
 Often hunt, but not after the hare or the hind,

In full cry.

When the Beau chases Miss, O Lord, what grimace !
 In hunting—the peer does the same, for a place.
 The Begums when hunted, ne'er made such a face.
 Throughout ev'ry degree, by young and by old ;
 Ambition, or love, or all powerful gold,
 Is the chase—is the view, that we wish to behold,

In full cry.

To debates, to stone-eaters, plays, readings, we run ;
 Whatever is mirth, is the fashion, or fun,
 We hunt and pursue it tho' often undone—
 In religion, in law, in physic, in trade,
 The married, the single—man, wife, widow, maid,
 All will hunt for their pleasure—of nothing afraid,

In full cry.

Come then, follow it up, all ye brave and ye fair ;
 Ye'll all be at fault, if ye do not beware :
 Chase sorrow, and sadness, and grey-headed care—
 Whate'er subject ye chuse, amusement 'twill yield ;
 Or found in the closet, or sprung in the field ;
 So ye hunt—what the heart may approve when reveal'd,

In full cry.

COME, gentlemen sportsmen, I'll sing you a song,
Of Marcia's son, who can run the day long ;
Otho,* they call him, and he got his name
After conquering Merlin, that racer of fame.

At Richmond, the Doctor† and Otho did meet ;
The legs, cried, " he's no chance ; the Doctor's too fleet ! "
But the proud son of Marcia, disdaining control,
Gave the Doctor the go-by, and won the gold bowl.‡

The Doctor, they say, will be train'd the next year,
But I see no reason why Otho's to fear—
The laurels now won are not likely to fade ;
For if they again meet he'll prove him a jade.

* A bay colt, foaled 1815 ; got by Sir Paul, out of Marcia by Coriander : won the gold cup at Doncaster, in 1819, beating Mr. Fox's Merlin by Castrel, out of Miss Newton by Delpini.

† The famous Doctor Syntax, by Paynator, dam by Beningbrough, who, when in training, won twenty gold cups, besides many other stakes.

‡ This race excited much interest, and great betting took place. The Doctor was backed heavily to win, but Sir Walter had many admirers. The Doctor took the lead, and made very severe running ; after going about a mile and a half, it was apparent nothing had a chance of winning but Otho or the Doctor ; they had singled themselves out, and beat their antagonists a very long way, still it was considered certain the Doctor must win ; tremendous running took place between the two, but Otho beat his antagonist by about a length. This celebrated race was run at Richmond, on Wednesday, October the 6th, 1819. Six started.

He's own'd by squire Garforth,* who'll win if he can,
 A friend to the poor, and a very good man ;
 May success attend then his honest endeavour,—
 Here's fair play in racing, and Garforth for ever !

There's no rural sport surpasses
 Pigeon shooting—circling glasses—

Fill the crystal goblet up :
 No game laws can ever thwart us,
 Nor *qui tam* ; no *habeas corpus* ;†
 For our licence Venus grants.
 Let's be grateful—here's a bumper ;
 For her bounty—here's a bumper ;
 'Listed under beauty's banners,
 What's to us freehold or manors ?

Fill the crystal goblet up.

No suspense our tempers trying,
 Endless sport our trap supplying ;
 No ill state 'twixt hope and fear,
 At magic word our birds appear.

Fill the crystal goblet up.
 Alike all seasons in our favour,
 O'er vales and hills, no toil or labour,
 No alloy our pleasures yield.

* William Garforth, Esq. a zealous and steady supporter of the turf, died at his residence, Wigginton, near Malton, Yorkshire, on Sunday, April 6th, 1828, at the good old age of 77 years. Mr. G. was a very excellent landlord, a liberal benefactor to the poor, and a right honest sportsman—whose horses always ran “to win if they could,” leaving a brilliant example behind him highly worthy of imitation.

† The suspension.

No gamekeeper e'er employing,
Skill'd in art of game destroying ;
Free from trouble, void of care,
We set at nought the poacher's snare—
Fill the crystal goblet up.

No blank days can ever vex us,
No false points can e'er perplex us ;
Fill the crystal goblet up :
Pigeons, swift as wind, abounding,
Detonating guns resounding,
See the tow'ring victims fall.
With Apollo science vying,
View the heaps of dead and dying,
Forc'd to pay the debt of nature—
Matters it, or soon or later :
Fill the crystal goblet up.

BARDS call themselves a heavenly race ;
Topers find heaven in wine ;
We, truly boast, who love the chase,
An origin divine.
The deities all hunters are :
Great Jove, who spends his life
In hunting of the willing fair,
Is hunted by his wife.
Then come and wake the drowsy morn,
While the swift game we follow,
The feather'd throng and tuneful horn
Shall join the hunter's halloo.

Gay Bacchus, on his tun, that hack,
 Toasts for view-halloos gives,
 While Mercury, with Bow-street pack,
 Scours heaven to hunt for thieves.
 Bold Mars, a blood-hound, hunts for fame,
 Nor 'till his latest breath,
 Will he e'er leave the panting game,
 But comes in at the death.
 Then come and wake, &c.

Diana in her sacred grove,
 Saw rash Actæon near,
 And tho' she seem'd to scorn his love,
 She took him for her deer;
 Yet vex'd to think this hint so sly,
 On the fool she could not pass,
 From his own hounds she made him fly,
 And kill'd him for an ass.
 Then come and wake, &c.

Great Juno, wretched, restless fair,
 On jealous fury bent,
 Still in full cry is hunting care,
 And still on a wrong scent.
 Indeed the fair oft mount their nag,
 By the hunting mania struck,
 And if Actæon was a stag,
 Poor Vulcan was a buck.
 Then come and wake, &c.

LET us rejoice, the spring appears ;
Nature's sweet face the fields adorn :
Our gentry's come to Aberdour,
Let high and low now cease to mourn.

The young gentry are safe come home,
In health, and learning now complete :
Music resounds thro' all the house—
Our former griefs have taken flight.

Our sportsmen soon will grace the hill,
A pleasant sight to see and hear
To every shot and warlike voice,
Let braes rejoice and give a cheer.

His friends and tenants all rejoice,
Near neighbours, in the country dwell ;
He'll right the wrong'd in Justice courts,
And send the rogues straight on to jail.

Gamekeepers, break and air your dogs,
In order for the mountain's sport :
Great Aberdour we'll meet him there,
Our former favourite resort.

We shall have pleasant hunting days,
Ne'er hungry be, nor thirsty ;
He brings great store of meat from home,
And plenty of old whisky.

He's gart my back oft crak and sweat
With ponderous loads of his dead game—
Nearly as big's a fisher's creel,
I oft brought trailing to our hame.

I'll wager twenty pounds of gold,
My fee, and somewhat better,
Had he an aim at Bony's head,
His brains he would out scatter.

And when our game-bags are all full.
At Kettrine Wells sure there we'll dine ;
Get our auld heathy tables there,
And rest, and talk of auld lang syne.

Just as lovers, when they're parted,
Review the haunts, they did resort,
Regret that those sweet hours are fled,
And wishing back their former sport.

" **A**NYTHING's fun in the country," you know,
Or else in rainy weather,
What would we poor rustics do,
For weeks and weeks together ?
We laugh, we drink, we dance, we sing,
And away dull care to the devil we fling,
For anything's fun in the country.

Awak'd at six, the squire cries,
Well, Robert, what's the weather?
Oh, sir, it rains, the man replies.
Then draw the curtains together ;
For if I can't hunt, I'll sleep again,
So shut the door, and call me at ten,
For anything's fun in the country.

After breakfast, the parson he comes in,
From a christening dripping wet ;
They talk of the news, backgammon propose,
And down they quickly sit :
The parson's a deep one, and fleeces the squire,
Who curses the dice, throws the box in the fire,
For anything's fun in the country.

Shall we go to the stable ? what say you ? agreed —
And away they walk together, with speed.
The state of the stud run over ;
Secure from wind and weather :
They settle to meet on the next hunting day,
Examine the corn, and smell to the hay,
For anything's fun in the country.

O'er spavins and windgalls they gravely discuss,
To pass the time away.
Shake up the litter, Tom, under yon horse ;
Not that, I mean the bay ;
Reach me the scissars, Jack, down from that shelf :
This grey horse wants trimming ; I'll trim him myself,
For anything's fun in the country.

After dinner, the bottle goes quickly round,
 Madeira, Port, and Sherry ;
 Without the roof, the tempest roars,
 Within, each heart is merry ;
 Then who would be puzzled to pass time away,
 Or want a resource 'gainst a cold rainy day,
 When anything's fun in the country.

The storm grows louder, now louder the laugh ;
 Draw closer round the fire,
 And whilst the wind whistles a bumper we'll quaff
 To the lass we most admire ;
 We laugh, we drink, we dance, we sing,
 And away dull care to the devil we fling,
 For anything's fun in the country.

THE world is amazingly full of deceit,
 Incredible numbers are given to cheat ;
 And among the more honest, too many are found,
 Who will hold with the hare, and run with the hound.
 Tally-ho, &c.

The prince, heaven preserve him, at taking a leap,
 And the sportsmen at large who their game strictly keep,
 Which they doom to the chase ; at the horn's cheerful sound,
 Clearly hold with the hare, and yet run with the hound.
 Tally-ho, &c.

The parson, who shows no true zeal for the church ;
 Who, allured by the world, leaves his flock in the lurch,

While conventicles flourish, dissenters abound,
Clearly holds with the hare, and yet runs with the hound.
Tally-ho, &c.

The lawyer, who takes from his client a fee,
And tells him his cause is as good as can be ;
Yet, on sight of a bribe, lets it fall to the ground,
Clearly holds with the hare, and yet runs with the hound.
Tally-ho, &c.

The suitor, whose favourite object is pelf,
Who kisses his girl, yet loves none but himself,
Can never be happy, in wedlock when bound,
For he holds with the hare, and yet runs with the hound.
Tally-ho, &c.

The youth, who, with two or three strings to his bow,
Leaves his fair to a different market to go,
Tells the same tale to all, and makes love a mere sound,
Clearly holds with the hare, and yet runs with the hound.
Tally-ho, &c.

The merchant, mechanic, belle, beau, nymph, and swain,
To enumerate all, my endeavours are vain ;
For each sex, and all classes, with objects abound,
Who will hold with the hare, and yet run with the hound.
Tally-ho, &c.

From the field of wild tares, seeds of wheat may we glean,
May we never act treacherous, dirty, or mean ;
May our friends be sincere, and our neighbours around,
Scorn to hold with the hare, while they run with the hound.
Tally-ho, &c.

At the back of Old Waltham, stands high the king's oak,
 Once kept by Sam Gret'rex,† a true hearted fellow ;
 Some neighbours were met there to laugh, drink, and smoke,
 To lighten the heart, and to make the head mellow.

Our tapster was lord of a warren, beside,
 But long robb'd by a badger that wander'd by night,
 Which had forc'd him that morning a trap to provide,
 In hope he might usher the culprit to light.

The guests being pleas'd at all Philpot had done,
 Agreed one and all to attend the event ;
 To rise the next morning before the bright sun,
 And haste to examine what fortune had sent.

At the grey of the morn ere Aurora was seen,
 We were rous'd up from our beds of repose ;
 And, being refresh'd with a mug on the green,
 Set off to look out for our game-killing foes.

The warren was near, something less than a mile ;
 Our landlord, who long'd for the warrener's sport,
 Was witty, and sang us a song to beguile
 The time, we'd to lose in the needful resort.

At length we arriv'd where the wild race abound :
 As each scamper'd away to his earth-hole, or gap

* The royal oak near High-spear.

† The landlord who kept it for many years.

But (more to divert us) we presently found
A swinging old badger, secure in the trap :

We bagg'd him in haste, and return'd whence we came,
'Twere folly a moment of time to delay ;
The terriers that follow'd, were all of true game,
So we bore him, all jocund, in triumph away.

A saw-pit was near, and we bundled him in,
The dogs swift as hail-stones were close to his heels ;
Our landlord impatient the sport should begin,
Proclaim'd all his crimes, his own losses reveals.

Like a dragon he fought, with tooth and with nail ;
For an hour by the **house** clock continu'd the strife :
At length overpower'd **our** terriers prevail,
And the badger, unpitied, relinquish'd his life.

Dick Martin,* the butcher, of Waltham was there,
Long us'd in the blood of his victims to paddle ;
He stripp'd off the skin, that mine hostess might share,
And she made for her filly a nice hunting saddle.

WHEN as the hand at Tennis plays,
And men to gaming fall ;
Love is the court, Hope is the house,
And Favour serves the ball.

* Of Waltham Abbey, a good fellow and, as a matter of course, a keen sportsman.

This ball itself is due desert,
The line that measure shows
Is reason, whereon judgment looks
Where players win and loose.

The tutties are deceitful shifts ;
The stoppers, jealousy,
Which hath, sir, Argus' hundred eyes,
Wherewith to watch and pry.

The fault, whereon fifteen is lost,
Is want of wit and sense ;
And he that brings the racket in
Is double diligence.

But now the racket is free will,
Which makes the ball rebound ;
And noble beauty is the choice,
And of each game the ground.

Then racket strikes the ball away,
And there is oversight ;
A bandy, ho ! the people cry,
And so the ball takes flight.

Now at the length good liking proves
Content to be their gain ;
Thus, in the Tennis-Court, love is
A pleasure mixed with pain.

THIS bleak and frosty morning,
All thoughts of danger scorning,
Our spirits briskly flow ;
We're all in a glow,
Through the sparkling snow,
While a skating we go,
With a fa, la, la, la, la, la,
To the sound of the merry horn :
From right to left we're plying,
Swifter than winds we're flying ;
Spheres on spheres surrounding,
Health and strength abounding.
In circles we sleep ;
Our poise still we keep,
Behold how we sweep
The face of the deep,
With a fa, la, la, la, la, la,
To the sound of the merry horn.

Great Jove looks on us smiling,
Who thus the time beguiling ;
When the waters he seal,
Still rove on our keel,
Our weapons are steel,
And no danger we feel,
With a fa, la, la, la, la, la :
See, see our train advances,
See how each skater lances ;
Health and strength abounding,
While horns and oboes sounding ;

The Tritons shall blow
Their conc-shells below,
And their beards fear to shew,
While a skating we go,
With a fa, la, la, la, la, la,
To the sound of the merry horn.

No, no, 'tis in vain in this turbulent town,
To expect either pleasure or rest :
To hurry and nonsense still tying us down,
'Tis an overgrown prison at best.

From hence to the country escaping away,
Leave the ground and the bustle behind ;
And then you'll see liberal Nature display
A thousand delights to mankind.

The change of the seasons, the sports of the fields,
The sweet diversified scene ;
The groves and the gardens, and every thing yields
A cheerfulness ever serene.

Here, here from ambition and avarice free,
My days may I quietly spend ;
Whilst the cits and the courtiers unenvied for me,
May gather up wealth without end.

No, I thank them, I would not, to add to my store,
My peace and my freedom resign ;
For who, for the sake of possessing the ore,
Would be sentenced to dig in the mine.

WHILST thousands court fair Chloe's love,
She fears the dangerous joy ;
But, Cynthia like, frequents the grove,
As lovely and as coy.

With the same speed she seeks the hind,
Or hunts the flying hare ;
She leaves pursuing swains behind,
To languish and despair.

Oh, strange caprice in thy dear breast,
Whence first this whim began ;
To follow thus each worthless beast,
And shun their sovereign man !

Consider, fair, what 'tis you do,
How thus they both must die ;
Not surer they, when you pursue,
Than we, whene'er you fly.

OF all the joys that sporting yields,
Give me to beat the stubble fields
Quite early in September :
A brace of pointers, stanch and true,
A gun that kills whate'er I view,
I care not whether old or new,
Are things one must remember.

Old Ponto makes a famous point,
As marble stiff, in ev'ry joint,

I cautiously proceed :
When quickly up the covey fly—
Bang, bang—both barrels then I try—
And lo ! a brace before me die,
The shooter's richest meed !

If hares I want for friends in town,
I can tell where to knock them down
Within the furze-bush cover :
A leash I bag, then homeward go,
My spirits all in joyous flow,
And more delight, I'm sure, I know,
Than doth a beauty's lover.

In wintry woods, when leaves are dead,
And hedges beam with berries red,
The pheasant is my spoil :
Fenc'd with high gaiters out I go,
And beat through tangled bushes low ;
Each joy of mine my spaniels know,
Though wand'ring many a mile.

At night return'd, my bag well fill'd,
Perchance four brace of pheasants kill'd,
I sit me down in peace ;
And envy not ambition's cares,
Nor e'en the crown a monarch wears ;
Such joys as mine he seldom shares—
Oh, may that joy ne'er cease.

HUZZA, boys! the royal command* has been given,
And foxes no more are to perish ;
The foes of our sport to despair will be driven,
Since the king that brave sport deigns to cherish.
Fill a bumper, ye Nimrods, wherever ye be,
And heed not what logic or Locke says ;
Be this your good toast, all upstanding, in glee,
"Here's the king, the preserver of foxes!"

On the road to the covert, and when by its side,
Ere reynard, the sly one, is started
Through the chase, when a word can be chang'd as they
ride,
On returning when day is departed,
All, all will be full of this glorious news,
They will prate not of horses and doxies ;
But the theme will be this, that each veteran will choose—
Our good king, the preserver of foxes.

At night, when the polish'd mahogany groans,
With the weight of the good things upon it ;
When the glasses go round with their musical tones,
And each man gives his song or his sonnet.

* This song, so truly expressive of the right sort of feeling, was suggested by the pleasing intelligence, to all foxhunters, of His Majesty Geo. IV. having ordered that foxes should no longer be destroyed on the Royal domain. Hear this, ye **vulpecides**! It may be added that it was written by J. M. LACEY; that it appeared in *The Sporting Magazine*; and is set to the very appropriate tune of "The King! God bless him."

Let 's contrive that each chaunt, whether sung from the
chair,

By the Joneses, the Greenwoods, or Coxes ;
Shall for once have this burthen, whatever the air,
A good king, a good chase, and good foxes !

GROWN tired of the town, and its noisy pursuit,
I sat off one morning in June ;
Resolv'd my dull spirits once more to recruit,
I at Richmond arrived about noon :
Stopp'd there, where the current the royal shore hemms,
With a thousand gay objects in front ;
At the Old Silver Cross, by the side of the Thames,
I hir'd me a fisherman's punt.

I circled the isle, for the day was serene,
All things seem'd my pleasures to court ;
So I anchor'd my boat off the meadows so green,
And prepar'd for a summer's day sport.
My tackle was charming, and plenty in store,
My fly-line in order, my rod to my wish,
And clear of the bull-rushy sedge by the shore,
I began to look out for the fish.

Roach, dace, and brisk gudgeons, in numbers arise,
With the barbel that skulk by the mill ;
And Fortune, inclin'd to present me a prize,
Sent a salmon to cope with my skill.
Gay trout, the sharp pike, and the nimble finn'd bream,
I caught with my hook of Kirby's best bent ;
And sometimes I troll'd in the stream.

The sun was now sunk the horizon below,
When Old Time, that importunate friend,
Told me, in friendship, the way I'd to go :
So unwilling the sage to offend,
I pack'd up my store and made haste to the land ;
Bade Richmond farewell, that hill of delight :
The fam'd London stage being next to my hand,
I leap'd in, and was home before night.

Now wend we together, my merry men, all,
Unto the green wood side-a,
And there to kill a buck or a doe,
Let you cunnings all be tried-a ;
No man may compare with Robin Hood,
With Robin Hood's Stathbatch and John-a.

The like was never, nor never shall be,
In case that they were gone-a :
Then let us not linger away the time,
But hie to the merry green wood-a,
And there to strike down a buck or a doe,
For my master Robin Hood-a ;
For my master Robin Hood-a.

HERE's a health to them that can ride ;
Here's a health to them that can ride !
And those who don't wish good luck to the cause,
May they roast by their own fire-side !

It's good to drown Care in the chase,
 It's good to drown Care in the bowl;
 It's good to support Daniel Haigh and his hounds,
 Here's his health from the depth of the soul !

CHORUS.

Hurrah for the loud tally-ho !
 Hurrah for the loud tally-ho !
 It's good to support Daniel Haigh and his hounds,
 And echo the shrill tally-ho !

Here's a health to them that ride well !
 Here's a health to them that ride bold !
 May the leaps and the dangers that each has defied,
 In columns of sporting be told !
 Here's freedom to him that would walk !
 Here's freedom to him that would ride !
 There's none ever feared that the horn would be heard,
 Who the joys of the chase ever tried.
 Hurrah for the loud tally-ho !
 Hurrah for the loud tally-ho !
 It's good to support Daniel Haigh and his hounds,
 And halloo the loud tally-ho. *

* The above lines were written over the mahogany, out of pure respect and admiration of Daniel Haigh, Esq. master of the old Surrey fox-hounds, after a most brilliant run, on the 17th of March, 1828. Found near the Half-Moon, on the Godstone road, and went off at a racing pace for forty-five minutes, and killed at Westerham in Kent, after a very circuitous route, in an hour and twenty minutes; unfortunately in a gentleman's garden of that place, to the total destruction of early peas, and flower beds. The only recompense which could be made, was, by presenting the lady of the house with the brush.

Of fox hunters now we've got a fresh store,
For the Thorndon crack hounds, a few mornings ago,*
Unkennell'd a fox, so close to the shore,
Old Neptune's view-halloo was heard at the Nore ;
And Venus, with sea nymphs at least a full score,
Arose from the water, and cried tally-ho.

Southend, in amazement, beheld the strange sight,
The bathing machines were all set a going ;
The ladies popp'd in, and popp'd out in a fright,
Whilst the sportsmen enjoy'd a new source of delight,
And ships crowded sail, and boats came in rowing.

But the fox flew the country for six miles around,
And great was the rabble and rout ;
The boats and the shipping were all run aground,
The horses of Neptune bad goers were found,
And Venus herself was thrown out.

They kill'd very soon, and the season thus ended.
Who to hunting shall set any bounds ?
For the sport, though so good, may still be amended,
Since we are by Venus and Neptune befriended,
The ocean shall ne'er stop our hounds.

* This remarkable chase took place in April, 1817.

O, WULLY ! had tou nobbet been at *Burgh Races* !*

It seem'd, lad, as if aw the warl were met ;
Some went to be seen, others off for diversion,
And monie went there a lock money to bet :

The cup was aw siller, and letter'd reet neycely,

A feyne naig they've put on't, for by my lword's neame ;
It hods nar a quart, for monie drank out on't,
And open'd their gills till they cu'dn't creep heame.

There was, ' How fens te, Tommy ?'—' What, I wosep !
is gaily :

' Wey, is there ought unket i' your country seyde ?'
' Here, lanlword ! a noggin !'—' Whea rides the Collector ?'
' What Meason' auld neer can bang aw far and wide !'

There was snaps, yell, nuts, gingerbread, shwortceakes
and brandy,

And tents full o' ham, beef, and nowble veal pye ;
There was Greenup wi' a reet and true list o' the horses,
The neames o' the awners and reyders forby.

* Some villages in Cumberland have their annual horse races. The prize is commonly a saddle or a bridle, and the horses, the property of the neighbouring lairds and farmers, without any previous training, are brought from the plough or cart to the course. When the race is finished, the country lads proceed with their sweethearts to the village ale-house, where they dance, sing, drink, and talk over the adventures of the day. The races celebrated in this ballad took place on the 3d of May, 1804, at *Brough*, or *Burgh*, a village in the neighbourhood of Carlisle.

Ere they saddl'd, the gamlers peep'd sair at the horses ;
 Ses scrudgin, the fwok were just ready to brust ;
 Wi' swearin and bettin, they meade a sad hay-bay :
 ' I'll lig six to four !'—Don ! come down wi' the dust !

' What think ye o' Lawson ?'—' The field for a guinea !'—
 ' I'll mention the winner ! Dare onie yen lay ?'
 Jwohn Blaylock, reed handkitcher wav'd at the dissnens :
 At startin, he cried, ' Yen, twee, three, put away !'

They went off like leetnin—the auld meer's a topfer :
 She flew like an arrow, and shew'd tem her tail ;
 They hugg'd, whupp'd, and spurr'd, but cud niver yence
 touch her—
 They winners they rear'd, and the lwoisers turn'd pale.

Peer Lawson gan dissen'd, and sae sud the tudders ;
 Furst heat was a chase, and the neist a tek-in ;
 Then some drank their winnins : but, wofu' disaster !
 It rain'd, and the lasses gan wet to the skin.

Like pez in a pot, neist Sandsfield they caper'd :
 The lads did the lasses sae kittle and hug ;
 Young Crosset, I fettle, had got bran new pumps on,
 And brong fisher Jemmy a clink i' the lug ;

The lasses they belder'd out, ' Man thysel, Jemmy,'
 His comrades they poud off his cwoat and his sark ;
 They fit, lugg'd, and lurry'd, aw owre blood and batter,
 The lanlword com in, and cried, ' Shem o' sec wark !'

There were smugglers, excisemen, horse-cowpers, and
parsons,

Sat higglety-pigglety, aw fare alike ;
And mowdy-warp Jacky—ay, man, it was funny !
He meade them aw laugh when he stuck in a creyke.

There were lasses frae Wigton, and Worton, and Banton,
Some o' them gat sweethearts, while others gat neane ;
And bairns yet unbworn 'll oft hear o' *Burgh races*,
For ne'er mun we see sec a meetin agean.

A TRUCE with your vapours, refinement, and stuff,
Your airs, and your graces, and outlandish lingo ;
Give me but my health, and just riches enough,
To relish my pipe with a bottle of stingo ;
My gun in good order, my dogs in good training,
And never, no never, you'll hear me complaining.
Life flies like a shot, and the indolent man
Who neglects it, enjoys but a flash in the pan.

I pity the miser, whose phlegmatic heart
Can only inspire him to bury his guineas ;
I pity this life, all who act a wrong part,
And make their own ills, like a parcel of ninnies :
The churl who to others no kindness dispenses,
I only regard as one out of his senses ;
For life's like a shot, and the indolent man
Who neglects it, enjoys but a flash in the pan.

MUSIC every charm reveals ;
Music heightens every joy ;
Music every feeling steals,
Warms the heart so fair and coy.

But, oh ! when we hear at the rising of morn,
The echo so sweet of the full sounding horn ;
No longer we feel the soft strains that arise,
But throb with delight at the tally-ho cries.

Music cheers the love-sick maid ;
Raises tumult in the breast ;
Leaves our warning griefs behind,
Makes our feelings doubly blest.

But, oh ! could we hear at the rising of morn,
The echo so sweet of the full sounding horn ;
Twould raise in our bosoms so mighty a fire,
That love and pale grief in the blaze would expire.

Sweet the cheering notes that rise,
From the maiden's tender reed ;
In a thousand symphonies,
Curling o'er the velvet mead.

But, oh ! what are these to the rising of morn,
When we hear the mild echoing of the blithe horn ;
The bosom's no longer dilated with love,
Or lists to the notes that so languishing move.

Let the heart in lonely sadness
Drooping, melancholy go,
Till it reach the verge of madness,
By the heaviness of woe.

Oh ! once could it hear at the rising of morn,
The echo so sweet of the full sounding horn ;
That moment relief, with so kindly a zest,
Would thaw thro' the dark frozen wilds of the breast.

Then come, my brave boys, since your spirits are high,
Give vent to the feelings that rapidly fly,
Nor ever forget that first rising of morn,
You heard the sweet note of the full sounding horn.

STAY, sylvan friend, with plenty blest,
Who scorn'st the niggard's icy breast ;
And as alone, at early morn,
You brush the thicket, trace the lawn ;
List, to what sings Amintor :—
To thee the friendly hint is sent,
Where more than meets the ear is meant ;
The while with dog and gun you roam,
Think on your townsman far from home,
Deny'd the sports of winter.

The reapers' moon and harvest past,
Rude blows the equinoctial blast ;
Ah ! now my rural friend, beware,
This season claims thy utmost care ;
Health bids thee store, nor stint her—
Survey thy cot, secure thy roof,
Soon make it rain and tempest proof ;
So when the sable cloud falls low,
Thy hearth shall yield the pleasing glow,
That soothes the rage of winter.

When Easter chicks begin to crow,
And azure decks the mountain sloe ;
When forest trees wear sickly hues,
And agues wait on ev'ning dews,

Lay up for health, nor stint her—
Prepare the ham, the fowl, the chine,
Nor spare the produce of the vine ;
Fill, fill thy stores with glowing coal,
And something for thy Christmas bowl,

To cheer thy friends in winter.

Refurbish up thy warm surtout,
The buckskin glove and friendly boot ;
And let the hat that shields thy head,
Around in ample cover spread :

This do for health, nor stint her—
Above the rest, be this your care,
Use morning exercise and morning air ;
And this you'll find of such avail,
While city fops look thin and pale,
You'll wear the rose in winter.

And now farewell, till Flora spreads
Her vernal mantle o'er our heads ;
May Peace o'er Britain still preside,
And Justice sword and balance guide ;

Nor partial power o'er stint her—
And may you, 'midst your stock of cheer,
When old and dreary sinks the year,
Think on thy poet's friendly wish ;
Nor hold those comforts* from his dish,
Which smooth the frowns of winter.

* Game.

No life's like the hunter's, no joy like the sport,
No pleasures like those of the chase :
We envy not such as are dangling at court,
For some fid-faddle pension or place.
To the summit of grandeur the proud man may rise,
The miser may revel in wealth ;
While the chase we pursue, gives constant supplies
Of good-fellowship, gladness, and health.

As the stout pack we follow, each trouble of life
Is forgotten and left far behind :
We know not the names of contention and strife,
And cast all our cares to the wind.
We breathe the keen air, mount the hill, sink the dale,
While the swift-flying game is in view ;
Nor think, for a moment, our pleasures can fail,
And laugh at old Death and his crew.

BROTHER sportsmen, to listen don't fail,
I had it from honest John Cottle ;
You'll say 'tis a comical tale,
But as true as you sit o'er the bottle.

Old John was, one Michaelmas morn,
Ranging about in the stubble ;
After brushing through many a thorn,
He put up a hare full of trouble.

His pointers were eager for sport,
His greyhounds he left at his cottage ;
Their mistress, dame Cottle, to court,
To come in for a share of her pottage.

The hare to her wits end was put,
From the stubbles took over the tillage ;
And finding the hounds at her scut,
For shelter flew into the village ;

Where an old wife, they call goody Jones,
Was singing a glee at her spinning—
As if drawn by her musical tones,
The hare made a forcible inning.

She took up the old woman's coats,
And cried like an infant to melt her ;
When moved by her piteous notes,
Dame determined to give her a shelter.

The hounds, who had never lost scent,
Were now at the door of the hovel ;
And eager to follow their scent,
Got in by a manner quite novel.

The casement was open for air,
Where dame, with her arms sat a kimbo ;
When the dogs, to come up with the hare,
Leap'd in at the old woman's window.

No time for a parley was spent,
'Tis cowardly, tamely, to hover ;
They knew where to find by scent,
And Bonney flew up to the cover.

'Twas now a smart sight, I declare,
Dame Jones, in her strength did not dwindle ;
She determin'd to shelter the hare,
And she beat forth the dogs with her spindle.

Gaffer Cottle came up in the nick,
When to see his poor hounds ruffly treated,
He gave the old woman a kick,
And her nails soon the battle completed.

She drove the clown out of her cot,
And the dogs she sent after their master,
To moan for his scarified lot ;
And to cover his face with a plaster.

Goody Jones was a comical wag,
And knew how to struggle with trouble ;
She popp'd the hare into a bag,
And gave it again to the stubble.

Ye sportsmen, so merry and kind,
Should you meet with old Cottle's disaster,
May you soon have the pleasure to find,
A friend who will give you a plaster.

HARK ! thro' the woods the rising sound
Of mellow horn, and cheerful hound ;
While thro' the dingle, copse, or brake,
Our course in swift pursuit we take ;
And the huntsman's cry,
As we onward fly,
Is shouted by the joyous crew,
Till the woods resound—au loup ! au loup !

Now, as perchance, our prey shall guide,
Along the sloping mountain's side,
Onward and onward still we trace
The sound of the retiring chase ;
And the huntsman's cry,
As we onward fly,
Tho' shouted by the joyous crew,
Is faintly heard—au loup ! au loup !

Then as the wolf attempts in vain,
The covert of the woods to gain,
He turns our gallant dogs to bay !
Our stanch dogs seize their destin'd prey !

And the huntsman cries,
As the monster dies,
Whilst loudly shouts the joyous crew,
And the hills resound—au loup ! loup !

To live a life, free from gout, pain, or phthisic.
Athletic employment is found the best physic ;

The nerves are by exercise hardened and strengthened,
And vigour attends it, by which life is lengthened.

Derry down, &c. &c.

What conduces to health deserves recommendation,
'Twill entail a strong race on the next generation;
And of all the field-games ever practised or known,
That cricket stands foremost each Britain must own.

Derry down, &c. &c.

Let dull pensive souls boast the pleasures of angling,
And o'er ponds or brooks be eternally dangling;
Such drowsy worm-killers are fraught with delight,
If but once in a week they obtain a fair bite.

Derry down, &c. &c.

The cricketer, noble in mind, as in merit,
A taste for oppression can never inherit;
A stranger to swindling, he never would wish,
To seduce by false baits, and betray a poor fish.

Derry down, &c. &c.

No stings of remorse hurt the cricketer's mind;
To innocent animals never unkind;
The guiltless, his doctrine is ever to spare,
Averse to the hunting or killing the hare.

Derry down, &c. &c.

We knights of the bat the pure ether respire,
Which, heightened by toil, keeps alive nature's fire;
No suits of crim-con or divorce, can assail us,
For in love, as in cricket, our powers never fail us.

Derry down, &c. &c.

To every great duke, and to each noble lord,
Let each fill his glass with most hearty accord ;
And to all brother knights, whether absent or present,
Drink health and success, from the peer to the peasant.

YE sportsmen young, who seek the fens,
In chill October's short'ning day,
When the shy wild-duck downward bends,
Around the weedy shores to stray ;

List to a vet'ran brother's song,
Who oft has trac'd the swampy soil,
With spaniels brisk, to quest among
The whistling reeds and willows tall.

Mark, when in many a winding maze,
Before the breeze the wild flocks scud ;
Or dive in wanton form, again to raise
Their dappled plumes above the flood ;

To glut the ooze, or spawn to steal,
That glides upon the wat'ry way ;
To rob the fisher of his promis'd meal,
And fatten on the finny prey ;

Then, mark the mallard, or he's gone,
While yet his blue wing braves the sun ;
As with oary feet he paddles on,
Give him the burden of thy gun.

Or, if 'tis best the Muse should sing
The better task that brings renown ;
Salute the wanton on his azure wing,
And to thy spaniels bring him down.

Now, to delight their master's eye,
Nor heed obstruction by the way,
They strive, as through the waves they ply,
Who first shall seize the feather'd prey.

Ah ! what avails thy gaudy plume,
Thy form (proud bird !) and threat'ning note,
Since leaden death has wrought thy doom,
And rent the beauties of thy coat.

Thy wing-mates court thy charms no more ;
Without their leader doom'd to roam,
They transport seek on yonder shore,
To dissipate a widow'd home.

So 'tis with us of high pretence,
Array'd in gold, in pleasures rife ;
One fatal moment drives us hence,
From friends and all the charms of life.

THIS age is a chase, from the time we draw breath,
The present, the future, the past ;
And tho' all must yield to the grand archer, Death,
The sport is kept up to the last.

The statesman's a huntsman ; ambition's his game ;
The soldier for glory contends ;
The sailor for England emblazons his fame,
And ranks with her dearest of friends.

The patriot's a lion, his country the field,
He chooses to run down her foes ;
The courtier's a spaniel, will supple and yield,
And a coxcomb's a jay in fine clothes.

The bailiff's a kite, ever bent on his prey ;
The bully's a magpie, all talk ;
The miser a muck-worm appears night and day ;
And a lawyer's a blood-sucking hawk.

The prude is a fox, rather crafty and sly,
Pretending aversion to sin ;
The coquet's an eel, that demands a sharp eye,
And frequently not worth a pin.

The wife, loving wife, is the pride of the chase,
And life's gloomy evening cheers ;
And where is the hunter can't easily trace,
The sweet temper'd girls are all *deers* !

DON'T you know me ? Jenny Dash !
Every where the go and flash !
Every sportsman's known to me ;
Every jockey cries, " that's she !"
No where but my fame is up,
Since I won the silver cup !

I'm up to each rig,
 Trot a pony, drive a gig,
 Or dashingly can whip four in hand ;
 On a colt of Eclipse
 I glory in high leaps,
 At a five-barr'd gate ne'er shilli shalli stand :
 Each huntsman of the field,
 To my horsemanship must yield,
 When I fly o'er the dew,
 With the game in my view,
 And the dogs are all cheer'd by the sound of my voice,
 Then on, on,
 Dash along !
 Over mountains of snow,
 Or the levels below ;
 If the weather be foul,
 Or the weather be fair ;
 If the wind blow here,
 Or the wind blow there ;
 O'er high ruts,
 Or low ruts,
 Or no ruts,
 Yoix !

This, this is the life of my choice.

Would you more about me know,
 I can handle the cross-bow ;
 Drive the mail the whole night long,
 Give a sentiment or song,
 Take my bottle fairly down,
 And drink myself into renown !
 With my dogs I walk out,
 Scour the country about,

And all flying game I bring down ;
Drive my tandem in style,
But a minute to a mile,
And on Newmarket turf my fame's known :
As I prance o'er the course,
Full of spirit my horse,
All the knowing ones cry,
" That's the girl of my eye ! "
And all flock in crowds to the sound of my voice !
Then done, done,
Done and done,
Are the cries that resound,
When I start for the ground ;
Like an arrow I fly,
All my rivals dart by ;
As the goal I draw near,
Not a sentence you hear—
But she wins,
Now she beats,
Now she's home—
Hurrah !
This, this is the life of my choice !

To the sports of the field,
Since mankind mostly yield,
And thousands the exercise claim ;
To speak about that
Which puzzles the state,
I sing of the laws of the game.

If affairs we turn o'er,
The year eighty-four,
Displays parliamentary fame ;
Many strange acts were sign'd,
But the strangest we find,
Is that which relates to the game.

The national debt,
To reduce or defeat,
Our senators, think what a shame !
Half the pains never take,
Or disturbances make,
As they do about killing the game.

That the birds safe may be,
Ev'ry session we see,
Their guardians at something fresh aim ;
But each act, instead
Of preserving, 'tis said,
Destructive turn out to the game.

Penal laws to enforce,
Make matters still worse ;
Many manors (then think who's to blame)
Old sportsmen beat round,
Not a bird to be found,
And gentlemen buy their own game,
Reason's bounds are o'er-run,
When those wise laws we shun,
Which nature thought proper to frame ;
For what greater right
Has a duke, lord, or knight,
Than any one else to the game.

Those subtle encroachers,
The artful night-poachers,
At every fresh act that is got,
Will prick up their ears,
For the birds will be theirs,
Without using powder or shot.

We've a parliament new,
And taxes not few,
For all to be tax'd must submit ;
Much deceiv'd they must be,
Who at once thought to see,
Their grievances drown'd in a **PITT.**

Tho' Billy, 'tis known,
This mischief was done
Before you had hold of the reins,
Yet the burthens you've laid,
Bear so hard upon trade,
Most bitterly commerce complains.

On dogs a smart tax,
Not a sportsman would vex,
Next year, if the budget 'twill suit :
Let that be the last
We're to have, and what's past,
We'll pardon, and thank you to boot.

WHEN we sportsmen at table so jollily sit,
When the bumpers are crown'd, and around flies the wit ;
When we tell, o'er the bottle, the feats of the day,
What's the toast ? but "Success to fox-hunting, huzza !"

When we shooters at night-fall are jovially placed,
 When our pouch is laid by, and our spaniels at rest ;
 When to finish the glass but a chosen few stay,
 What's the toast? but "Success to cock-shooting,—huzza!"

Away ye dull cits! and ye finical race,
 Who hate, 'cause afraid of, the gun and the chase ;
 Is a fall or a halter, the best death, I pray ?
 For one you must come to—hark forward, huzza!

Round the board let the full sparkling bumpers then pass,
 A toast to fox-hunting, your friend, and your lass ;
 Then to rest, my brave boys, that with joy the next day,
 You may join the glad cry—tally-ho ! gone away !

" Oh ! day of joy ! long wish'd for day !"
 The sportsman cries, and bends his way :
 The air is fresh, the morning clear,
 The fields in spangled green appear ;
 Good dogs look out, Ring, Swift, and Fly,
 This day the pheasant race must die.
 Soft, softly, boys ! the morn is young,
 And far the distance yet to run.
 Soft, softly ! oh, that point from Ring
 Declares a something on the spring :
 The rush is made—the pheasant flies,
 The mark too sure—he falls—he dies !
 Nor him alone—stern rigid fate
 Has kill'd his partner, love, and mate ;
 Those sun-bright feathers smear'd with gore,
 Make known too plain they breathe no more.
 " Oh day of joy !" the sportsman cries,
 " This day, this day the pheasant dies !"

ALBEIT, gentle angler, I
Delight not in thy trade ;
Yet in thy pages there doth lie
So much of quaint simplicity,
So much of mind,
Of such good kind,
That none need be afraid,
Caught by thy cunning bait, this book,
To be ensnared on thy hook.

Gladly from thee I'm lured to bear
With things that seemed most vile before,
For thou didst on poor subjects rear
Matter the wisest sage might hear :
And with a grace
That doth efface
More laboured works, thy simple lore
Can teach us, that thy skilful lines
More than the scaly brood confines.

Our hearts and senses too, we see,
Rise quickly at thy master hand,
And ready to be caught by thee,
Are lured to virtue willingly :
Content and peace ;
With health and ease,
Walk by thy side ; at thy command,
We bid adieu to worldly care,
And joy in gifts that all may share.

Gladly with thee I pace along,
 And of sweet fancies dream ;
 Waiting till some inspired song,
 Within my memory cherished long,
 Comes fairer forth,
 With more of worth ;
 Because that Time upon its stream
 Feathers and chaff will bear away,
 But gives to gems a brighter ray.*

COME, jolly sportsman, come saddle your mare,
 The hounds are all out and the morning is fair ;
 The fox has broke cover, and gallantly bounds
 O'er the hills and the dales, while the echo resounds.—

CHORUS.

Hark ! Dian, hark ! the game is nigh,
 The huntsman in view, and the hounds in full cry.

Never ye mind what dull cits say,
 But follow the hounds, and drive dull care away ;
 That when ye return to your plentiful board,
 Ye may over your bottle the day's work record ;
 And with hearts quite elated, with joy ye may sing,
 " Success to fox-hunting, your country and king."

Hark ! Dian, hark ! the game is nigh,
 The huntsman in view, and the hounds in full cry.

* A noble lady, long distinguished at court for pre-eminent beauty and grace, and whose mind possesses undying charms, wrote the above in Sir Humphrey Davy's copy of "Walton's Angler."

A WEALTHY young squire, of Tamworth, we hear,
He courted a nobleman's daughter so fair,
And to marry her it was his intent,
All friends and relations had given their consent.

The time was appointed for the wedding day,
A young farmer was appointed to give her away ;
As soon as the lady the farmer did spy,
He inflamed her heart—O my heart ! she did cry.

She turned from the squire, tho' nothing she said,
Instead of being married she took to her bed,
The thought of the farmer still run in her mind,
A way for to have him she quickly did find.

Coat, waistcoat, and breeches she then did put on,
And hunting she went, with her dog and her gun ;
She hunted all round where the farmer did dwell ;
Because in her heart she did love him full well.

She oftentimes fired, but nothing she kill'd,
At length the young farmer came into the field ;
And to discourse with him it was her intent,
With her dog and her gun to meet him she went.

I thought you had been at the wedding, she cried,
To wait on the squire and give him his bride ;
No, sir, said the farmer, if the truth I may tell,
I'll not give her away, for I love her too well.'

Suppose the lady should grant you her love,
You know that the squire your rival will prove ;

Why, then, says the farmer, I'll take sword in hand,
By honour I'll gain her whene'er she command.

It pleased the lady to find him so bold,
She gave him a glove that was flower'd with gold,
And told him she found it when coming along,
As she was a hunting with her dog and her gun.

This lady went home, with a heart full of love,
And gave out a notice that she'd lost a glove ;
And the man who had found it, and brought it to ~~she~~,
The man that did bring it her husband should be.

The farmer was pleas'd when he heard the news,
With heart full of joy to the lady he goes :
Dear, honoured lady, I've picked up your glove,
And hope you'll be pleased to grant me your love.

It's already granted, I will be your bride,
I love the sweet breath of a farmer, she cried ;
I'll be mistress of my dairy, and milking my cow,
While my jolly brisk farmer is whistling at plough.

And when she was married she told of the fun,
How she hunted the farmer with her dog and her gun.
But now I've got him so fast in my snare,
I'll enjoy him for ever, I vow and declare.

In circling eddies whirl'd the tide ;
The wily angler sate
The willow-shaded bank beside,
And spread the treach'rous bait :

Reclining long in careless mood
The floating quill he ey'd,
When, rising from the opening flood,
A lovely maid he spied.
She sweetly sung, and sweetly said,
As gaz'd the wond'ring swain,
Why thus, with murd'rous art invade,
My placid, harmless reign ?
Ah, didst thou know, how blest, how free
The finny myriads stray,
Thou'dst long to dive the limpid sea
And live as blest as they !

The sun, and the fair queen of night,
Oft to the waves repair,
And thence, with streaming lustre bright,
Return more fresh and fair.
Admir'st thou yon ethereal space,
Beting'd with liquid blue !
And tempts thee not my pictur'd face,
To bathe in worlds of dew ?
The tide in stronger eddies flow'd,
It reach'd his trembling feet,
The fisherman impatient glow'd
The promis'd joys to meet.
Sweet sung the soft and smiling fair ;
Alas ! ill-fated swain !
Beneath the waves, he sank with her,
And ne'er was seen again.

COME, bustle up, the morn is fair,
 Come, sportsmen, up, and taste the air,
 And from your beds away ;
 For Morpheus, now, his place resigns,
 Aurora bright, resplendent shines,
 And ushers in the day.

Leave, leave your drowsy beds, my boys,
 And seek the gallant huntsman's joys,
 The pleasures of the chase ;
 The chase, which animates and cheers,
 And gives us courage, health, and years,
 To live and die in peace.

The cockney, in his easy chair,
 May damn the hunting, hounds, and hare,
 The country and its charms ;
 But while they revel day and night,
 The huntsmen sing with glad delight,
 And banish all alarms.

And when fatigued they home return,
 When flushed with wine they eager burn,
 And bless the jovial day ;
 Then Dian's sons in clamour rise,
 Their chorus echoes to the skies,
 “ Hark forward ! hark away ! ”

LET sportsmen delight in the joys of the field,
 No mirth in their sports I can see ;
 The death of a hare ev'ry transport can yield,
 That my fair one imparts unto me.

Then, tell me ye lovers of sports so divine,
Since we both of a pleasure partake,
Which agrees best with nature, your pastime or mine ?
I win, while you make a heart ache.

You fix all your pleasure in death's fatal darts,
And with numbers the victim pursue ;
I press on with ardour, to one gentle heart,
With happiness ever in view.
Love's shafts, tho' embitter'd by anguish perplex,
Yet with fond expectation delight ;
But you torture the forest, and wonderful, vex
At the life of a wretch sav'd by flight.

If man, lordly man, made to traverse the field,
'Tis vict'ry o'er foes that true honour will yield,
To conquest and honour lays claim,
And point out the passage to fame ;
But you, arm'd at all points, like a hero repair,
To frighten the covey hard by :
How the champion exults in the death of a hare,
Or looks sad if by chance he should fly.

Then love's softer passion my senses engage,
Nor let me such slaughter pursue,
'Till my time is near spun, when o'ertaken by age,
I'll tell of the transports I knew.
No remembrance shall ruffle, I'll calmly resign,
No remorse shall my anguish increase ;
Universal humanity still be it thine,
To conduct to the mansion of peace.

COME, my good fellows, and quit the bower,
 The sun no longer seems to lower :
 Your arrows bring, your bows of yew,
 With silver tips and silken clue ;
 And let the lusty bugle-horn
 Tell of the death of deer forlorn,
 With fatal note resounding ;
 What tho' he be swift and bounding,
 The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,
 Shall tell the death of deer forlorn.

CEASE, cease that raven note, that ringing
 Of sorrow in mine ears ; there is gone forth a voice
 Sweet as the lark's to heaven's gate upspringing,
 Which says, rejoice, ye fox-hunters, rejoice !

She sun of Saltram has dispell'd that gloom
 Which darken'd Cann Wood with a cloud of sadness ;
 The flower of fox-hunting therein shall bloom,
 And spread its violet-smelling scent of gladness !

The sun of Saltram shines forth in his glory !
 The red fox he shall laugh, the vixen grin,
 And keepers now, their hands no longer gory,
 Shall look with pleasure on the bloodless gin.

And I, the ancient one, ere long shall see
 The hope of Saltram, strong and quick in youth,
 First in the ranks of glorious chivalry,
 Where ride the sons of fox-hunting and truth !

Oh ! I'll reform ! I will, I swear !
To Hymen I'll address my vows,
And I'll beget a son and heir,
And tend my sheep and milk my cows,
And dose and fatten with my spouse !

And I'll grow fond of simple nature,
Free from vain arts and dull grimaces,
And doat upon each flatten'd feature,
Of rural love's athletic graces,
With mottled arms and cherub faces.

And now the rustic's toil I'll share,
And wield the fork and trail the rake ;
Now at the sermon sit and stare,
'Till dull observers shall mistake,
And fancy I am broad awake.

And I will taste the sportsman's joys ;
With hounds and guns pursue my prey ;
And find such raptures in a noise,
That all the wond'ring 'squires shall say,
I am as wise and bless'd as they.

Then to the festive hall I'll pass,
And in the jovial chorus join ;
And sick'ning o'er th' unfinished glass,
I'll swear our pleasures are divine,
When dullness is improv'd by wine.

Yes, I'll reform ! vain world, adieu !
Henceforth, with rural joys content,
A life of reason I'll pursue ;
Of all my former sins repent,
And die a cuckold and a saint.

To the words that I sing, my good brother, attend,
They're the precepts of Nimrod, our founder and friend ;
Who, to civilize mortals, this order gave birth,
Which is fraught with the joys of health, friendship, and
mirth.

Obey the Grand Buck, who presides in the chair,
And pay off your quit-rent, at least once a year ;
So you, in due time, his successor may be,
While thus you fulfil our great founder's decree.

To the deputies, rangers, and foresters too,
A proper respect is most certainly due :
Unanimity, industry, freedom, they prize,
In hunting they're great, and in council they're wise.

By the rangers, a lesson most useful you'll gain,
That will teach you how wealth you may surely obtain :
Join freedom with innocence, wisdom with mirth,
These mark us the happiest mortals on earth.

Adhere to our charter, our history, and laws,
And support, like a Buck, our most excellent cause ;

Abide by the motto our foresters wear,
Tis the strength of our lodge, and 'tis well worth your
care.

But what most ennobles our order, you'll find,
Is a heart that's benevolent, gen'rous, and kind ;
'Tis the characteristic to which we aspire,
And each bosom inflames with the true social fire.

The admiring world, with astonishment struck,
Shall envy the blessings enjoyed by each Buck ;
While bards shall, in future, record our great name,
And our deeds be enroll'd in the annals of fame.

COME ! wake to the chase, boys, and don your array,
With joy let us herald the morn !
Let the life-blood of sporting quick lead us away,
To that music of music—"Hark forward, away!"
And the notes of the maddening horn !

At the covert, in heart-throbbing silence, we pray,
For the magical words, "she is found!"
In glowing dilirium our pulses soon play,
For hark to old Cooper's "view-halloo away!"
"Away!" says the echoing sound.

Alive to the signal, breast-high fly the hounds,
Disdaining to stoop to their prey ;
Each high-mettled steed at the crash onward bounds,
All nature seems changed with the soul-thrilling sounds,
Yoicks ! forward ! hark forward ! away!"

On, on speed the pack, as they ne'er sped before,
 'To the cry of "hark forward, away!"
 For, 'bone, blood, and bottom,' had long given o'er,
 In homage to Conock condition 'at score,'
 When "who-whoop!" brought a close to the day.

FAR in the distant east Sol sheds his ray,
 And faintly by degrees brings on the day ;
 While thro' the valleys sounds the sprightly horn,
 And jolly huntsmen rise to hail the morn.

For while they pant for the chase,
 Health glows in each face,
 Mirth joins in the jovial career,
 Up the hill, o'er the plain,
 While they eagerly strain,
 Each sportsman's a stranger to fear.

What sweets nature yields,
 Thro' the woodlands and fields,
 When the season for hunting invites ;
 Tho' the ball and the play,
 May be splendidly gay,
 They match not with sportsmen's delights.

The midnight parade
 To the grand masquerade,
 Will banish the bloom of the face ;
 But the hunters are seen,
 Undisturbed with spleen,
 And gather fresh bloom from the chase.

Then rise in the morn,
At the sound of the horn,
And health with rich pastime pursue ;
For sweet is the sound,
Of the stanch mettled hound,
And charming the prospect in view.

YE who thirst for sport and fun,
To the Denes make haste and run ;
Yarmouth races meet you there—
Yarmouth fun is good and rare :
There you'll find the booths alive ;
Landlords in your pockets dive :
Drinking, singing, roaring, dancing,
Farmers' horses round you prancing ;
Pretty girls, with smiling faces,
Welcome you to Yarmouth races.

Bustle, bustle, round you hies ;
Pleasure fills ten thousand eyes ;
Clouds of sand obscure the day ;
For the coaches now make way.
See the ladies how they smile ;
Bless them, how they do beguile !
Parasols and veils are flying ;
Wounded 'squires are almost dying ;
Country Johns with awkward faces
Make you laugh at Yarmouth races.

Piemen, showmen, ups and downs,
Nuts and oranges for clowns,

Oysters fine, and ginger nuts,
Lobsters smoking from the pots,
All so rare and well display'd,
Find a quick and roaring trade.
Now the gig away is flying,
Ladies shrieking, old wives crying,
Bakers' stalls, with all their graces,
Are upset at Yarmouth races.

Soon the glorious work begins,
Bets are laid—who wins? who wins?
There they go, and here they come,
(So the cradle and the tomb,)
All are eager for a sight;
Young and old the sport delight:
Doctors, lawyers, 'squires, and tailors,
Cobblers, farmers, lasses, sailors,
Joy appears in all their faces,
Fun they love, and Yarmouth races.

See commencing now a heat,
Quick their nimble footsteps beat,
Not more rapid is the flash,
Than the racers onward dash.
List, and hear! their whips they crack,
Fierce they spur, and fierce they smack!
Sportsmen feel not what the horses
Suffer, while they fill their purses.
Bravo! cry ten thousand faces,
Sports, my boys, at Yarmouth races.

Jockeys, sportsmen, sharps, and flats,
Raise their voice, and wave their hats ;
Landlords swim in floods of gin,
Gamesters shout—I win ! I win !
Black-ey'd Poll, and blue-ey'd Sue,
Swear and rave, 'tis true ! 'tis true !
Twenty pounds the bet you laid, sir,
'Tis won—and down it shall be paid, sir.
Lost, the gamblers make wry faces,
Curse their stars, and Yarmouth races.

Hark ! the donkeys now are starting,
Just a going—see ! they're parting.
Donkeys run, and asses bray
Halloo ! halloo ! huzza ! huzza !
All is wild confusion now ;
Drunkards fight—a mighty row !
The donkeys out of breath are gaping ;
See, the boys their sides are flapping.
Rosy cheeks and pretty faces,
You will see at Yarmouth races.

When the day has lost its fire,
Coaches, waggons, horses, retire,
Booths with singing rend the air,
Jolly Bacchus, thou art there ;
Venus glad the task performs,
Points to beauty's endless charms ;
See her daughters most bewitching ;
But the muse, that none disgraces,
Bids good night to Yarmouth races.

WHEN morn peep'd o'er the mountain's height,
Wak'd by the distant echoing horn,
And yelping hounds whose nimble flight,
Like Pegasus, skim'd o'er the lawn,
I mounted Dapper for the chase,
All eager for to follow,
Where Towler, foremost in the race,
Yelp'd to the huntsman's halloo.
Then away to the sound,
Of the musical hound,
With hark forward ! hark forward ! tantivy.

The chase it was a glorious one,
For none of us e'er seem'd to lag ;
But onward kept till setting sun,
When we triumphant kill'd the stag :
Tho' many a winding he pursued,
Young Towler close did follow,
O'er brook and brake the game he view'd,
Pleas'd with the huntsman's halloo,
Then how sweet was the sound,
Of the musical hound,
With hark forward ! hark forward ! tantivy.

Return'd, our pleasures we recount,
And speak with raptures o'er the bowl,
For joys like ours none can surmount,
Since rosy health inspires the soul ;
Then sweet we slumber 'till the morn,
Awakes us for to follow
Again the distant echoing horn,
And huntsman's jovial halloo :

Then away to the sound,
Of the musical hound,
With hark forward! hark forward! tantivy.

HAPPY is a country life,
Free from noise and free from strife ;
Where gentle zephyrs pleasing blow,
And crystal streams that purling flow,
And purling streams that warbling flow,
And crystal streams that purling flow.

The meadows, and fields, and trees look green,
And every thing looks quite serene,
And the huntsmen are out on an autumn morn,
How sweet is the sound of the echoing horn,
The echoing horn, the echoing horn, echoing horn,
How sweet is the sound of the echoing horn.

O'er hills, woods, and plains to the vallies they run,
And the hounds in full cry, ton, ton, non, ton, ton.
Thus we pass the long day with our innocent sport,
And returning at night to the bottle resort :
What life is so happy, what mortals so free,
And who lives so happy and jovial as we.

RECITATIVE. — ACCCOMPANIED.

FROM Latmos' mount, whence sacred groves depend,
Diana, and her virgin train descend ;
And while the buskin'd maids with active care,
The bus'ness of the daily chase prepare,

With joy the goddess views her shining throng,
And thus exulting swells the jovial song.

AIR.

Jolly health springs aloft, at the loud sounding horn,
Unlocked from soft slumbers' embrace ;
And joy sings a hymn to salute the sweet morn,
That smiles on the nymphs of the chase.
The rage of fell Cupid no bosom prophanes,
No rancour disturbs our delight.
All the day with fresh vigour we sweep o'er the plains,
And sleep with contentment all night.

ON yon fair brook's enamell'd side,
Behold my Chloe stands,
Her angle trembles o'er the tide,
As conscious of her hands.

Calm as the gentle waves appear,
Her thoughts serenely flow,
Calm as the softly breathing air,
That curls the brook below.

Such charms her sparkling eyes disclose
With such soft power endu'd,
She seems a new-born Venus, rose
From the transparent flood.

From each green bank, and mossy cave,
The scaly race repair,
They sport beneath the crystal wave,
And kiss her image there.

Here the bright silver eel enroll'd,
In shining volumes lies ;
There basks the carp bedropp'd with gold,
In the sunshine of her eyes.

With hungry pikes in wanton play,
The timorous trouts appear :
The hungry pikes forget to prey,
The timorous trouts to fear.

With equal haste the thoughtless crew,
To the fair tempter fly,
Nor grieve they, whilst her eyes they view,
That by her hand they die.

Thus I too view'd the nymph of late ;
Ah, simple fish, beware !
Soon will you find my wretched fate,
And struggle in the snare.

But, fair one, though these toils succeed,
Of conquest be not vain ;
Nor think o'er all the scaly breed,
Unpunish'd thus to reign.

Remember, in a wat'ry glass,
His charms Narcissus spied,
When for his own bewitching face,
The youth despair'd and died.

No more then harmless fish insnare,
No more such wiles pursue ;
Lest, whilst you baits for them prepare,
Love finds out one for you.

My Pegasus dull, has the honour and pride
 To acknowledge your elements bright :
 And first, though you hint that I took the wrong side,
 The end of the race prov'd it right.*

* This curious event was announced in the following manner :—" A match for 500gs. and 1000 bye, four miles, between Col. Thornton's Vingarillo and Mr. Flint's Thornville, by Volunteer, out of Abigail ; Mrs. T. to ride her weight against Mr. Flint's." The race was run at York, Saturday, August 25th, 1804 ; and was thus described in the columns of the York Herald :—

" Never did we witness such an assemblage of people as were drawn together on the above occasion—100,000 at least. Nearly ten times the number appeared on Knavesmire than did on the day when Bay Malton ran, or when Eclipse went over the course, leaving the two best horses of the day a mile and a half behind. Indeed expectation was raised to the highest pitch, from the novelty of the match. Thousands from every part of the surrounding country thronged to the ground. In order to keep the course as clear as possible, several additional people were employed ; and, much to the credit of the 6th Light Dragoons, a party of them also were on the ground on horseback, for the like purpose, and which, unquestionably, was the cause of many lives being saved.

" About four o'clock, Mrs. Thornton appeared on the ground, full of spirit, her horse led by Colonel Thornton, and followed by Mr. Baker and Mr. H. Boynton ; afterwards appeared Mr. Flint. They started a little past four o'clock. The lady took the lead for upwards of three miles, in a most capital style. Her horse, however, had much the shorter stroke of the two. When within a mile of being home, Mr. Flint pushed forward, and got the lead, which he kept. Mrs. Thornton used every exertion ; but finding it impossible to win the race, she drew up, in a *sportsmanlike* style, when within about two distances.

" At starting 5 and 6 to 4 on the lady ; until the fourth mile, 7 to 4 and 2 to 1 in her favour. In running the last mile, the odds were in favour of Mr. Flint.

In courtesy, next, you are pleas'd to suggest,
That I was deficient on starting;
But to give you the lead was clearly a test,
How civil I was at the parting.

"Never surely did a woman ride in better style. It was difficult to say whether her *horsemanship*, her dress, or her beauty, were most admired—the *tout ensemble* was *unique*.

"Mrs. Thornton's dress was a leopard-coloured body, with blue sleeves, the rest buff, and blue cap. Mr. Flint rode in white. The race was run in nine minutes and fifty-nine seconds.

"Thus ended the most interesting race ever ran upon Knaves-mire. No words can express the disappointment felt at the defeat of Mrs. Thornton. The spirit she displayed, and the good humour with which she has borne her loss, have greatly diminished the joy of many of the winners. From the very superior style in which she performed her exercising gallop of four miles on Wednesday, betting was greatly in her favour; for the accident which happened, in consequence of her saddle-girths having slackened, and the saddle turning round, was not attended with the slightest injury to her person, nor did it in the least damp her courage; while her *horsemanship* and *close-seated* riding astonished the beholders, and inspired a general confidence in her success.

"Not less than 200,000*l.* were pending upon Mrs. Thornton's match; perhaps more, if we include the bets in every part of the country, and there is no part, we believe, in which there were not some."

Not at all dispirited by defeat, Mrs. Thornton publicly challenged her antagonist to ride the same match in the following year, his horse Thornville against any one of three that she should bring, and he might select, and which should be hunted by her through the season.

In August, 1805, Mrs. Thornton *received forfeit* from Mr. Bromford, who had betted Col. Thornton four hogsheads of coti roti, 2000*gs.* h. ft. and 600*gs.* pp. with Mrs. Thornton, to ride against the lady (Mrs. T.) over the course at York. The Colonel selected Clausum Fregit, by Otho, for Mrs. Thornton. Afterwards, a match was made in which Mrs. Thornton was to ride two miles against Frank Buckle. Upon this occasion, she was habited

I denied you a friend to ride by, I confess,
 And for why?—not for sake of the pelf;
 But I wish'd to enjoy, in a case of such bliss,
 All that pleasure and honour myself.

Four-fifths of the race, you must candidly own,
 You had the “whip hand,” while behind
 I humbly pursued, till your nag “was broke down”—
 Then before you to go, sure, was kind!

But, believe, to the fair I am warmly inclin'd—
 To be always polite I am ready :
 Tho' my horse was so rude as to leave you behind,
 I will ne'er run away from a lady.

To your challenge anew, I beg to reply—
 When your ladyship's made ev'ry bet,
 I'll be proud to attend, the contest to try,
 For the honour again of your wit.

RECITATIVE.

Now, from the busy scenes of noisy trade,
 The sportsman flies to meet the peaceful shade,
 Cheer'd by the downy cushions of repose,
 Well fitted for the sport, alert he goes,

in a purple cap and waistcoat, long nankeen skirts, purple shoes, and embroidered stockings: she rode Lousia, by Pegasus, out of Nelly. Buckle rode Allegro, by Pegasus, out of Allegriani's dam. Mrs. Thornton carried 9st. 6lbs. Buckle, 13st. 6lbs. Mrs. Thornton maintained the lead for some time; Buckle then passed her, which he kept only for a few lengths, when Mrs. Thornton, with the greatest skill and judgment, pushed forward, and won the race by half a neck.

To kiss the virgin harbinger of morn,
Where the clear dew-drop decks the sloe-dress'd thorn ;
With buskin'd feet retreads the stubble glades,
Or where the game birds seek autumnal shades ;

The while his dogs curve round, with nimble joint,
Inhale the grateful scent, and make the point ;
Till when unbroke, the quiv'ring covey flies,
To yield his levell'd tube, the annual prize,
The gladden'd hills return the loud report,
And ev'ry care is buried in the sport ;
Then, as he bears his polish'd piece along,
Thus o'er the wilds he trills the season's song.

AIR.

Go, plod away life, you to Mammon inclin'd,
Go, trouble, malign, and make sport of mankind ;
Lie, flatter, and fawn, where there's interest in view,
The game you are ever inclin'd to pursue :
Of sport, nobler far, the blithe sportsman shall sing,
Now October returns us the game on the wing.

How charming, to start with the bright opening sky,
While the lark greets the ear, and the landscape the eye ;
To single the bird from the covey we meet,
And reload, with the delicate spoil at our feet !
No pastime can equal, though fram'd by a king,
While October returns us the game on the wing.

'Gainst the sportsman, we know the pert fribble will
league,
Say, he travels thro' dirt, and bows down to fatigue ;

Far better his lot, oft to tire with his sport,
 Than to toil for ingratitude, bred in a court.
 Our pleasures are pure, and ne'er harbour a sting,
 While October returns us the game on the wing.

On the skill of her sportsmen, Britannia shall smile,
 When war blows the blast, and awakens the isle ;
 The foe that presumes to set foot on our shore,
 Shall be check'd by his gun, and insult us no more.
 From the fribble no conduct like this shall e'er spring,
 While October returns us the game on the wing.

With the prime of her roses, health dresses the cheek,
 Sweet peace is our hand-maid and innocence meek ;
 While health, and blest quiet, but seldom we find,
 With the dull-plodding triflers, who traffic behind.
 Thus blest with our pastime, enraptur'd we sing,
 While October returns us the game on the wing.

Disgusted with meanness, the churl we despise,
 To our friends we convey, what the season supplies ;
 Tho' pleasures attend on our rational drift,
 Far more felicity springs from a gift.
 What conduct surpasses, ye moralists sing,
 While October returns us the game on the wing.

Hence may plods, churls, and fribbles, and all who're
 inclin'd
 To rail at our sport, and make sport of mankind,
 Ne'er feel in the breast what our pastime bestows,
 Nor wear the fresh circle, health twines for our brows.
 O'er the spoils of the gun may they ne'er sit to sing,
 While October returns us the game on the wing.

CHORUS.

Fly, fly, sickly indolence, fly from a court,
Remantle the cheek, and be blest with our sport ;
So your life, as it flits with the moments away,
Shall be blest with repose, and ease your decay.

LET sons of sloth dream time away,
Regardless what may follow,
And rail at us who wake the day
With horn, and hound, and halloo :
We their pursuits should find the same,
To their secrets were we privy ;
Each man to hunt some fav'rite game
Through life goes on tantivy.

The book-worm hunts the ancient schools,
And walks with Aristotle ;
Black-legs and ladies hunt for fools,
The toper hunts the bottle.
Thus should we find, whate'er the name,
To their secrets were we privy,
Mankind to hunt some fav'rite game,
Through life goes on tantivy.

When doctors come in at the death,—
For true-bred hunters these are,—
The patient cries, with his last breath,
' *Et tu, Brute!* '—then falls Cæsar.
Thus we with safety might proclaim,
To their secrets were we privy,
Mankind to hunt some fav'rite game,
Through life goes on tantivy.

The misanthrope hunts out for woes,
 Muck-worms are gold pursuing,
 While neck-or-nothing, as he goes,
 The spendthrift hunts his ruin.
 Thus should we find, whate'er the name,
 To their secrets were we privy,
 Mankind to hunt some fav'rite game,
 Through life goes on tantivy.

Bold tars for honour hunt the wind,
 Outrageous saints hunt sinners ;
 While with round belly, capon-lin'd,
 Fat aldermen hunt dinners.
 Thus should we find men's views the same,
 To their secrets were we privy,
 All, all to hunt some fav'rite game,
 Through life go on tantivy.

Fame, courtiers hunt from place to place,
 Rakes hunt new sets of features ;
 While gen'rous hearts urge on the chase,
 To relieve their fellow creatures.
 Let us, while to our actions' aim
 Regardless who are privy,
 In chase of pleasure, as fair game,
 Through life go on tantivy.

YE Lancashire lads at whose liberal board,
 A stranger thus seated feels proud as a lord ;
 Accept for this bounty a strain void of art :
 Which rough tho' it sound, flows from gratitude's heart.
 Derry down.

O'er the world's widest circle should fate make him rove,
 Still mem'ry will tell him how friendship here strove
 To welcome him still in the old English style,
 And bid him enjoy hospitality's smile.

Derry down.

That smile once remember'd will smooth ev'ry care,
 Which absence might otherwise mark with despair :
 For freedom and mirth prove sincerity's dart
 Was shot all around from the string of the heart.

Derry down.

When Fame sounds her bugle, and loudly proclaims
 High in archery's list, most respectable names,
 They're the Lancashire lads, full of frolick and fun,
 Whose shafts hit the mark like a rifleman's gun.

Derry down.

When my muse, by comparison, beauty would paint ;
 A Venus or Helen to me appear faint :
 No goddess of Greece could a charm boast so rich,
 As the magical smile of a Lancashire witch.

Derry down

At parting, accept, too, this honest bequest,
 Of the good-will I ever shall bear you a test :
 'Tis the wish of my heart, and hereafter I'll boast
 How I bumper it now as a favourite toast.

Derry down.

THE WISH.

May loyalty's sign mark the county ye live in,
 May happiness mark the sweet witches you're giving !

s

May Apollo here smile on each good bowman's greeting,
And gild o'er with harmony each merry meeting.

Derry down.

My grandfather's grandfather, valiant and stout,
A Briton, ere luxury imported the gout,
In the field, in the ball-room, or scamp'ring o'er rocks,
Could give chase to the foe, or the fair, or the fox :
A band of choice friends, at the sound of his horn,
Sallied forth, blithe and buxom, to hail the fair morn ;
All lusty and noble, and true and tried men,
And call'd, for distinction, the Lads of the Glen.

Shall I tell you their names ? There was bold Alfred Howe,
Sprung from Guy, Earl of Warwick, who hunted a cow ;
And then, on his courser, came valiant Sir Hugh,
Born from that London 'prentice, two lions that slew :
Next, that there devil, Hengist, with target and gorge,
Worn, his ancestors write, by the mighty St. George ;
Then Owen ap Rice, who again, and again,
Had been in at the death with the Lads of the Glen.

Next Percy came on, born of that noble race
Who accomplished such wonders at fam'd Chevy Chase ;
Then Orson the jolly, a bold daring elf,
Sprung from Arthur, nay, some say, from Nimrod himself :

Edwin, Glanville, and Huntingdon, sound men and good
The last, the great grandson of bold Robin Hood :
To these add my ancestors, making just ten,
And you'll get the whole list of the Lads of the Glen.

'Tis writ in fair characters, now in the hall,
What a chase they were led the sly fox to enthrall!
He ran 'em at length, and then hard at a push—
And now they're miles from him, and now at his brush :
'Till the hounds are so weary that, panting for breath,
They o'ertake him, but cannot accomplish his death ;
Britons spare prostrate foes, so they loos'd him again,
To afford future sport for the Lads of the Glen.

Thus rational pleasure was all their delight,
They'd hunt in the morning, and revel at night ;
Fair truth and pure honour dwelt proud in each breast,
And kind hospitality set up her rest :
And from their gay board never yet was the day,
When the poor and the hungry went empty away ;
Britons all have true hearts ; yet 'tis hard to say when
We shall e'er see the like of the Lads of the Glen.

Then charge high your bumpers, in chorus loud sing,
Like true subjects let's all drink a health to the king ;
He's a sportsman himself ; and long may the chase
Give him health to behold his illustrious race :
And would ye, ye Britons, your honour ensure
As firm as your courage, your rectitude pure,
His virtues but emulate, soon shall again,
Return the good times of the Lads of the Glen.

WHEN the huntsmen awake us with shrill sounding horns,
And Aurora the welkin with spangles adorns ;
The pale moon and the stars that dare shine best by night,
Hide their fires at the approach of the father of light ;

The stanch hounds o'er the fields eager seek for the trail,
And once found they pursue it along the deep vale ;
Then the hare, that lies snug, close concealed in her form,
Hears their cries, and awakes in a tremble at th' alarm.

CHORUS.

For the sport of the chase, sure, all pleasures surpass,
As the blessings of health and long life it ensures ;
And at night with the fair one he loves—and the glass,
Care, with all its attendants, the sportsman abjures.

Now the huntsman espies her, slow creeping along,
And so-ho loudly joins to the hounds' cheerful song ;
In their noses no longer the pack will confide,
But rush forward all eyes to the object espied ;
When behold they lose sight and stop short in the chase,
They seem lewd of their fault, and trudge back in disgrace.
Then old Ringwood, who never his tongue had belied,
Once more sets her in view ; the rest follow their guide.

For the sports of the chase, &c.

To repair his first fault each hound now slowly goes,
And neglecting his eyes, trusts alone to his nose ;
Thus the hare at full speed runs a distance a-head,
And has time to play pranks, the stanch pack to mislead ;
But old Ringwood once more renders vain all her arts,
And his tongue goes so loud as enlivens our hearts :
Now poor puss, with fatigue and with terror opprest,
Shrieks, expires, and in death finds a haven of rest.

For the sports of the chase, &c.

Now the plentiful viands are rang'd on the board,
The broad chine, chequered rump, and savory surloin,

With such other good meats as the Britons alone,
 Find conducive to strengthen the heart and the bone.
 Then to George and his queen, and their offspring, we fill
 The full bumper ; resolv'd that our loyalty still
 Shall untainted remain to the end of our lives ;
 Then to bed we repair, and prove true to our wives.
 For the sports of the chase, &c.

OLD Sagittarius, stuck in the sky,
 To serve as a watchman as well as a spy,
 On finding our archers excel those above,
 In envious spite galopp'd off to tell Jove :
 " Great king of the gods, can you bear to look down,
 " And see your great favourites of old so outdone ?
 " No more will your Trojans and Grecians please,
 " When eclips'd by the feats of these ' Lads of the Tees.' "

Jove rose in a rage, and call'd out for Apollo,
 And entreated that he would old Fourlegs follow,
 And examine if what he'd reported was true ;
 Then away to the banks of the Tees the god flew :
 It happen'd the arrow was shot for that day,
 When the archers appear'd in their nicest array ;
 Their sports and their mirth did his godship so please,
 He resolved to stop with the ' Lads of the Tees.'

Next morning, old Jupiter sent out his scout,
 Winged Hermes, to know what Apol was about ;
 Who, swift as an eagle, headlong dashed forth,
 To inquire why the god staid so long upon earth :

Oh ! I've found, cried Apollo, some lads to my mind,
 They're gentle, they're courteous, they're social, and kind;
 'They shoot like us gods, and their songs me so please,
 I'll never more quit these brave 'Lads of the Tees.'

With the god of the bow and of music so near,
 Triumphant our course, for no rival we fear ;
 With so splendid a model of grace and of art,
 Emulation alone do we need on our part.
 Now let us avoid all vain squabbles and strife,
 And our science will gild the dull evening of life ;
 And hoary old age feel a glow when he sees
 His sons are enroll'd 'mongst the 'Lads of the Tees.'

THE morn was peeping thro' the east,
 And saffron ting'd the sky ;
 Anxious I started from my rest,
 Tho' check'd by Celia's sigh.

" Ah, why forsake thy Celia's arms,
 " Why her embraces leave ;
 " Rouse not the partridge with alarms,
 " Nor doom her mate to grieve !"

Cease, cease, my love, these useless tears,
 Soon, soon shall I return ;
 Remember from the sea uprears
 Her head September's morn.

Then quick the dogs unkennel, John,
 And saddle quick the mare ;
 See how, impatient to be gone,
 They snuff the morning air !

How thro' the stubble, blithe they bound,
No need of whip or noise ;
Hey, Ranger, quarter well your ground,
Now, Archer, hey, my boys !

Steady ! take heed, my dog—Toho !
His attitude how fine !
Where is another bosom now
So highly blest as mine ?

The whirring covey wing their flight,
Adown the breeze they go ;
Destruction flies from left and right,
And swift a brace lie low.

My well train'd dogs my sign obey,
And haste their lord to meet ;
And lowly crouching, down they lay
My victims at my feet.

Nor e'er again inclin'd to roam,
Refuse to hear, " Down charge !"
Till gun fresh cock'd, and charge ramm'd home,
I cast them off at large.

Thus fill'd with pleasure rolls the hour,
Each vale, each hill, I try ;
Indifferent or to sun or show'r,
Till night pervades the sky.

Returning home, what joys await,
To pay my morning toil ;
There beauty meets me at the gate,
And cheers me with a smile.

Oh ! who can tell the rapturous bliss,
 When safe from dreaded harms,
 With which my Celia seals her kiss,
 And twines me in her arms.

How could I e'er forsake the couch,
 To seek the winged prey ;
 Where joys we find in every touch,
 Which melt themselves away.

To a fair lovely huntress, devoted's my song,
 Who was train'd to the chase, like Diana, when young !
 Instead of town pleasures,
 Or music's soft measures ;
 So fond she became of the huntsman's glad sounds,
 That her voice hail'd the morn,
 Sweet in tune with the horn,
 Yet she pitied the hare while she follow'd the hounds.

Our huntress so boldly would ride, that no fear
 Of a hedge, ditch, or stile, could stop her career :
 O'er all she went dashing,
 Thro' thick and thin splashing,
 As echo the huntsman's view halloo resounds ;
 When her voice hail'd the morn,
 Sweet in tune with the horn,
 Yet she pitied the hare, while she follow'd the hounds.

One day, on a fault, as the hounds had trail'd back,
 Our huntress so fam'd, close attended the pack,

When puss she spied panting,
All trembling and fainting—
To save the poor hare from her saddle she bounds :
On the fair smil'd the morn ;
To her praise sung the horn,
Who sav'd the poor hare, tho' she follow'd the hounds.

AWAKEN'D by the sprightly horn,
My wife complains 'tis yet too soon ;
And swears the glimmering of the morn
Is but th' inflection of the moon.
To ease her mind and gain her leave,
The cheerful hounds to follow,
I make her gentle bosom heave,
With whoop, my boys, hark ! halloo.

With gentle murmurs, now she cries,
Arise, my love, pursue the chase ;
Then gently turns and shuts her eyes,
Contentment smiling on her face.
Soon drest, I mount my vig'rous steed,
The cheerful hounds to follow ;
Whilst every sportsman gives his meed,
With whoop, my boys, hark ! halloo.

The thicket, where the stag awaits
Th' arrival of the deep tongu'd hounds,
We enter ; each his posture sits—
The gloomy wood with shouts resounds.

When lo ! the stag bounds off amain,
 The cheerful hounds we follow ;
 And all our throats at once we strain,
 With whoop, my boys, hark ! halloo.

Thro' woods and o'er the meads he flies,
 Still watchful of his foes behind ;
 Oft sidelong casts his languid eyes,
 To see where shelter he may find.
 But vain to 'scape his efforts prove,
 The cheerful hounds still follow ;
 And echo sounds from ev'ry grove,
 Come whoop, my boys, hark ! halloo.

At length, the genius of the flood
 He courts, to save him from his foes ;
 Within the waves he cools his blood,
 And soon forgets his former woes.
 But short, alas ! his transports are,
 The cheerful hounds still follow ;
 Whilst joyful sportsmen rend the air,
 With whoop, my boys, hark, halloo.

Confiding now no more in flight,
 With antlers bent he braves the hounds ;
 And long maintains th' unequal fight,
 Whilst every wood with shouts resounds.
 Along his face the big round tears
 Each other piteous follow ;
 No sportsman now his fellow cheers,
 With whoop, my boys, hark ! halloo.

At length, in pity of his moans,
 The huntsman loads his deadly gun ;
 Quick ends his panting, sighs, and groans ;
 Then strips him, and the sport is done.
 Back to the rendezvous we fly,
 The wearied hounds all follow ;
 And o'er the sparkling Burgundy,
 We whoop, my boys, and halloo.

ACTÆON, who fell by the daughter of Jove,
 Diana, the queen of the chase,
 If he'd woo'd the cold maid with the caution of love,
 Had revell'd in beauty's embrace !
 For women, sweet creatures, tho' blushing and coy,
 Still own a soft gen'rous flame !
 And man must the cunning of Cupid employ,
 When woman, dear woman's, the game.
 With a chevy ! hark forward, tantivy.

Yet think not the ruin of virtue I boast,
 Or passion's wild dictates pursue :
 No ! honour ! bright honour's the creed of my toast,
 And marriage the temple in view.
 For women, &c. &c.

Then sportsmen, whose joys are the charms of the fair,
 Believe me, when love is the field,
 The nymph must be started with caution and care,
 And the young timid virgin will yield.
 For women, &c. &c.

HAIL to Friendship ! Hail to Mirth !
 Hail to thee, who gave them birth !
 Hail, great Nimrod ! pow'r divine !
 Hunters' patron, god of wine !
 Thee we sing, in jovial lays,
 We thy godlike actions praise ;
 Hail to thee, thou pow'r divine !
 Jolly Bacchus, * god of wine !

AIR.

Masons praise thee for the art ; †
 Which thou didst to them impart :

DUETTO.

Bucks admire thy wond'rous skill,
 In the chase o'er dale and hill.

TRIO.

While, for deeds illustrious, we
 Celebrate the deity,
 Let the genial bowl go round,
 And the lofty roofs rebound.

AIR.

Ere this noble art‡ thou taught,
 With life's choicest blessing fraught,
 Chaos kept his gloomy court,
 Sordid dulness banish'd sport :

* Or Bar Chus, the son of Chus.

† The art here spoken of is the method of conversing without speaking, and of knowing a mason from another man, by signs and tokens only.

‡ The art of hunting.

AIR.

Soon as thou the vintage* prest,
 Mortals were supremely blest ;
 Friendship, mirth, and jolly song,
 Did their happy days prolong.

AIR.

Sound the mighty hunter's praise,
 Bring the laurels, trophies raise ;
 Join, ye Bucks, advance his fame,
 And immortalize his name.

CHORUS.

Strike again the trembling lyre,
 While our voices swell the choir ;
 Let us celebrate his birth,
 With festivity and mirth.

O'er Sundorn's rugged towers, we fear no tempest lowers ;
 Nothing there can hurt us, or foe assail ;
 This roof to enter, no enemy dare venture,
 Nor rash intruder these walls can scale.

CHORUS.

Bless our noble master, keep him from disaster,
 Twang, twang, a dillo, dillo, dillo, dee.

† Nimrod is here celebrated for bringing the vintage to perfection. The Egyptians paid him divine honour, as the god of wine, and called him Osiris. And it may not be improperly said, that he presided over the vines, as he was the first king of Babylon, the metropolis of Assyria, where, as the ancients assert, the most excellent wines were produced—the Nectar supposed to be drank by the gods.

As dawns the beam of morning, wind and weather scorn-
ing,
The sportsmen all are anxious for hunting to prepare ;
With hound and horn so cheerly, and sport we love most
dearly,
We pass our time so merrily from year to year.

Bless, &c. &c.

When the chase is over, here we find good cover,
O'er our heads a shelter from wind, rain, and hail ;
Meat and drink in plenty, the coppers seldom empty,
And when they are, they're filled again with good ale.

Then bless, &c. &c.

Then here's God's blessing on him, keep all evil from him,
May we always serve him with a hearty good will ;
Should his fortune ever leave him, 'tis our duty still to
cleave t' him,

And shew him that in poverty he's dear to us still,

Bless our noble, &c. &c.

For we hear that the ravens were by God fed from the
heavens ;

So likewise he feeds us, and may he do so still ;

May he protect the Corbets, as *Deus pascit Corvos* ;*

And we'll drink to his health with a hearty good will.

Bless our noble, &c. &c.

* Mr. Corbet's motto.

HUNTSMAN, rejoice,
Lift up thy voice,
And sing my Lord MORLEY's praises ;
Foxes are found,
On the Saltram ground,
And the cry of the hound,
Jolly boys ! how my spirit it raises !

Tally-ho ! tally-ho !
Yonder they go,
The 'squire caps 'em on like a good 'un ;
The scarlets are quite mad,
Even trowser'd men are glad !
So come, my merry lad,
Give me a nag that's a blood 'un.

For blood is all the go ;
Nothing now will do,
Except where high breed abounds, sir ;
I must have Velocipede,
Or some such generous steed,
Of tip-top racing speed—
Our hounds are fast as greyhounds, sir !

The lads are riding fast,
The devil catch the last—
There's one who flies like a swallow :
He is of ten stone weight,
He tops a five-bar gate ;
'Fore George he will ride straight,
And cheer on the hounds with his halloo !

See yon eighty-fift,
Just gives his mare a lift,
And slap a Devil's dyke she's over ;
He is a powerful boy,
So maidens give him joy—
That bliss without alloy—
And he will give you a lover.

See yon steady chap,
I pray that no mishap
Will stay his hunting career, sirs ;
That youth must needs live well,
For he fears not witch nor spell,
And copes blind ditch and dell,
Bayard sans reproche et sans peur, sirs.

Thus, you see, my lord,
What joy you afford,
To a set of right generous fellows :
Now may each vulpecide,
Who shall my song deride,
In Norfolk ever bide,
Or die like a dog of the yellows.

WHEN, the very first day, to the field I had got,
I discover'd great natural parts at a shot :
My spaniel had put up a snipe from a bog ;
I miss'd it, I own, but I brought down my dog.
Down, derry down.

So keen, my first hunt, I brush'd over the grounds,
I decidedly distanc'd the fox and the hounds :
And I leap'd my first hedge, with so earnest a mind,
That I left the fine gelding, I rode on, behind.

Down, derry down.

But time and experience have render'd me cool,
And I counsel young sportsmen to think of this rule,
When you go out a shooting, don't shoot your dog dead,
And in riding a horse, don't fly over his head.

Down, derry down.

ROUSE, rouse, my Bucks, and hail the day,
See Phœbus gilds the skies ;
And to the field now take your way,
And bid shrill echo rise. *For a hunting we do go.*
For a hunting we will go, we'll go, we'll go.

To cover, hoic, the huntsman cries,
And boldly rides along ;
The village clowns the horns surprise,
Who run to see the throng.
When a hunting we do go, &c.

When reynard's found, what joys abound,
And cheer each hunter's face ;
When hark to halloo, echos round,
And we pursue the chase.
When a hunting, &c.

Ho, tally-ho, resounds afar,
 While we sweep o'er the plain ;
 Danger shall ne'er our sport debar,
 Or fear a hunter pain.

When a hunting, &c.

A noble burst, cries him up first,
 While rapture heaves his breast :
 To his cunning, renny now must trust,
 He's fairly done his best.

And a hunting, &c.

He's cross'd that yard, good sir, hold hard,
 And give the hounds the way ;
 There's on him, hoic, what can retard,
 Hark on him, hark away.

When a hunting, &c.

His speed it fails, what craft avails ?
 He yields his panting breath ;
 Who-hoop, the distant ear assails,
 Whoo-hoop, pronounces death.

And a hunting, &c.

WHEN Eldon* was young, as we've heard him declare,
 He mounted the hills to enjoy the fresh air ;

* A declaration made by the Lord Chancellor in the House of Peers, when the question was debated respecting the making game a legal article of sale in our public markets.

While Phœbus was rising to make the world gay,
His lordship was present to hail the new day.
With pointers well train'd, to the stubbles he'd run,
And furnish'd him sport with the dogs and the gun.

The covey once up, while their fleet wings were heard,
He singled his mark, and he brought down his bird.
Like a true skilful sportsman he scorn'd to do more,
Than the lessons his fathers had taught him before :
How chang'd is the mode with our sportsmen of late,
'Tis noon when emerg'd from their cushions of state.

When Phœbus has pass'd the meridian line,
And instructed the drudge and the ploughman to dine,
Then away, out of breath, (not to mount the green hill)
But to follow new sport by fam'd Battersea mill.
Where the game birds no longer attention engage,
But a number of pigeons confin'd in a cage.

There the marksmen arrang'd like city train'd bands,
Stand ready to pop, or to frighten the swans.
When each hero has slaughter'd his score in a trice,
He returns to the bottle, or else to the dice,
In hope the rich spoils of the tables to share,
Where thousands are ruin'd, or drove to despair.

E'en such are call'd sportsmen, I blush at the name,
Who slaughter the tame bird instead of the game :
Could our forefathers rise from their quiet retreat,
And these pigeon-shooters at Battersea meet,
They'd shake their grey locks, and, in sorrowful strain,
Wish with all speed to be buried again.

Then, come, brother sportsmen, join chorus with me,
 And wish pigeon-shooters their folly may see,
 And return to the health-giving sports of the field,
 Where rational pleasures are always reveal'd :
 And save the poor dove-cot to garnish the farm,
 And the Battersea gard'ners from constant alarm.

'Tis the horn's shrilly sound that calls us away,
 'Tis the huntsman's sweet halloo I hear ;
 With hounds so delighted, with horses so gay,
 In what spirits do sportsmen appear !
 Whilst thro' the thick covert see how the pack dash !
 And what courage ! what ardour ! they show —
 There's a challenge, I swear,* and hark, what a crash !
 They have found — there he goes, tally-ho !

For the Roothings they're gone, and if the scent lies,
 There's no country on earth that's so good ;
 And believe me, you'll find before the fox dies,
 He will prove your nag's bottom and blood.
 See Solomon flies to the head of the pack ;
 Look ! how Bustler and Caroline go —
 Now Saladin leads them ; and if you ride slack,
 You will ne'er hear the next tally-ho !

What tumult ! what joy ! what delight in the chase,
 Ev'ry hound strains his sinews to lead :
 Each horseman resolves ev'ry danger to face,
 And each horse is contending for speed.

* At the words thus marked—Cry yoicks, yoicks—*ad libitum*.

They now go apace—what a burst have they had !
 But they stoop—see their noses are low ;
 How well they all hunt, yet the scent is so bad,
 We shall ne'er again cry, tally-ho !

Now, sportsmen, beware, and don't cross o'er the grounds,
 There's a check, they have headed the fox ;
 Hold hard, till the Colonel hast cast his crack hounds,
 Or you'll find you are in the wrong box.
 But Tamerlane feathers,* and Roundelay flings,
 Like an arrow that's shot from a bow ;
 And Streamer gives tongue—now the welkin loud rings,
 There's a halloo again—tally-ho !

Now, now, then once more give your horses the rein,
 Hark forward, my boys, get along ;
 Look, look at the hounds, how they race o'er the plain,
 Who says, that the leaps are too strong ?
 No fence upon earth can the Essex Hunt stop,
 See yonder, like lightning they go !
 There ! the fox runs in view—the hounds the hedge top,
 They have kill'd him—who-hoop, tally-ho !

THE sporting train, with joy begin
 To hail the rising morn,
 And foxwold echoes to the din,
 Of huntsman, hound, and horn.

With voice of fire, in eager haste,
 Fitz-Arthur cheer'd his pack,
 How swift, how gallantly he past,
 Sublime on Nimrod's neck.

Long, long, had Nimrod borne his lord,
The foremost in the chase ;
And many a sigh of anguish pour'd,
While others shar'd his place.

And now with more than usual speed,
With more than usual fire,
He skimm'd each hill, each dale, and mead,
He clear'd each thorny briar.

Still forward, still as reynard fled,
Fitz-Arthur foremost came,
While many a panting hunter bled,
Along the field of fame.

And, hark ! the huntsman's louder peal
Proclaims the sport is o'er ;
Oh ! luckless sport ! oh ! fatal zeal !
For Nimrod lives no more.

The breeze that heard the peal of death,
That heard the game expire,
That breeze receiv'd the last, last breath
Of Nimrod's dying fire.

“ O say,” he cried, “ ere yet thy horse
The debt of nature pays,
Say, have I ran a dutious course,
To gain Fitz-Arthur's praise ? ”

“ Oh ! thou hast done a hunter's part,
Far, far beyond thy race ;
The pride, the glory of my heart,
My honour in the chase.

“ Long, Nimrod, long thy sorrowing lord
 Shall rue the luckless day.
 That cost a life so much ador’d,
 That cost my gallant grey.

“ No other horse shall serve thy place,
 No other joys be sought ;
 Henceforth, adieu, to ev’ry chase,
 Adieu to ev’ry sport.”

WHEN the forehead of Phœbus illumines the east,
 And the lark hails the birth of the morn,
 I shake off the mantle that’s woven by rest,
 And obey the rebuke of the horn.
 Then the chase, the blithe chase, gives a zest to the day,
 And thought sinks immers’d in the loud hark ! hark, away !

How mad are mankind, thus to brood over ill,
 Whose hearts were for happiness made ;
 When the hunter’s sweet note gives the cue to his will,
 And echo repeats what is said.
 Then hither, ye wretched, be blissful, be gay,
 And swell the blithe chorus, of hark ! hark, away !

Of old, lovely Dian, with buskin and spear,
 Brush’d the glittering dew from the plain ;
 For the sport of celestials could never compare.
 With the transports of Dy and her train.
 Then who’d give to Morpheus one moment of day,
 When the horn glads the senses, with hark ! hark, away !

Tho' Diogenes liv'd as the tyrant of mirth,
 To the good of humanity blind ;
 Had he follow'd the chase, not a doubt of men's birth
 Would have enter'd his cynical mind :
 For if care cross our path, not a being will stay,
 But drown his vile mandates, with hark ! hark, away !

Now Robin lend to me thy bow,
 Sweet Robin lend to me thy bow,
 For I must now a hunting with my lady goe,
 With my sweet lady goe.

And whither wilt thy lady goe ?
 Sweet Wilkin tell to mee ;
 And thou shalt have my hawke, my hound, and eke my
 bow,
 To wait on thy lady.

My lady will to Uppingham,*
 To Uppingham forsooth will she ;
 And I myself appointed for to be the man
 To wait on my lady.

Adieu, good Wilkin, all beshrewde,
 Thy hunting nothing pleaseth mee ;
 But yet beware thy babbling hounds stray not abroad,
 For angring of thy lady.

* A market town in Rutlandshire. This was a very popular song in the early part of the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

My hounds shall be led in the line,
So well I can assure it thee ;
Unlesse by view of straine some pursue I may finde,
To please my sweet lady.

With that the lady shee came in,
And will'd them all for to agree ;
For honest hunting never was accounted sinne,
Nor never shall for mee.

HAVE you been to Ealing, sir, heigh, sir, ho, sir ?
Have you been to Ealing, sir, ho ?
O yes, I have been, sir ;
Great feats I have seen, sir,
With flints and percussion guns, blow.

How style you that sporting band, heigh, sir, ho, sir ?
How style you that sporting band, ho ?
If fame be no liar,
Those men of quick fire,
By name of the O. H. C., go.

Have they been united long, heigh, sir, ho, sir ?
Have they been united long, oh ?
If the time I must fix,
It is years forty-six,
As their records most clearly do shew.

And grant they no honours, sir, heigh, sir, ho, sir?
 And grant they no green ribands, ho?
 O yes, I've been told,
 A bright medal of gold,
 On best shot they yearly bestow.

And who's their great Captain, sir, heigh, sir, ho, sir?
 And who's their great Captain, sir, ho?
 From gay Brighton's shore,
 To pluck one laurel more,
 Came forth the triumphant hero.

Where did he this mighty deed, heigh, sir, ho, sir?
 Where did he this mighty deed, ho?
 In Cheam's verdant mead,
 The all-conquering Stead,*
 Gave percussion a flint and steel blow†

Can you ascertain to me, heigh, sir, ho, sir?
 Can you ascertain to me, ho?
 If the new standing charge,‡
 Or a bore small or large,||
 Gave these luckless pigeons death's blow?

And have they no code of laws, heigh, sir, ho, sir?
 And have they no code of laws, ho?
 Yes, by rules they are bound,
 Ere the bird quits the ground,
 The gun, under arm, to hold low.

* Name of the winner of the medal, 1822.

† The medal was won with a gun on the old flint principle.

‡ One and three-quarter ounces of shot.

|| Three-quarter inch bore.

Is this not a knotty point, heigh, sir, ho, sir ?
 Is this not a knotty point, ho ?
 As no bird can they count,
 Should they but of gun mount
 'Bove level of line of elbow.

Has this club any Father, sir, heigh, sir, ho, sir ?
 Has this club any Father, sir, ho ?
 Tho' we can't prove the fact,
 By the new marriage act,
 The medal he fathered we know.*

And has it no President, heigh, sir, ho, sir ?
 And has it no President, ho ?
 Yes, one who's their boast,
 And with joy often toast,
 In bumpers of gen'rous Bourdeaux.

Then fill high the purple juice, heigh, sir, ho, sir ?
 Then fill high the purple juice, ho !
 Let us pledge our lov'd Chair,†
 With whom none can compare,
 And let the full bumper flow !

WHEN Aurora appears, by Phœbus' rays brightened,
 Gives 'semblance of flame to the regions of air ;
 When the eyes of a damsel by Venus enlightened,
 Encourage the youth in pursuit of the fair.

* John Crunden, Esq. to whom the medal owes its origin.
 † Thomas Harrington, Esq. of Hamilton House, Brighton.

Then love and Diana will ever require
 A bosom of energy, spirits, and fire ;
 For the chase mocks the sluggard who scarce greets the field ;
 And the nymph slowly followed, as slowly will yield,
 Who makes the best speed has the best of the day ;
 Then gallop on gaily, hark forward, huzza ?

YE fox-hunters, stag, aye, and hare-hunters, too,
 Whose aim is to rub off the furrows of care,
 Like Nimrods the fleet-footed brusher pursue,
 And taste of the sweets of the morn-breathing air !
 Come hither, come hither, at jollity's call,
 And join in the revels at Fox-Hunters' Hall !

To friendship, true friendship, the toast shall go round,
 To love, and the pleasure derived from the chase ;
 For while love and friendship in union is found,
 What bliss can of hunting, fox-hunting, take place ?
 Then hither, come hither, at jollity's call,
 And join in the revels at Fox-Hunters' Hall !

The breeze of the morn, like the lip-kiss of love,
 Invites us to hail it as something divine !
 While the sound of the horn, like a harp from above,
 Awakens a joy for which thousands repine.
 Then hither, come hither, at jollity's-call,
 And join in the revels at Fox-Hunters' Hall.

What's life without love? and what's gold without health?
A phantom! a fly-trap, or dream at the best;
While health, love, and friendship, are treasures of
wealth,

And those that possess them with paradise blest!
Then hither, come hither, at jollity's call,
And join in the revels at Fox-Hunters' Hall.

To the field, to the field, brother sportsman, repair,
And banish dull slumber away;
The hounds are all out, and have started the hare,
While echo resounds to the lay.
Sweetly sounds the blithe horn thro' each coppice and
grove,
As cheerly the hunters' pursue,
Then let us proceed to the sports that we love,
Health and pleasure is what we've in view.

Should sly reynard appear, as we pass o'er the plain,
Strait his course we will follow apace,
His turning and winding will prove all in vain,
For boldly we'll follow the chase.
Over mountain and rocks, with speed he may fly,
Our hounds shall as eager pursue :
Then huzza, my brave boys, let the sound reach the sky,
Health and pleasure is all we've in view.

Let the hart fly before us, the chase we'll maintain,
In spite of his strength or his speed,
We'll bound o'er the hedges, or skim o'er the plain,
And till we o'ertake him proceed.

There is nothing to balk us, no fear shall invade,
 While thus we've the object in view :
 From the prospect around us, around us display'd,
 Health and pleasure 'tis plain we pursue.

Thus in chasing the fox, or the hart, or the hare,
 Or whatever starts in our way,
 Of sport each is certain to have a full share,
 Then loudly let's cry out huzza.
 Huzza then at night, to the bowl straight we fly,
 Each fribble and fopling we scorn ;
 Sweet sleep shall befriend us on bed when we lie,
 And we wake to fresh sport in the morn.

WHAT cursed luck is mine,*
 With hounds so stout and fine,
 To suffer this horrible frost ;
 Come, Jack, and help swear,
 My patience cannot bear
 To think what half crowns we have lost.

My pack that look'd so well,
 Is now as black as hell—
 I fairly could sit down and cry :
 'Tis caused by the snow—
 My master says, not so ;
 But he lays all the blame upon I.

* Written, during a hard frost, by a celebrated huntsman.

The sun shines out so clear,
No signs of frost appear—
But all a hard winter portend ;
The cats and terriers sneeze,
The pails and gutters freeze,
The horses' shining coats stand on end.

Of drink and food debarr'd,
The crows infest the yard,
When thirsty, the shyest are bold ;
My courage to retain,
I strive, alas ! in vain—
E'en the gin it is tasteless and cold.

O ! what a dismal sight,
The meads all cloth'd in white,
And snow cover'd wide o'er the ground :
The smoke upright ascends,
With rime the cover bends,
And loudly our footsteps resound.

The Blues so brisk of late,
Are now in piteous state,
No art can their sorrows beguile ;
E'en our new married squire
Sits moping o'er the fire,
For beauty attracts not a smile.

A dab at ev'ry fun,
The captain loads his gun,
And rarely he misses a shot ;
So when he comes to the chase
He takes the foremost place—
Thro' him many pounds have I got.

But, 'midst this load of grief,
 One thing might bring relief,
 And lighten the heart sore oppress'd ;
 O ! could he get a boy,
 Then it would give me joy,
 And lull all my troubles to rest.

Cast down is our divine,
 For well may he repine,
 But few winters more can he brave ;
 Yet when the old boy dies,
 In hopes he soon may rise,
 “ Hark forward ! ” we'll mark o'er his grave.

But ere my rhymes are done,
 See, clouds obscure the sun,
 The wind hurries round to the west ;
 A gentle mizzling rain
 Begins to soothe my pain,
 And dissipate the care in my breast.

Our pockets soon shall fill,
 For this rings reynard's knell,
 And pleasure, long banish'd, renews ;
 Come, then, Jack, push your glass,
 Here's to your fav'rite lass,
 And health and good sport to the Blues.

WHEN, with spurs, boots, and breeches, in apple-pie trim,
 With his coat lappets flying, and figure so slim ;
 At *Widmerpool Cover*, my hero had started,
 He soon from a capital fencer departed,

As the horse made no blunder, Slack, Shirley, and Goose,
Think his reins were "too long, and his seat was too loose."

In want of a subject, I am quite at a stand;
It is true half our subjects have left this good land;
But I think that such eye which is looking askance,
Says, then follow our subjects, and welcome from France.

Since old Milton is voted too far from the south,
And her townsfolk dejected are down in the mouth,
I will take your advice, but pray don't me abuse,
If I choose for my subject, Toulon and Toulouse.

Where's our haven of Milton, the pride and the boast,
The first at a song, and the best at a toast?
At Paris, alas! they do him abuse,
Vote his song is too long, and his toast is too loose.

Where's Worcester, who sported cossacks of blue,
The delight of the ladies, because they were new?
At Paris, alas! they did them abuse;
And voted them far both too long and too loose.

In the Bois de Boulogne, Rawsthorne now joins the chase,
Now vainly expecting to go the best pace;
Cursing horses and riders, does nought but abuse,
Votes their stirrups too long, and their seat too loose.

But enough of such stuff, let us hunt on to cards,
Leave the toast then for tea, and the song for the bards;
If I make a mistake, pray don't me abuse,
For I've sat here too long, and am certain to lose.

ARISE, ye sons of sloth, arise,
Let the sweet horn unloose your eyes ;
And join the jovial chase,
In triumph sounding o'er the plain ;
Attend the jolly huntsman's strain,
Health blushing in each face.

See reynard flies across the plain,
And would the distant copse attain,
To hide him from the foe ;
But still in vain, the op'ning hounds
Pursue him in his mazy rounds,
Hark forward ! there they go.

O'er hedge and ditch, o'er hill and dale,
He thinks his speed can never fail ;
Yet 'tis in vain he tries ;
Swift at his heels the well tried pack,
Invade at last sly reynard's back,
While horns resound, he dies.

Thus sung our ancestors of old,
In many a hearty song, we're told,
Heroic great and free ;
From exercises of the field,
They taught the subtle foe to yield,
And guarded liberty.

As blithe as the linnet sings in the green woods,
So blithe, so blithe, we'll wake the morn,
So blithe, so blithe, &c.
And through the wide forest of merry Sherwood,
We'll wind, we'll wind, the bugle horn—
We'll wind, the bugle horn.

The sheriff attempts to take bold Robin Hood,
Bold Robin, bold Robin disdains to fly,
Bold Robin, bold Robin, &c.
Let him come when he will, we'll in merry Sherwood,
Or vanquish, vanquish, boys, or die—
We'll vanquish, &c.

Our hearts they are stout, and our bows they are good,
And well, and well their master know,
And well, and well, &c.
They are cull'd in the forest of merry Sherwood,
And ne'er, and ne'er will spare a foe,
And ne'er, &c.

Our arrows shall drink of the fallow deer's blood,
We'll hunt them, we'll hunt them all over the plain,
We'll hunt them, &c.
And thro' the wide forest of merry Sherwood,
No shaft, no shaft shall fly in vain—
No shaft, &c.

Brave Scarlet and John, who were never subdued,
Gave each his hand, his hand so bold,
Gave each his hand, &c.

We'll range thro' the forest of merry Sherwood,
What say, what say, my hearts of gold—
What say, &c.

ANXIOUS by the gliding stream,
See the steady angler watch,
Trying every wily scheme,
The heedless funny tribe to catch.
Hush! hush! not a breath!
I've a nibble—still as death!
Strike, strike, play it, play it!
Sure its a weed; zounds! 'tis a weed!

And when we get it to the shore,
We clear our line, and try once more;
So we fish from morn till night,
And then we get—get what! a bite.
Oh, the joys—oh, the joys,
The joys, the joys of angling;
The joys, the joys of angling!
The joys, the joys of angling!

Now the drizzling rains descend,
Then the shelt'ring trees we court;
Still our watchful looks we bend,
Rain and clouds insure us sport.
Hush! hush! I've a bite!
We shall have rare sport to-night!
Play it, play it; strike, strike!
How it tugs—'tis a pike!

He weakens, now we get it to the shore,
 He snaps our line, we are baulk'd once more ;
 Then home we go, the tale is told,
 That we have caught—caught what ? a cold.

Oh, the joys—oh, the joys,
 The joys, the joys of angling,
 The joys, the joys of angling,
 The joys, the joys of angling.

BEGIN the song, ye mirthful crew,
 To Nimrod's praise your strains renew ;
 While clustering grapes our temples crown,
 And nectar all our sorrows drown ;
 Let instruments assist our lays,
 While we our jolly founder praise.

CHORUS.

Proclaim, O ye Bucks, our great patron divine,
 And offer the grape's sparkling juice at his shrine.

AIR.

Let harmony and wine inspire
 Gay mirth, and friendship's social fire ;
 With tuneful voice and sprightly string,
 Let each melodious brother sing
 His merry ballad, catch, or glee,
 To hail great Nimrod's jubilee.

CHORUS.

Proclaim, O ye Bucks, our great patron divine,
 And offer the grape's sparkling juice at his shrine.

AIR.

Hail, rosy god ! immortal pow'r !
 The guardian of each blithesome hour !

'Till thou* first gave th' empurpl'd bowl,
 To cheer the languid hunter's soul,
 And crown with revelry the day,
 Triumphant discord bore the sway.

CHORUS.

Proclaim, O ye Bucks, our great patron divine,
 And offer the grape's sparkling juice at his shrine.

AIR.

Again resume the festive song,
 The chorus join, ye jovial throng ;
 The rights of Bacchus still pursue,
 And give the jocund god his due ;
 Our annual tribute thus we'll pay,
 While mirth and friendship crown the day.

CHORUS.

Proclaim, O ye Bucks, our great patron divine,
 And offer the grape's sparkling juice at his shrine.

I SING of a medal, bright medal of gold,
 The pride and delight of each marksman enroll'd,
 In the Hat Club at Highbury-barn ;
 A patriarch's head, by time silver'd o'er,
 This glory of gold was the first to explore.
 Now, this glittering trophy with ease is not gain'd,
 But like Waterloo-days, must by blood be attain'd,
 At the Hat Club at Highbury-barn.

* It is recorded, in the Bucks' history, that Nimrod having one day led the people a more than ordinary chase, they became over fatigued ; and, in order to relieve them, he gave them a taste of his most excellent wine, which they had no sooner touched, than their spirits became exhilarated ; forgetting their toil, they spent the evening in mirth and jollity.

By nature prolific, productive of fun,
The pigeons our mark with the thundering gun,
At the Hat Club at Highbury-barn.

To pigeons a pastime, and, what's a strange thing,
There's a genus of pigeons without any wing ;
Non-descripts of this nature have sometimes been seen ;
But such rarae aves have never yet been

At the Hat Club at Highbury-barn.

At contests medallic, in five circling years,
Twice the palm by the commoners, thrice by the peers,

At the Hat Club at Highbury-barn,

Was won in high style, and 'tis clear as the sun,
That by optics as clear it could only be done.

For of twice thirty shots, by one hand nobly aim'd,
To have levell'd their bird, fifty-two were proclaim'd,

At the Hat Club at Highbury-barn.

The golden Pescennius and copper Otho,
Are medals much priz'd, but the Crunden's the go,

At the Hat Club at Highbury-barn.

For time's sacred rust, at some far distant day,

The learn'd antiquary his lore will display,

On this golden record :—when ages are past,

Will promulgate the fame of crack shots ne'er surpass'd,

At the Hat Club at Highbury-barn.

Of sixty discharges, whoe'er kills the most,
Much envied, first reaches the gold winning post,

At the Hat Club at Highbury-barn.

Neck and neck have four members their speed boldly tried ;

But three of the jockies rode rather too wide :

More favour'd by fortune than skill'd in the gun,
The faithful Recorder this hard race has won,
At the Hat Club at Highbury-barn.

Come, Albert, come, the sunbeams bright
Already gild St. Gothard's height ;
The savage wolf we chase to day,
O'er Alpine mountains far away ;
Soon, soon, his forfeit head we'll gain,
And bear in joy to Uri's plain ;
Then, Albert, haste, no more delay,
The sun-beams on St. Gothard play.

Hark ! from the woods and glens around,
Their horns the early huntsmen sound,
Gaily the slipp'ry paths they tread,
Tho' threat'ning cliffs o'ertop their head,
To wild St. Gothard's steeps they hie,
Ere the sun gains the noontide sky ;
Then, Albert, haste, no more delay,
The huntsmen's bugles call away.

When ev'ning comes with joyful beam,
We'll hail the moon illumin'd stream ;
We'll hail the stars, whose friendly light
Conducts us, 'midst the dews of night,
To where the hamlet's cheerful glow
Gleams on the pale and crusted snow ;
Then, Albert, haste, no more delay,
The sun-beams on St. Gothard play.

MORNING dawns, Aurora blushes ;
Hark, the lark's enliv'ning strain !
Starry dew-drops gem the bushes ;
Transport beams o'er hill and plain !
Softly sweet our voices blending,
Hail we now the new-born day !
Higher now the notes ascending,
Echo swells our votive lay !

See, in glory bright appearing,
Phœbus sheds his golden beams !
Ev'ry heart their influence cheering,
Glowing on the eastern streams !
Nature smiles, her charms renewing,
Hark, I hear the hunter's horn !
In cover deep, the game pursuing,
Op'ning hounds salute the morn !

AURORA's blush the east adorns,
Now quit, my friends, the genial bed ;
For if no beast appears with horns,
At least the antlers grace your head.
The game which you have been pursuing,
Yields, alas ! to your disgrace ;
For in its turn 'tis your undoing,
Your brows adorning for the chase.

CHORUS.

Tally ho ! my boys, the horns for ever,
Hey tally, ho tally, ho tally-ho ;
And, in their planting, may we never
Wound the buck and kill the doe.

'Tis true, you are an ardent lover,
 Coursing game that comes in view ;
 So having sported in the cover,
 She in turn rebuts at you.
 Then come, my friends, the bugle sounding,
 Bids ye mount devoid of care ;
 And may each thro' the green wood bounding,
 Challenge soon a horned deer.

Tally-ho, &c.

Hark, hark, the shrill view halloo greets us,
 Cheer, my lads, we're in good luck ;
 Ne'er heed how oft the doe defeats us,
 So we this day kill a buck.
 The horned beast knows no deceit,
 His antlers always are in view ;
 Actæon scorn'd a base retreat,
 Then boldly shew your trophies too.

Tally-ho, &c.

HARK ! hark to the notes of the melodious French-horn,
 How sweetly she calls you out in the morn,
 She tells you John is mounted on Tartar his steed,
 And invites you all to the cover with speed.

CHORUS.

Of all pleasures or pastimes, ever heard or seen,
 There's none in the world like to merry hunting.

Hark ! cover, hark ! the hounds are all in,
 The fox they have found, and to his kennel they fling ;

He's forced now through the woods for to fly,
Tho' nothing can save him between earth and sky.

Of all pleasures, &c.

Hark! tally, hark! out of cover they all break,
And tell you the fox they ever will seek ;
They surely will run him until that he die,
Unless some kind earth save him in his way.

Of all pleasures, &c.

The fox, now panting, sees he must die,
The hounds, with their ringjoys, resound to the sky ;
There's Stately and Empress, the earth scarce touch with
their feet,
There's Chacer and Trimmer altogether as fleet.

Of all pleasures, &c.

Triumph and Diver now push to head the whole pack,
Whipster being stole, his place for to take ;
I think such rascally treatment as these
Should be reproach'd by all those who seek for to please.

Of all pleasures, &c.

Bold reynard now finding his speed will not do,
Betakes to the woods, the hounds may not him pursue ;
But the hounds, as at first, to the cover they fly,
And swear old reynard in the field of honour shall die.

Of all pleasures, &c.

There's Trimbush and Chirrup, and others as good,
Rally, Cleanly, and Comfort, drive on thro' the wood ;
Emperor and Conqueror will never him forsake,
But drive on, full speed, thro' every brake.

Of all pleasures, &c.

Old reynard, finding the cover can't save him,
 Lurks on for the earth that us'd to preserve him ;
 But Smiler he sees him, and soon overtake,
 And poor reynard his exit in the field of honour doth
 make.

Of all pleasures, &c.

The hounds how eager to enjoy their reward,
 The huntsman as eager, checks them with a word ;
 He beheads old reynard, and takes off his brush,
 And to the hounds gives his carcass a toss.

Of all pleasures, &c.

The hounds now, well pleas'd, wallow on the ground,
 The huntsman as well, to see his company around ;
 He buckles reynard's head to his saddle with a strap,
 And with a riband ties his brush to his cap.

Of all pleasures, &c.

Our sport being ended, and our horses full jaded,
 We return home well pleased, with our sport quite
 amazed,
 Saying, was there ever such hounds as these,
 Or ever such hunting at Hadham Lees.

Of all pleasures, &c.

GAY companions of the bower,
 Where inshrin'd Apollo reigns ;
 Cherish long the social hour,
 That recalls us to these plains ;

Where unbending
Cares, and blending
Honest pastime, dance, and song,
Ever the golden round extending,
Smoothly fly the hours along.

O'er the heath in mellow winding,
Hark ! how clear the bugles ring ;
Ev'ry bowman now reminding
Sportive morn is on the wing.
Come, unbending
Cares, and blending
Honest pastime, dance, and song,
Ever the golden round extending,
Smoothly fly the hours along.

Twang the bow with lusty sinew,
Firm and steady to the last ;
Let each shaft its flight continue,
In defiance of the blast.
Thus unbending
Cares, and blending
Honest pastime, dance, and song,
Ever the golden round extending,
Smoothly fly the hours along.

View those lovely forms, all glowing
Bright, and vested like their queen :
Wood nymphs, who the prize bestowing,
Make the contest still more keen.

Thus unbending
 Cares, and blending
 Honest pastime, dance, and song,
 Ever the golden round extending,
 Smoothly fly the hours along.

See them grace the victor's merit,
 With the golden badge of fame ;
 'Tis a bowman's pride to wear it,
 While the arrow bears his name.

Still unbending,
 Cares, and blending
 Honest pastime, dance, and song,
 Ever the golden round extending,
 Smoothly fly the hours along.

Crown the goblet, freely quaffing,
 Let the purple nectar flow ;
 Bacchus enters, fills, and, laughing,
 Toasts around his brother's bow.

Thus unbending
 Cares, and blending
 Honest pastime, dance, and song,
 Ever the golden round extending,
 Smoothly fly the hours along.

Hark ! hark ! I hear the hunter's horn !
 Glad echo hails the sound !
 The merry hounds salute the morn ;
 Hill, wood, and dale rebound !

Behold, the sounding chase appears !
Their uproar swells the lay !
The youths on coursers, fleet as deers,
The huntsman sounds away !
Hark away—hark away ! &c. &c.
The jolly huntsman winds his horn,
And echo sounds away !

Now scouring o'er the bushy ground,
A brook strays through the bent ;
Confus'd, and snuffling, wildly round,
The hounds have lost the scent ;
But reynard's cunning all is vain,
His art the huntsman spies ;
The bank he takes ; then backward plies ;
Then bounds a field again !
Hark away—hark away !

Now through cov'ring broom he sweeps ;
Now skulks through thickest shade ;
From bramble-bush now slyly creeps,
Now scuds along the glade !
Beneath a slant now earths his head ;
Then flies with winged feet ;
Now doubles, now reserves his speed—
Winds off with sly deceit.
Hark away—hark away !

The cunning huntsman cheers his pack !
When thund'ring o'er the plain,
The op'ning hounds now scent the track,
Loud shout the hunter train !

Now round and round the tangled brake
 Rush grooms, and squires, and boys !
 Their poles they ply ; their stations take ;
 The plunging terrier joys !
 Hark away—hark away !

Expell'd his hole, upstarts to sky,
 The villain glares around !
 Now here, now there, he bends to fly,
 Recoils from backward wound ;
 His frothy jaws, in foaming ire,
 He grinds with horrid sound ;
 His burning eyes flash sparkling fire ;
 Hang on him many a hound !
 Whoop ! we cry ; he yields his breath ;
 He welters on the sward ;
 Whoop ! we're in at reynard's death ;
 Whoop !—hold hard—hold hard !

CALM the winds, the distant ocean,
 Where our ships in triumph ride,
 Seems to own no other motion
 Than the ebb and flow of tide.

High perch'd upon his fav'rite spray,
 The thrush attention hath bespoke ;
 The ploughman, plodding on his way,
 To listen, stops the sturdy yoke.

But see, the loud-tongu'd pack in view,
 The peopled hills the cry resound ;
 The sportsmen joining chorus, too,
 And rapt'rous peals of joy go round.
 Soon, soon again, the scene, so gay,
 In distant murmurs dies away.

Again from lazy echo's cell,
 No sound is heard of mirth or woe,
 Save but the crazy tinkling bell
 The shepherd hangs upon the ewe.

O GEORGE !* I've been, I'll tell you where,
 But first prepare yourself for raptures ;
 To paint this charming, heavenly fair !
 And paint her well, would ask whole chapters.

Fine creatures I've view'd, many a one,
 With lovely shapes, and angel faces ;
 But I have seen them all outdone
 By this sweet maid at Aylesbury races.

Lords, commoners, alike she rules,
 Takes all who view her by surprise ;
 Makes e'en the wisest look like fools,
 Nay more, makes fox-hunters look wise.

* This song was addressed to George Ellis, Esq., by his friend, Sir John More, Bart. This most accomplished and truly elegant poet died July 16th, 1780, aged twenty-four years ; the offspring of his muse will be admired as long as a taste for exquisite English poetry exists.

Her shape—'tis elegance and ease,
Unspoiled by art, or modern dress,
But gently tap'ring by degrees,
And finely, "beautifully less!"

Her foot—it was so wonderous small,
So thin, so round, so slim, so neat,
The buckle fairly hid it all,
And seem'd to sink it with its weight.

And just above the spangle shoe,
Where many an eye did seem to glance,
Sweetly retiring from the view,
And seen by stealth, and seen by chance ;

Two slender ankles peeping out,
Stood like love's heralds, to declare,
That all within the petticoat
Was firm and full, "and round and fair."

And when she dances—better far
Than heart can think, or tongue can tell,
Not Heinel, Banti, or Guimar,
E'er mov'd so graceful and so well.

So easy glide her beauteous limbs,
True as the echo to the sound ;
She seems, as thro' the dance she skims,
To tread on air and scorn the ground.

And there is lightning in her eye,
One glance alone might well inspire
The clay cold breast of apathy,
Or bid the frozen heart catch fire.

And zephyr on her lovely lips,
Has spread his choicest, sweetest roses ;
And there his heavenly nectar sips,
And there in breathing sweets reposes.

And there's such music when she speaks,
You may believe me when I tell ye,
I'd rather hear her than the squeaks,
Or far-fam'd squalls of Gabrielli.

And sparkling wit, and ready sense,
In this fair form with beauty vie ;
But ting'd with virgin diffidence,
And the soft blush of modesty.

Had I the treasures of the world—
All the sun views, or the seas borrow,
(Else may I to the devil be hurl'd)
I'd lay them at her feet to-morrow.

But as we bards reap only bays,
Nor much of that, tho' nought grows on it,
I'll beat my brains to sound her praise,
And hammer them into a sonnet.

And if she deigns one charming smile,
The blest reward of all my labours,
I'll never grudge my pains and toil,
But pity the dull 'squires, my neighbours.

MR. BRANDE new laws may frame,
 For birds of every genus ;
 But poachers will pursue their game,
 On manor, e'en of Venus,

CHORUS.

Yankee doodle, doodle do,
 And yankee doodle dandy, &c.

Our dove-cotes they are gone to rack,
 So many pigeon shooters ;
 Our beauties all with broken backs
 Bear amorous freebooters.

Yankee doodle, &c.

Free warren is fam'd Marybone,
 More game you can't desire ;
 The choice is left to you alone,
 All shooters love a flyer.

Yankee doodle, &c.

The Old Hats Club's a jolly set,
 Love pigeons more than partridge ;
 The shot by whom the club was beat
 Used neither flint nor cartridge.

Yankee doodle, &c.

Of heavy ordnance hear the roar,
 Of pond'rous detonator ;
 The pigeons dread the monstrous bore
 Of this great operator.

Yankee doodle, &c.

With laurels deck the winning horse,
 And hail the glorious deed, sir ;
 A second race upon this course
 Is won by this fleet steed, sir.

Yankee doodle, &c.

Let bumpers o'er the goblets brim,
 With rosy wine peep laughing :
 Whilst, all inspired by mirth and whim,
 We pass the night in quaffing.

Yankee doodle, &c.

HAIL, mighty hunter,* hail !
 Long may thy art prevail ;
 And health, with rosy grace,
 Paint ev'ry hunter's face ;
 While with echoing hound and horn,
 We rouse the game, and wake the morn.

RECITATIVE.

Till godlike Nimrod grac'd th' Assyrian throne,
 To man the art of hunting was unknown ;
 But when he led them to the field and wood,
 Th' enliv'ning chase they eagerly pursu'd :
 Wild beasts no more prevail'd, when happy man
 Follow'd the mighty hunter's glorious plan ;
 And ven'son, by each Buck of taste ador'd,
 Deck'd every day the jovial huntsman's board.

* Moses gave Nimrod the name of mighty hunter ; and the Greek word *Zagreus*, by which Bacchus is styled, signifies the same.

AIR.

Then let us each morning with Phœbus arise,
 And haste, to the woodlands away,
 To hail the bright god with the hounds cheerful cries,
 Like sportsmen true, jovial, and gay ;
 Great Nimrod, our founder, so brave and so wise,
 With nervous speed follow'd the game ;
 Like him, my brave boys, let us hunt for the prize,
 Our reward is health, ven'son, and fame.

The stag, when unharbour'd, bounds over the plain,
 Or flies up the health-breathing hill ;
 True pleasure we feel shooting thro' ev'ry vein,
 While thus we're exerting our skill :
 Great Nimrod, our founder, so brave and so wise,
 With nervous speed follow'd the game ;
 Like him, my brave boys, let us hunt for the prize,
 Our reward is health, ven'son, and fame.

The horn's mellow tone shall encourage the cry
 Of the hounds, while the stag pants for breath,
 Attempting in vain his pursuers to fly,
 And tamely submits to his death :
 Great Nimrod, our founder, so brave and so wise,
 With nervous speed follow'd the game ;
 Like him, my brave boys, let us hunt for the prize,
 Our reward is health, ven'son, and fame.

RECITATIVE.

Once more, I'll sound the illustrious hero's praise,
 And chant him in Anacreontic lays.
 Hail, jolly Bacchus ! by that name divine,
 We Bucks pay homage at thy purple shrine :

The vintage* bled at thy all-powerful nod,
And mortals thee confess'd their sov'reign god.

AIR.

To our founder, young and gay,
We devote the jocund lay ;
Fill the goblets to the brim,
Pour libations due to him :
He supplies our festive board
With the choicest of his hoard ;
While the maxims we pursue,
Ven'son, claret, is our due.

Crown'd with roses, drink and sing,
Never fading ivy bring,
Emblem of the youth divine,
God of jollity and wine :
We to him due honour pay,
While we're merry, free, and gay,
While his maxims we pursue,
Ven'son, claret, is our due.

Fill the goblets high again,
Let the nectar flow amain ;
To our jolly founder raise
Songs of triumph, songs of praise :

* For this, and many other useful inventions, such as architecture, agriculture, commerce, navigation, hunting, and the reducing men into society and union, his son and successor, Ninus, erected a pedestrian statue to his memory, which the Babylonians deified, and called Baal or Bel. A. M. 2000. He was afterwards worshipped under various names, and declared a god by the joint suffrages of the world.

So shall Bacchus us befriend
While we at his altar bend ;
While his maxims we pursue,
Ven'son, claret, is our due.

Of all the recreations which
Attend on human nature,
There's none that's of so high a pitch,
Or is of such a stature,
As is the subtle angler's life,
In all men's approbation ;
For anglers' tricks do daily mix
In every corporation.

Whilst Eve and Adam liv'd in love,
And had no cause for jangling,
The devil did the waters move,
The serpent went to angling :
He baits his hook with God-like look ;
Thought he, this will entangle her ;
By this ye all may plainly see,
That the devil was first an angler.

Physicians, lawyers, and divines,
Are all most neat entanglers ;
And he that looketh fine, will find
That most of them are anglers :
Whilst grave divines do fish for souls ;
Physicians, like curmudgeons,
They bait with health ; we fish for wealth ;
And lawyers fish for gudgeons.

Upon the Exchange, 'twixt twelve and one,
Meets many a neat entangler ;
'Mongst merchantmen, not one in ten,
But what's a cunning angler :
For, like the fishes in the brook,
Brother doth swallow brother ;
There's a golden bait hangs at the hook,
And they fish for one another.

A shopkeeper, I next prefer ;
He's a formal man in black, sir ;
He throws his angle ev'ry where,
And cries, what is't ye lack, sir ?
Fine silks or stuffs, cravats or cuffs ;
But if a courtier prove the entangler,
My citizen must look to it then,
Or the fish will catch the angler.

But there's no such angling as a wench
Stark naked in the water ;
She'll make you leave both trout and tench,
And throw yourself in after.
Your hook and line she will confine,
Thus tangled is the entangler ;
And this, I fear, hath spoiled the gear
Of many a jovial angler.

But if you'll trawl for a scrivener's soul,
Cast in a rich young gallant ;
To take a courtier by the poll,
Throw in a golden talent.

But yet, I fear, the draught will ne'er
 Compound for half the charge on't ;
 But if you'll catch the devil at stretch,
 You must bait him with a serjeant.

Thus I have made my angler's trade,
 To stand above defiance ;
 For, like the mathematic art,
 It runs thro' every science.
 If with my angling song I can,
 To mirth and pleasure seize you,
 I'll bait my hook with wit again,
 And angle still to please you.

A SPORTSMAN I am, my delight's in the chase ;
 To hedge, gate, and stile, I seldom give place,
 But gallop and halloo all day with the hounds,
 Pursuing sly reynard's eccentric rounds.

When the dogs make a fault,
 My hunter I halt,
 And take in a mouthful of breath ;
 Jack, the huntsman, cries " hark !"
 Truman there hits the mark—
 We fly, and are in at the death.

Up the hills, down the vales, we gallop, we fly,
 O'er fallows, thro' mud lanes, we heavily hie ;
 We pant for sound footing, which, when we attain,
 We mount on the stirrup, and on the pack gain.

As the villagers hear,
Old and young quick appear,
With hands over eyes they stand gaping ;
Both men and boys run,
To partake of the fun ;
Their lagging oft sets us a laughing.

Old vulcan hears something, and starts from his anvil,
His hammer up brandish'd, his sleeves wave and dangle ;
He gives a sharp look, spies the fox on the ley—
Not one moment longer old vulcan can stay.

His hammer thrown down,
His apron tuck'd round
His full belly, he halloos like Stentor ;
The iron red hot
On the anvil's forgot,
And at a short chase he will venture.

The dogs hear his voice, they desire no more,
'Tis not many days since they heard it before ;
Like lightning they pass him in musical cry ;
He eyes them, he cheers them, and says with a sigh,
Dear creatures, run, run,
For my chase is done ;
He cries, and stops, puffing his bellows ;
But his ears and his eyes,
'Tend the pack and its cries
Till lost, with us buckish gay fellows.

O'er hill and thro' dale we pursue the sly thief,
His cunning, nor speed, can now yield him relief ;

We keep to the track of his scent-giving heels,
And soon put a stop to the life-moving wheels.

Then leisurely home,
Men, horses, dogs, come ;
The smoke from the kitchen we see with delight ;
We eat, drink, and sing,
'Till we make the house ring ;
All cares and dull thinking we banish that night.

Up, up, in the morn,
To the sound of the horn :
On every hedge now lie the morning's beams ;
Why should dull sleep,
O'er our eye-lids creep,
And our fancies exult but in withering dreams ?

Oh, slumber ne'er shed
O'er her fav'rite's bed,
A sight half so sweet as before us now lies—
The Day-God on high,
The sweet breeze blowing by,
These, these, are the joys that we love and we prize.

Oh, who that e'er flew
Through the silvery dew,
To follow the hare on his first sporting day,
But exulted, when old,
When the story was told,
Tho' years since that moment had wander'd away.

But what joys can he,
 Led by memory, see
 In his pilgrimage past, who for ever hath lain
 In slumber's dull arms,
 While morn's holiest charms
 For him were unfolding and wooing in vain.

Then, sportsmen, away,
 While breaketh the ray,
 And the dew-drop each flower and wild hedge adorn,
 No longer delay ;
 But—tantivy !—huzza !
 And bid the woods echo the sound of the horn.

THE day fix'd for our meeting, the notices gone,
 See, in vehicles, the members arrive one by one.
 Dust clouds the horizon, bustle reigns at the door,
 Servants, post-boys, and ostlers—all, all, in uproar :
 Twenty dozen swift flyers, of various hue,
 Old, strong, and full feather'd, and chiefly of blue,
 CASTANG in his car triumphant doth bring,
 And the bird, dear to Venus, will soon be on wing.
 And the bird, &c. &c.

The guns are uncas'd, the death tube comes forth,
 Chef d'œuvres of Manton's—of art, cost, and worth :
 The Pleas' Common Court their praises resound,
 And coif-cover'd serjeants their merits expound :

Their exquisite fabric let envy decry,
 To surpass them, in vain other artists may try ;
 While sportsmen of danger are ever in awe,
 They persons protect by Newton's grand law.*
 They persons protect, &c. &c.

With patents to kill !—what great devastation,
 'Mongst legg'd and wing'd game by the fam'd elevation !
 Through spirit litigious, and Chief Justice Gibbs,
 All the world now enjoys these chaste iron ribs ;
 The perforate hammer, the lip without screw,
 Twelve honest men found an invention not new.
 His skeleton breeches the game doth appal,
 And the “ musical trigger” plays “ the dead march in
 Saul.”

And the “ musical trigger,” &c. &c.

Twenty paces are measur'd for life's starting post,
 And happy's the bird who this race has not lost.
 The sides are now chosen, and sweepstakes agreed ;
 The pigeon entrapp'd, will, on signal, be freed.
 CASTANG, like the Fates, of life holds the thread,
 And the Hats' worthy president here takes the lead.
 The order for flight—pull ! pull ! is now given,
 And the ill-fated fugitive's down to earth driven.

And the ill-fated, &c. &c.

The Deputy follows, he bewails his ill luck,
 The disk's edge of the shot, the bird's only struck
 With death's mortal wound, feathers floating in air ;
 His legs hanging down, paralyz'd his career ;

* J. Manton's gravitation stop.

Exhausted and sinking, he rocks and he heaves
Like a ship without rudder, the sport of the waves.
The net to surmount, his last effort he tries,
Life's limits exceeded, he drops, and he dies.

Life's limits exceeded, &c. &c.

Rotation's just law now governs the day,
The shooters alternate their science display.
First, in order of merit, the nobles appear,
With golden diplomas, medals splendid they bear.
These tokens of honour emulation excite,
And feats yearly, pre-eminent our members requite :
This sprig of green laurel, the prize of just aim,
Shall render immortal the Old Hat Club's name !

Shall render immortal, &c. &c.

SEE seated around the winter's fire,
The heroes of the chase ;
See ! many an honest heart is there,
And many a cheerful face.

Friendship, amidst the jolly throng,
Their gen'rous ardour leads,
And tunes the rustic huntsman's song,
Or tells of former deeds.

For now, when toils of chase are o'er,
With many a near escape,
To Bacchus, jovial god, they pour,
The nectar of the grape.

For Bacchus gives fresh strength to all,
Fresh vigour to the mind,
And fills the wearied huntsman's hall,
With luxury refined.

And while the bottle passes round,
Or jug of sparkling ale,
Each joins the merry jovial sound,
Each tells his fav'rite tale :

How reynard pass'd the river's flood,
The valley and the mead ;
How Basto check'd him at the wood,
Or Tartar took the lead.

Each tongue relates with ardent breath,
'Midst loud applauding cries,
Who came the foremost to the death,
And gain'd the noble prize.

How Dick, the parson, jolly soul !
Did dash through thick and thin ;
And Tom, the huntsman, reach'd the goal,
With Jack the whipper-in.

But now they fill their glasses high,
While mirth lights every face,
And toast with many a joyful cry,
" The champions of the chase."

On Parnassus' green top, where immortal groves nod,
Apollo presiding assembled his quire :
Embower'd in laurel supreme sat the God,
And swept at one stroke the full chords of his lyre.

So sweetly it rung,
With his golden hair strung,
While each muse " Io Pæan" triumphantly sung ;
To consecrate all in a chorus divine,
The bow of Apollo at harmony's shrine,

The strains reached Olympus, when good Father Jove,
Resolving to honour his favourite son,
Gave the word to descend to the musical grove,
And invited each Goddess and God to make one.

From the regions of air,
All gladly repair,
To the bow'r of Apollo, his triumphs to share ;
And consecrate all, in a chorus divine,
The bow of Apollo at harmony's shrine.

At Jove's mighty presence Apollo uprose,
And struck with fresh ardour his lyre once again :
With brighter effulgence his countenance glows,
Thus grac'd by the Father of Gods and of men.
Then, with song and with glee,
Was pronounc'd a decree,
By a fiat of Jove, that the bow henceforth be,
Tho' Mars and Bellona may fume and repine,
An emblem of pastime at harmony's shrine.

The son of Latona, his purpose pursues,
And to harmony raises a shrine and a seat ;
Anon, quick as thought, each divinity views,
In a far distant isle, a romantic retreat ;
Where many a band,
Spread wide o'er the land,
Are twanging the bow with a masterly hand,
And in gaily deck'd orders are met to consign
This emblem of pastime at harmony's shrine,

That shrine, quoth the God, shall resemble a mound
Of verdant spring turf, on an ample plain fix'd ;
In its centre an orb, like a shield, all around,
With colours attractive and bright intermix'd :
At these, our intent
Is, that each bow be bent,
And each arrow right home to some circle be sent,
There harmlessly piercing to stand as a sign,
And emblem of pastime in harmony's shrine.

The Celestials approve, Father Jove nods assent,
And in thunder his fiat most loudly proclaims ;
Young Bacchus, quick rising, declares his content
Would be tenfold, if he might assist at these games :
Not as archery's guide ;
But at evening preside,
And refresh honest hearts with the grape's purple tide ;
When each archer assembled, shall cheerfully join
The circle devoted to music and wine.

Agreed, quoth Apollo, with Bacchus I'll share
The festive amusements on archery's day,
At morn to the butts let each Bowman repair,
At eve let him tune o'er the goblet the lay ;
 Thus blending delight,
 Shall each order unite
With the sports of Apollo, young Bacchus's rite :
By his nectar enliv'n'd shall freely combine,
The bow's honest pastime with music and wine.

DON'T you see that as how I'm a sportsman in style,
All so kickish, so slim, and so tall ;
Why I've search'd after game, and that many's the mile,
 And see'd no bit of nothing at all :
My licence I pockets, my pony I strides,
 And I pelts through the wind and the rain ;
And if likely to fall, sticks the spurs in the sides,
 Leaves the bridle and holds by the mane.
To be sure, dad, at home, kicks up no little strife,
But dam'me what's that, en't it fashion and life.

At sporting I never was know'd for to lag,
I was always in danger the first ;
When at Epson, last Easter, they turn'd out the stag,
 I'm the lad that was rolled in the dust.
Then they call me a nincom—why over the fields,
 There a little beyond Dulwich Common,
I a chick and a goose tumbled neck over heels,
 And two mudlarks, besides an old woman.
Then let miserly dad kick up sorrow and strife,
I'm the lad that's genteel, and knows fashion and life.

But don't go for to think I neglects number one ;—
 Often when my companions with ardour,
 Are hunting about with the dog and the gun,
 I goes and I hunts in the larder :
 There I springs me a woodcock, or flushes a quail,
 Or finds puss as she sits under cover,
 Then soho to the barrel, to start me some ale,
 And when I have dined, and fed Rover,
 Pays my landlord his shot, as I ogles his wife,
 While the daughter cries out—lord, what fashion and
 life.

Then I buys me some game, all as homeward we jog,
 And when the folks ax how I got 'em,
 Tho' I shotched but once, and then killed the poor dog,
 I swears, and stands to't, that I shot 'em.
 So come round me, ye sportsmen, that's smart and what
 not,
 All stylish and cutting a flash ;
 When your piece won't kill game, charg'd with powder
 and shot,
 To bring 'em down, down with your cash :
 And if with their jokes and their jeers folks are rife,
 Why damme, says you, 'ent it fashion and life ?

RECLIN'D upon a bank of moss,
 Which golden butter-cups emboss,
 And violets stud profusely,
 Beside the trout-enlivened Stour,
 With Pope's dear verse I charm the hour,
 In pensive ease reclusely.

Poor Dash alone, my old ally,
Sits in profound demureness nigh,
 O'erwatching every page,
And wondering much, as much he may,
What case can thus, the summer day,
 His master's care engage !

But should Amanda seek the brook,
With sportive line and specious hook
 To tempt the finny race,
At once I quit the charming lays,
On her beguiling eyes to gaze,
 And soft dissembling face.

She, with her treacherous smile serene,
Her sly placidity of mien,
 And those beguiling eyes,
Throws out the lure with finest art,
More bent to catch a foolish heart
 Than seize a wat'ry prize.

Vain angler ! slave to man's applause,
Heartless herself, for hearts she draws,
 Then flings them lightly by—
Yet, though I know and scorn the cheat,
Bewitched by all her bland deceit,
 I cannot, dare not, fly.

HARK ! the hollow woods resounding,
Echo to the hunter's cry ;
Hark ! how all the vales surrounding,
 To his cheering voice reply.

Now so swift o'er hills aspiring,
 He pursues the gay delight ;
 Distant woods and vales retiring
 Seem to vanish from his sight.

Hark ! the hollow woods resounding,
 Echo to the hunter's cry ;
 Hark ! how all the vales surrounding
 To his cheering voice reply.

Flying still, and still pursuing,
 See the fox, the hounds, the men ;
 Cunning cannot save from ruin,
 Far from refuge, wood, and den.

Now they kill him, homeward hie him,
 To a jovial night's repast ;
 Thus no sorrow e'er comes nigh them,
 Health continues to the last.

WHAT jocund delight ! hark, the cry of the hounds,
 Up the burn, down the brae, see they sweep ;
 Ruddy health leads the chase, glade and valley resounds,
 While echo reverberates deep.
 The hounds, and the horns, and the hunter's shrill cries,
 In spirited cadence of music, arise.
 All nature joins chorus ; the forest resounds
 To the hunters, the horns, and the cry of the hounds ;
 All nature joins chorus, &c.

Our game is before us, be ready—he dies !
At bay he beholds, and his hunters defies !
They lose him, at fault !—he has taken the burn,
They're still on his foot, and the scent will return ;
Away then, hark to him ; hark forward ! he dies ;
By force, or by cunning, by stealth, by surprise !
Away, for your life !—from the forest, away—
Not the stag, but yourself, they are holding at bay.
Hark ! the king —

— He recalls us, his pleasure to know —
Enough ; tho' deferr'd, not less certain the blow ;
The bugle resounding, shrill echo replies,
Success crown the chase, for the stag is our prize.

MOUNT, brothers, mount, 'tis now the time for capering ;
The hunter's horn sounds merrily o'er hill and dale ;
Leave horrid fancies, ennui, and vapouring,
To dandies, that in London town at fogs look pale ;
There's I, myself, and Mr. A, you'll seldom meet a better
one ;
And Mr. Grosvenor, Mr. Foley, likewise Mr. Farquhar-
son ;
Whilst Melton-Mowbray* 'gins to fill with very many
noble sirs,
And Villiers, Wyndham, Graham, are gay, in spite of
dull Novembers.

* There is no comparison between the stables at Melton and those in any other part of the world, as far as accommodation for hunters is required : large boxes are attached to all, with rooms adjoining, for the use of the servants. Of all others this is the place to see hunters in condition. It has been estimated

Oh ! such a muster, spite of wind and weather, boys ;
 Such a stud of gallant steeds was rarely seen :
 Spring and young summer, too, may boast their gay and
 genial joys ;
 But ours, of all the year beside, the happiest scene :
 Huntsmen, in gay array, mount their bits of blood, in
 state,
 Whilst lords and commons dash away, such glorious sport
 to emulate ;
 And winds and wintry storms, that oft about our rapid
 course will fly,
 Are drown'd in our hark-forewards soon, and in the
 hounds' deep melody.

Then for gay company, the town can't boast so fine a set,
 As now are scatter'd o'er the world, the foes to woe ;
 Wor'ster and Leicester, Hants, and Wilts, and Somerset,
 Turn out their several teams and packs, a glorious shew ;
 Whilst there appear such studs and chiefs, as would the
 puritannic vex,
 From Glo'stershire, and Dorsetshire, and Hereford, and
 Middlesex ;
 Whilst all the best and brightest lads, the Welchmen and
 the Irishmen,
 United are, in common cause, with Scotchmen and with
 Englishmen.

that the number of horses kept at Melton and its vicinity amount
 to upwards of six hundred, and that the annual expense of each
 may be taken at £60. During the hunting season,

“ All around is gay, men, horses, dogs,
 And in each smiling countenance appears
 Fresh blooming health, and universal joy.”

Then, brother sportsmen, away with lamentation,
There is no gloomy month for us from first to last ;
Each brings its joys along for every home and station,
And wisdom hopes the next hour will happier than the
past :

Though now the leaf is gone, and tempest winds are
blowing, boys,
Yet ours are still the jolly hearts, that spite of all are
glowing, boys ;
And sport at morn, and feasts at night, shall make us still
remember,
That heaven has sent us life enough to kill a dull No-
vember.

SINCE custom of old has call'd out for a song,
To follow the fashion can never be wrong ;
Tho' Apollo should deign not his aid to infuse,
The attempt still is good, an attempt to amuse.

The world all throughout, men were archers of old,
And, just as we do, took their aim at the gold ;
Tho' we claim no invention, our boast is not small,
We boast that our arrows are ne'er dipt in gall.

No voice cries amidst our convivial board,
" Your sport does our death and destruction afford ;"
For seldom does mirth or festivity reign,
Where no pang is felt, or where hidden pain.

Not Diana herself should preside at our feasts,
Who could find nothing else to shoot at but wild beasts ;

Who for chastity's sake in the woods kept her court ;
But chaster far chaster is our noble sport.

Then the ancients themselves, so expert with the bow,
Would fetch down a man just as soon as a crow ;
There was that fellow too, in revenge who let fly,
And, as cool as you please, aimed at " Philip's right eye."

'Twere endless to count all the archers of fame,
Who with different weapons take different aim ;
In the annals of sportsmen the gamester's well known,
Who a pigeon ne'er sees, but he marks for his own.

With his uplifted pen, next the satyrist cries,
" Be it mine to shoot folly and vice as they rise ;"
Our wits must have butts, too, for jesting and sport,
And so too have we—they are butts of old port.

Behold the proud victor returning from war ;
Hear the echoing shouts that resound from afar ;
But amidst his delights see the tyrant grows pale,
While oppression and anguish repeat their sad tale !

But these festive pleasures no canker destroys,
No guilty reflection our triumph annoys ;
Our laurels are wrested from no conquered foe,
We claim victory's wreath without striking a blow !

Then hail sacred innocence, goddess divine,
Our freedom, our friendship, our joys are all thine ;
May our sports be renew'd with the year, and remain
Till the arrows of fate shall the victory gain !

O! YE sons of the chase, while your spirits are gay,
To the woods of old Shirewood let's hasten away ;
There foxes in plenty are sure to be found,
Who will try your nag's bottom and speed of each hound.

To the woods of old Shirewood the sportsmen are gone,
From the woods of old Shirewood sly reynard is flown ;
Now dash through the Welkin, see yonder they go,
How bravely they halloo—hark ! hark ! tally-ho !

Each heart swells with pleasure, each pulse with delight,
As the horn's winding echo ascends o'er yon height ;
Such feeling exstatic, but sportsmen can know,
When they hear the bold halloo—hark ! hark ! tally-ho !

Poor reynard has hastened o'er hill and o'er dale,
His hard running spirit now threatens to fail ;
They run him in view, while life's glimmering spark,
Hears the near bursting halloo—hark ! my boys, hark !

Now reynard has fallen—his death knell is rung—
The woodlands re-echo the shout of the throng ;
And homeward returning each sportsman relates,
The hedges he's topp'd, and the high swinging gates.

Soon Bacchus invites them ; the bottle goes round,
And glee and good humour on all sides abound,
'Till Morpheus, forewarning, bids all to retire,
And cherish their spirits with redoubled fire.

THE harvest was over, the crops were all in,
When Dick Goodshot and I to the farms took a turn ;
On the fam'd Kentish hills we thought first to begin,
And not like your cockneys, quest brick-fields and fern.

For we knew the old birds with their covies so strong,
Sought the stubbles to pick up their food ;
So equipp'd like true sportsmen we journeyed along,
To the haunts of the delicate brood.

We enter'd a manor, with leave from the lord,
Where 'twas likely the broods were concealed ;
When my comrade and I, in friendly accord,
Agreed to partition the field.

Our pointers were stanch, and filled with delight,
For they lov'd, like their masters, the sport ;
'Twould have pleas'd you, good fellows, to look on the
sight,
For 'twas richer than I can report.

At length, spotted Ponto gave signs of a scent,
'Twas a picture to see how he stood ;
I follow'd him close, for I knew what he meant,
His practice was always so good.

At length, the birds rose, their wings borne on the air,
With their whirl fill'd the ambient space ;
I poured in my lightning, a plentiful share,
And brought down an excellent brace.

Dick Goodshot surpass'd me in point of success,
For his aim was more fatal than mine ;
At every shot you will hear him confess,
Where I kill'd a brace, he shot trine.

Thus we toil'd through the day, and had plenty of sport,
And at evening return'd to the town,
To such honest fellows as you to resort,
And with glee to the bottle sit down.

Thus partridge shooting, my friends, has its charms,
Can the gamester say this, and be true ?
While the sportsman is safe from the lawyer's alarms,
The gamester brings thousands to rue.

THE hunt is begun, hark ! the sound of the horn,
Through woodlands and valleys is heard ;
The sportsmen awake with the lark in the morn,
With vigour and health are prepar'd.

CHORUS.

To follow the chase of the stag, or the fox,
Over mountains, and dales, over rivers, and rocks.

Huzza ! see the hounds and the coursers they fly,
What mortals can be more elate ?
No prospect impedes them, they danger defy,
For boldly they leap the barr'd gate.

To follow the chase, &c.

The blush of the morning is seen in each face,
 And pleasure enlivens the whole ;
 For when they return from the toils of the chase,
 At night they sing over the bowl.

To follow the chase, &c.

RECITATIVE.

THE nimble hours obey great Phœbus' call,
 Forth from the east proceeds his mighty car :
 By just degrees now fades the gloomy night,
 And ev'ry hill is burnish'd o'er with gold.

AIR.

To the field, to the field, brother sportsman, repair,
 And banish dull slumber away,
 The hounds are all out and have started the hare,
 While echo resounds to the lay.
 Sweetly sounds the blithe horn,
 Thro' each coppice and grove,
 As cheerly the hunters pursue.
 Then let us proceed to the sports that we love,
 Health and pleasure, is what we've in view.

Should sly reynard appear, as we pass o'er the plain,
 Strait his course, we will follow apace,
 His turning and winding, will prove all in vain,
 For boldly we'll follow the chase.
 Over mountains and rocks, with speed he may fly,
 Our hounds shall as eager pursue,
 Then, huzza, my brave boys, let the sound reach the sky,
 Health and pleasure, is all we've in view.

Let the hart fly before us, the chase we'll maintain,
In spite of his strength, or his speed,
We'll bound o'er the hedges, or skim o'er the plain,
And till we o'ertake him proceed.

There is nothing to baulk us, no fear shall invade,
While thus we've the object in view,
From the prospect around us, around us display'd,
Health and pleasure 'tis plain we pursue.

Thus in chasing the fox, or the hart, or the hare,
Or whatever starts in our way,
Of sport each is certain, to have a full share,
Then loudly let's cry out huzza !

Huzza, then at night, to the bowl straight we fly,
Each fribble and fopling we scorn ;
Sweet sleep shall befriend us, on bed when we lie,
And we wake to fresh sport in the morn.

THOUGH I rove through the wilds of majestic Braemar,
'Mid the haunts of the buck and the roe,
O! oft are my thoughts with my dear friends afar,
'Mid the black cocks of Minnard that go.

O sweet upon bonny Loch Tyn be your weather,
As is mine on the banks of the Dee !
And light be your steps o'er Kilberry's braw heather,
As on Fife's mine own footsteps can be !

May the scent still lie warm on the heath of Argyle,
Thy pointers stand stanch, and unerring thine aim,
As I bring down the birds, right and left—while I smile,
To think that my friend may be doing the same.

Nor your trophies alone is my fancy revealing !
 Well I picture the scores that have bled—
 Long—oh ! long ere this hour, round the laird's lonely
 sheiling,
 That murderous lair, Caddenhead !

Every shot that we fire, as it peals through the air,
 I consider a kind of a greeting,
 There is nought of forgetfulness, here, John ! nor there—
 Taste your flask to our blithe winter meeting !

SOUND, sound the horn,
 Sound, sound the horn !
 Let joys harmonious rise,
 While we chase the fox or hare
 Thro' fields, and vales, and lawns,
 Bold reynard takes his way.

These are our joys,
 These cheerful morns,
 At night feast on our prey,
 At night feast on our prey.

CHORUS.

Sound, sound the horn,
 The merry, merry horn !

Let misers court their gold,
 And statesmen mind the state ;
 'Tis health we prize,
 And health we claim,
 In pursuit of our cheerful game.
 Sound, sound the horn,
 Sound, sound the horn,
 Let joys harmonious rise,

While we chase the fox or hare,
Thro' fields, and vales, and lawns
Bold reynard takes his way.
These are our joys,
These cheerful morns,
At night feast on our prey.
Sound, sound the horn,
The merry, merry horn.

ON sixth November, year sixteen,
A Coursing Club did all convene ;
Best of the gentry in our nation,
At Turriff meet for their diversion.

Eight swift greyhounds as ever run,
Did run that day two cups to win :
Ten hares were chas'd far frae their nest,
But gallant Spring outran the rest.

Like lightning flew the riding troops,
To catch the view who gain'd the cups ;
More pleasant hunting ne'er was seen,
In Banffshire nor in Aberdeen.

All votes unanimous were sure,
Spring gain'd the cups for Nether-muir :
Tho' nearly match'd, thou gain'd the ground,
Thou'st made thy master's dogs renown'd.

Well, are ye worth a silver collar,
With waving medal o'er your chuller ;
With an inscription, grand and rare,
Describing thy victorious war.

Grand was the treat we got that night,
 For thy sake Spring thou was so wight ;
 No home-spun drink to us did come,
 Six English pints of finest rum.

To drink thy health and Nether-muir,
 And all the honour'd gentry there,
 Punch was made sweet of the fine rum,
 We drank till could not bite your thumb.

So-hoing hares I gain'd some treasure,
 And gratified the sportsmen's pleasure ;
 The best of sportsmen sure was there,
 For foxes, fowls, or running hare.

Wishing when to course they go,
 Let me be there to see the show.

THOUGH music delights me, yet none has a charm,
 Like the nose of old *Vandal*,* ye gods what a thrill!
 Pursuing the scent at the head of the pack,
 When first we see reynard just mounting the hill.
 Tally-ho ! is the word, clap spurs, and let's follow,
 The world has no charm like a rattling view halloo !

Then it seems as if horses, the hounds, and the men,
 Were moved by one love to the joys of the chase ;
 Then fly over woodland, and mountain, and glen,
 With spirits elastic, and nerve tightly braced.
 Tally-ho ! is the word, clap spurs, and let's follow,
 The world has no charm like a rattling view halloo !

* A celebrated hound in Colonel Wyndham's pack.

The charm never ceases, for hope never flags,
The ardour's the same, while the music we hear,
And, assembled at even, fight the battle again ;
For the chase is the charm that gives zest to the cheer !
Tally-ho ! is the word, clap spurs, and let's follow,
The world has no charm like a rattling view halloo !

THE sprightly horn awakes the morn,
And bids the hunter rise,
The opening hound returns the sound,
And echo fills the skies ;
And echo fills the skies.
See ruddy health more dear than wealth,
On yon blue mountain's brow ;
The neighing steed invokes our speed,
And reynard trembles now ;
The neighing steed, &c.

In ancient days, as story says,
The woods our fathers sought :
The rustic race ador'd the chase,
And hunted as they fought.
Come let's away, make no delay,
Enjoy the forest's charms ;
Then o'er the bowl expand the soul,
And rest in Chloe's arms.

WHAT is it that impels mankind
To stretch the procreative mind,
By this or that thing joy to find ?

Fancy.

“ What was it ? ” dark-eyed Rosa cries,
 “ First made young Frederic charm my eyes,
 “ And still, for still my fond heart sighs ? ”
 My fancy !

“ What was it ? ” questioning Charles exclaims,
 “ First lit the fire that wisdom blames,
 “ And lovely woman still inflames ? ”
 My fancy !

What was it made my tongue so glib,
 To bet on Scroggins, Ford, or Cribb,
 Where peers and blackguards swear and lib ?
 My fancy !

What was it madly fired my brain,
 To try the sportive “ seven’s the main,”
 And curse the dice that threw in vain ?
 My fancy !

What was it led my soul agog,
 To range the meadows, hill, and bog,
 Delighted with my gun and dog ?
 My fancy !

What call’d me up at break of morn
 To join the shrill-mouth’d hounds and horn,
 And shake the dew-drops from the thorn ?
 My fancy !

And now to close this answering rhyme,
 Bombastic, doggerel, and sublime !
 What is it whispers—and ‘tis time ?
 My fancy !

WHEN smoke upwreathes from humble cots,
 And milk-maids fill their pails,
 And nature's dewy robe of green
 The breath of morn exhales :
 When o'er the mist-emerging hill
 The rosy sunbeams play,
 And twinkle in the lucid drops
 Which gem the hawthorn spray,
 Th' impatient pointers we unbind,
 Eager and panting from the den,
 O'er stubble field, and heath, and fen,
 They sweep the dew and snuff the wind.

See Nero draw upon the game,
 With fearful step and slow ;
 And Sancho, jealous of his fame,
 His speed at once command.
 To—ho !—To—ho !—To—ho !
 Now fix'd as death they stand !
 On whirring wings
 The covey springs,
 The leaden volley flies !
 And once decreed
 By fate to bleed,
 Flutters in air and dies !
 Away then, away ! and partake of those joys,
 Which envy disturbs not, nor grandeur destroys.

Why sing ye the praises of Fanny or Sue !
 Their wit and their beauty soon passes ;
 Or fret ye for ever that Sally's untrue !
 We toil in their springes like asses.

Leave love and its troubles, and rise with the day,
To join in the music of hark, hark away !

The prattle of love may be very fine stuff,
And beauty may still have her day ;
The anguish of love may be pleasing enough
To those who will bow to its sway ;
But for prattling, why give me old echo's reply,
To yoicks ! tally-ho ! and the hounds in full cry.

Their wit, and its train of vagaries, you sing,
That thrills through our bosom a spell,
But the tally-ho cry more pleasure can bring,
When it rattles through dingle and dell.
But when they're together, crashing the glade,
Oh ! where is the thrilling love's witcheries made ?

For beauty, come trot ye to yonder gorse side,
When Sol through his curtain is peeping,
And see how they spread on, so gallant and wide,
Some topping the brake, and some creeping :
And for truth, hark to Maiden, begins her faint cry ;
And to Maiden, have at him, rings out the reply.

Then leave ye such idling, such boy-feeling stuff,
Let beauty o'er fools have her day,
I've known of love's pleasures and follies enough,
And broke all the bonds of her sway :
And music for me is the echo's reply,
To yoicks ! tally-ho ! and the hounds in full cry.

THE sun now peeps o'er yonder hill,
In streaks of golden red,
For shame, get up, nor slumber still,
Quit, quit your downy bed.

CHORUS.

For hark ! horn and hound are saluting the day,
The fox from his covert is bursting away.
O'er mountains he scampers, we'll double our pace,
Swift vengeance pursues him and gladdens our chase.

Lose, lose no time, to horse, my boys,
Fling off dull, drowsy spleen,
The neighing sounds and deep tongued noise
Now calls us to the green.

For hark ! horn, &c.

With rosy health our cheeks shall glow,
Our nerves with toil be strong,
With tides of joy our blood shall flow,
Who join the hunting throng.
For hark ! horn, &c.

And when we leave the shouting field,
And night has brought us home,
Libations, rich, the hall shall yield,
Loud mirth shall shake the dome.
For hark ! horn, &c. &c.

It chanc'd one fine night, having little to do,
Queen Mab call'd around her, her frolicksome crew :

Moth, Cobweb, and Blossom, were there to a man,
And gay Robin Goodfellow led up the van.

“ My brisk little sprites,” she began then to say,
“ To the Yorkshire high wolds you must hasten away ;
“ In their bottle, the lads there, so dearly delight,
“ They shall haye enough o’t this whimsical night.

“ Away to their chambers, like gossamers fly,
“ And touch them all round as in slumber they lie ;
“ That instant a change in each shape shall be seen,
“ And all become bottles, red, purple, and green.

“ Nor yet have I told you the whole of my plan—
“ To know them again you must ticket each man ;
“ Describe their materials, their nature, and use,
“ And day-light shall shew what the labels produce.”

Away flew the sprites, as light as the wind,
And fairy land soon was a vast way behind :
Their journey perform'd, thro' the keyholes they crept,
And each mark'd his hero, as soundly he slept.

The charm was soon wrought, and the sprites flew away,
But oh ! what a sight was there seen the next day ;
For when they arose, tho' without any legs,
Each bottle had motion, and walk'd upon pegs.

All shapes, all dimensions, all colours were there,
Flat-sided, broad-shoulder'd, thick, thin, round, and
square ;

Some more than half empty, some usefully full,
Some pleasant, some acid, some brisk, and some dull.

For the fairies, extending their sovereign's plot,
Touch'd all who lov'd liquor, and some who did not ;
The proverb rememb'ring, which says, when you know,
With whom men assort you well know what they do.

Cries one, "keep aloof, or my neck you will break !"
"Oh Lord," cries another, "I'm brittle and weak !"
"I'm so us'd," says a third, "to the loss of my legs,
That I swear I can walk just as well on my pegs."

In one knot you might see a whole herd of small fry,
Who shook when a huge Magnum-bonum* came by ;
His colours, a mixture of scarlet and blue,
Presenting a stout, bloody hand to the view.

But what his contents ?—Why, his label go read :
"A cordial who wants, may here find one in need ;
"Give care to the winds ! let's be merry and free,
"Here's a glass to good humour ! good humour'd we'll
be."

His heir† next you'd think, of a different strain,
Transparent and tall, as if blown for Champagne,
His label—"No liquor more quiet than I,
"Yet when I am mounted, my lads, I can fly."

* Sir Mark Masterman Sykes, Bart., a gentleman universally respected in the East Riding of Yorkshire.—See p. 106.

† Tatton Sykes, esteemed one of the best gentlemen riders in England.

A third* yet remains of the same cheerful brood;
 A justice upright, and a lecturer good ;
 Though now on his label appears but one line,
 " This bottle contains very generous wine."

A stately decanter, advancing, behold,
 Its contents have a heart, and that heart is of gold ;
 But his label declares, if like gold, by his weight,
 You would buy Welham's Lord,† you must sell your
 estate.

Who will dare to pronounce Neswick's Squire‡ without
 merit,
 A square little case-bottle full of choice spirit ;
 Or the pastor of Ganton,||—we must not name names—
 Whose ticket the essence of ether proclaims.

Such a bottle came next, as was ne'er seen before,
 Its stopper the form of a coronet bore ;
 In state it mov'd on, and the ticket tied round,
 Said, " The acid of vitriol§ is here to be found."

A fanciful flask to the view next unfolds,
 Some juice of the lemon ; much spirit it holds ;

* His brother, the Rev. C. Sykes.

† Major Bower, a man respected by every body ; and who carries more weight by his own manners than his hunters do in carrying him.

‡ John Grimstone, Esq. a very pleasant and facetious companion.

|| Reverend William Legard.

§ Lord Middleton, held not to have possessed the most amiable disposition, and whose looks kept his temper in countenance.

But so pleasantly mixed you may drink o'er and o'er,
Yet still be as thirsty and brisk as before.

Full many a blockhead his satire has whipt,
For his wit is as keen as his coat's nondescript ;
And this is his motto—no bad one you'll say—
"Here's the blood of old Snowball,* so gallant and gay."

Come, smart little pint, Squire Thornton,† advance,
And Aldby, rose-coloured, a flask of right Nantz ;‡
Says label the first, " Though so young, I can think ;"
Says label the second, " Who loves me must drink."

But what's this strange phial we saw not before,
Whose flourishing motto proclaims helebore ?
It whizzes and bounces quite up to the sky,
And if not well cork'd, like a Hawke it will fly.

What numbers beside in brisk motion are seen !
Gay Burton, a bottle of Rhenish, in green ;
Wall-Crœsus, whose riches can never be told,
A neat pocket-phial of portable gold !

* Major Topham, frequently distinguished by his whimsicality of dress ; but more as contributing to the pleasure and vivacity of the Malton meeting. Should the reader be desirous of knowing more of Major Topham, a man ardently attached to field sports, he is recommended to consult a very amusing volume, called *Sporting Anecdotes*, where he will find a memoir of this accomplished gentleman and scholar, who died at his seat, the Wold Cottage, near Doncaster, May 6th, 1820, aged 69.

† Young Will, remarkably little in his person, but not so in his understanding—a pocket volume of reflection.

‡ Mr. Darley, who shows a good deal of spirits—unadulterated.

This group, before night, of their change became glad,
 For, top full of liquor, how could they be sad ;
 Till Mab sent her fairies next midnight, and then
 They back again changed them from bottles to men.

WHEN the southern breezes play,
 The uplands let us gain ;
 Where ruddy health with smiles invites,
 To join her sporting train !

CHORUS.

When the southern, &c.

SOLO.

Unleach the merry pack—
 See, see, they scent the gale !
 Their chucking throats
 Repeat the notes,
 Our sport it will not fail !
 When the sun his course has run,
 We trim the evening fire,
 And gaily troll
 The cheering bowl,
 To the health of wife and squire.

Then the song and joke prevail,
 'Till the-turret bell strikes—one !
 And the parting cup of ale
 Proclaims our day is done !
 When the southern, &c.

CHORUS.

When the southern, &c.

THRO' flickering clouds, as orient morn
Oft her rosy tent displays,
We cheer her with the echoing horn,
When her beams dispel the haze.

Hark ! the soul-cheering horns,
How enlivening their sounds,
When the caverns reverb'rate
The notes of the hounds.
The stag led the way,
All nature look'd gay,
While we follow'd the chase,
To the noon of the day.

O'er yon heath with furze embrown'd,
And adown the rocky steep,
Bay'd by each pursuing hound,
Swift he took the current deep.
Our horses and hounds,
Stemm'd the turbulent tide ;
And dashing the surge,
Gain'd the opposite side.
Now from wood, hills, and vallies,
Sweet echo arise,
A concord of clamour,
And musical cries.
When bursting the copse,
A moment he stops,
And with antlers his foes he defies ;
On all sides surrounded,
His progress was bounded,
'Till in tears he at last clos'd his eyes.

LIFE's a general chase, and the world is the field,
Where friends hunt, and brothers hunt brothers,
Where, to-day, fairly hunted, to us others yield,
And to-morrow we're hunted by others.

Through calling, profession, and trade to get rich,
All wrangle, and squabble, and scramble,
Through wood, dale, and bottom, o'er hedge, stile, and
ditch,
Through bush, and through briar, and through bramble.

The poor poet, of virtue who'd fain be the friend,
Cries the age is corrupt, and he'll shew it :
But while hunting his brains, the world's manners to
mend,
Pale poverty hunts the poor poet.

While hunting in battle for glory and fame,
Grim Death hunts the soldier and sailor ;
And the heir, out of cash, who can start no more game,
Is at last hunted down by his tailor.

Country squires dash away, nor their noddles concern,
'Bout the world, or its jostlings, and crosses,
Till at length, to die bottom, Actæons they turn,
Eaten up by their dogs and their horses,

Indiscriminate pleasure who chases in view,
Will to pleasure in time fall a martyr,
And the bold fortune-hunter who ran down a shrew,—
Will find he was caught by a Tartar !

The hunks who hunts riches, is hunted by care,
Those who joy hunt, are hunted by trouble :
The chymist hunts gold through water and air,
And is run down at last by a bubble.

Virtuosos hunt butterflies, courtiers levees,
Patriots hunt for the good of the nation,
Hungry gluttons hunt turtle, physicians hunt fees,
And are chased in return by vexation.

Folly hunts the sour misanthrope close at the heels,
In the moment at folly he's scoffing.
And e'en the death-hunter, in coffins who deals,
Is at last hunted into a coffin.

A reciprocal chase are mankind and their joys,
And this maxim obtains the world over;
Then with reason in view, let's hunt pleasure, my boys,
Till by time we are hunted to cover.

Then come round me, all hunters—in life's hark away,
We have portions of pleasure and sorrow,
And the man after game that's a hunter to-day,
May be game for some hunter to-morrow.

“Come, where?” cries the sot, “is my bottle and glass.”
 The fopling, cries, “Curl up my locks :
 Whilst I, in derision, call either an ass,
 And halloo my hounds to a fox, &c.

Hark, hark, little Jewel has hit on the drag,
 Melodious they chaunt it along :
 Come, listen, ye beaus, and no more you shall brag,
 Of play-house, or opera song, &c.

How loth from the covert he springs to the light !
 Foul deeds will their author betray :
 Now, men, hounds, and horn in triumph knite,
 Whilst echo gallants every lay.

No fence can oppose us, we chase far away,
 The caitiff, till death is his doom :
 O'er the glass then recal the joys of the day :
 'Tis peril gives honour a plume.

SOUTH-WEST blows the wind, and a lowering sky,
 Proclaims it a right angler's morn ;
 'Tis sun rise ! The lark trills his notes up on high,
 (*Bis*) And I hear too the hunter's shrill horn.
 Hie away !

'Tis a signal for us too to be at our sport,
 Rods, lines, flies, and baits, quick prepare ;
 To woodlands the hunters—to streams we resort,
 Both alike bent their victims to snare,
 This fine day.

O'er the waves' dimpling surface see how the flies play,
Ne'er distrusting the danger below ;
And mark how the finny race leap at their prey,
Presaging of game a rare show,
My brave boys !

Bait your hooks, throw your lines, watch your floats, and
be keen,—

I've a trout—I a roach—I a dace :
Such sporting as this is a cure for the spleen,
As sure as the burst of a chase,
Full of noise.

Now change tackle and baits for variety's sake :
The ledger I chuse ;—I the troll ;
Lo, a pike ! sure a larger ne'er swam in a lake ;
And a barbel I drag from this hole—
What a weight !

And now let's have done, for if longer we fish,
With our load we shall ne'er steer our course ;
At TROUT-HALL, dame will soon make them smoke in a
dish,
And we'll smoke, drink, and sing, till we're hoarse—
What a treat !

WHEN first a little knowing lad,
I to the bellfry stray'd,
And saw the ringers pull like mad,
Adzoooks ! I was afraid :

But when the sexton turn'd his back,
 I tried the little bell ;
 To ring to church soon got a knack,
 Or toll a fun'ral knell.

CHORUS.

Ding went the bell, ding, ding, ding, ding,
 And thus I first essay'd to ring.

The sexton was a downright sot,
 And, better far than church,
 He lov'd the alehouse, pipe, and pot,
 So left it in the lurch ;
 I did his duty morn and e'en,
 And learn'd to toll so well,
 That ere full fourteen years I'd seen,
 I tried the treble bell.

CHORUS.

Ding, ding, it went, ding, ding, ding, dong,
 I pull'd away the whole day long.

Practice makes perfect, so in time,
 Though oft I miss'd my stays,
 Fore and back stroke I well could chime,
 And ring a round with ease :
 Once an old hand was sick, so I
 Supplied his place with zeal ;
 Zooks ! how my heart did thump for joy,
 When first I rang in peal :

CHORUS.

Ding, ding, we merrily went, ding, dong—
 I pull'd, and tim'd it well, and strong.

Now strength increasing with each year,
 More bold and dext'rous grown,
 Me for a brother, and compeer,
 The vet'ran ringers own :
 When vict'ry crowns our country's arms,
 And foes are overcome ;
 Or love's repaid with beauty's charms,
 I sound the mighty Tom.

CHORUS.

Ding, ding, the news we hail, ding, dong,
 And merrily peal the whole day long.

And now I ring the changes thro'
 The hunt, or up or down ;
 Plain, single, double, treble too,
 With any lad 'bout town :
 In Cambridge, Phenix, I can play,
 And e'en in Grandsire Bob ;
 And when tired out, to close the day,
 With College Youths hob nob.

CHORUS.

Thus merry as the bells, ding, dong,
 So pass the ringers' lives along.

THE hounds that deck my simple verse,
 And warm my muse to sing, sir,
 Whose merits and whose influence
 I trust on Fancy's wing, sir ;
 And such a hunt, in modest guise,
 No song has given birth, sir,
 Since gods and goddesses are said
 To play their pranks on earth, sir.

For music's dear enliv'ning charm,
 We give the palm Apollo ;
 But he ne'er set a sweeter note,
 Than in the huntsman's halloo ;
 Whose thrilling cry each bosom warm'd,
 E'en gods admir'd the strains, sir,
 And thought Diana's hunt was there,
 A scow'ring Heaven's plains, sir.

Sol's harbinger 'gins to appear,
 'To say his master's coming,
 And that he meant to shew his face,
 To see us when we're running ;
 But quick, behind his dapple clouds,
 Pursues his beaten way, sir,
 For fear his studs our music hear,
 Then spoil the coming day, sir.

Old Bacchus, that fam'd jolly boy,
 Who clips dull Folly's wings, sir,
 Whose merry rout of revelry
 Had made the welkin ring, sir ;
 When tho' dead drunk, he stopp'd his crew,
 To roar the jovial song, sir,
 That echo'd from the mingled cry
 That cheer'd the pack along, sir.

That wicked urchin, God of Love,
 Who sets our hearts a fretting,
 Now laid his bow and arrows by,
 His little tricks forgetting :

Then from the train of Venus sculks,
And breaks his silken bounds, sir,
And points his way through air to earth
To join the merry hounds, sir.

And Venus, now, to seek her boy,
Had left her proper sphere, sir,
When quick the shout of men and hounds
Cross'd on her list'ning ear, sir ;
Forgot her errand in the cry,
And join'd the madden'd race, sir ;
And love and beauty then had we,
To deck the manly chase, sir.

Now Mars his sword and buckler hid,
And took from off his car, sir,
The nimblest of his fiery steeds
That rul'd the raging war, sir ;
'Till Venus in the rear he spied,
Then check'd his beating force, sir,
And left his place, with hound and hunt,
To guide his palfrey's course, sir.

And Mercury, that arrant thief,
Had stol'n the Muses' steed, sir,
And thought, with wit and wings to boot,
He'd keep a dashing lead, sir ;
But soon he found that here on earth
He rode a losing game, sir,
For wit could do no more for him
When Pegasus fell lame, sir.

And Dian, that meek, pale-fac'd maid,
Did feel her bosom glow, sir,
To see such joys attend the chase,
To mortals here below, sir ;
And Pan, too, shook his shaggy locks,
Came panting on behind, sir,
And, by his godhead, swore the hounds
Outstript the hollow wind, sir.

Old Vulcan now came limping down,
For he had heard the cry, sir,
That heighten'd up the jovial band,
And rattled through the sky, sir ;
And Jove, too, felt his bosom warm,
His manhood own'd the bliss, sir,
And Juno shar'd th' invigour'd joy
That seal'd the heated kiss, sir.

Apollo, in the train, comes on,
With wisdom's lovely queen, sir,
And Ceres' fauns and satyrs wild,
Did grace the merry scene, sir ;
And more, I ween, from out the sky,
Would gladly join the chase, sir,
But steeds could not be got above
For money nor for grace, sir.

How may I sing the mingled set
Did dash through brake and fen, sir !
And that I fear such sporting wights
We may not see again, sir ;

And merry Momus met the band,
As home they bent their way, sir,
To mock the jaded Hercules
That led the happy day, sir.

Now gods, as well as coarser clay,
Did chaunt the happy song, sir,
In praise of horse, of man, and hound,
That form'd the dashing throng, sir ;
When met at eve, the revelry
Did ring through heaven's bounds, sir,
And bowls of nectar plied the gods,
To drink to men and hounds, sir.

CHORUS.

God bless their lord, may he ne'er tire,
And ever foremost be, sir :
When next they boast such goodly train
May I be there to see, sir.

THE morn is bright,
The heart is light,
And the hunter seeks the wood,
With spirits clear,
To rouse the deer,
Whose heels are fleet and good !
The bugle gay,
Now calls away,
With a hilly ho !
Bend the bow,
And the deer shall fall ere home we go !

His antlers borne
 On high, what scorn
 His noble port displays !
 Th' arrow's flown,
 The deer is down,
 While the herd at distance gaze !
 The bugle gay,
 Now calls away,
 With a hilly ho !
 Bend the bow,
 The deer is down ; now home we go.

HARK ! hark ! jolly sportsmen, away to the horn,
 Hermaphroditus rules now the sports of the morn :
 Come away, my brave boys, who delight in the field,
 And let Cupid's soft joys to chaste Diana yield.

See Sol, from the east, o'er yon hill lifts his head,
 To call sluggish mortals away from their bed,
 To join in the chase, but each wife says, love, stay ;
 Yet they, like true sportsmen, join hark ! hark away.

Come, noble hunters, do none of you lag,
 For see, like Actæon, so fleet runs the stag,
 And the hounds, in full chorus, all join in the lay,
 While the sportsmen, unanimous, sing hark ! hark away.

O'er moorlands and mountains his course he does try,
 And the echoing pack close pursue in full cry :

I defy every one, he seems vaunting to say,
Yet the huntsmen still halloo, boys, hark ! hark away.

See up yonder hill he leads swiftly the way,
But being hard run, his strength 'gins to decay,
Growing weak he begins in his speed now to flag,
And Rally, behold him, has hold of his leg.

Now the victim is struggling and panting for breath,
And the huntsman's shrill horn is the signal for death.
See the hounds, how they, vaunting, exult o'er their prey,
And the sportsmen all join in hark ! hark away.

Let's home, my brave boys, to the bottle and glass,
And now the stag's dead we'll toast each pretty lass,
Still this is the chorus, deny it who may,
That each jolly hunter joins, hark ! hark away.

REFRESH'D like Aurora, when Cancer prevails,
And the perfumes of nature make charming the gales,
Clorinda came forth from her forest of oaks,
Like Dian the huntress, whom Corinth invokes :
More keen than her arrows her heart-piercing eye,
And more certain to wound as her lovers passed by.

O'er the daisy-dress'd mead as her nimble foot trips,
Her silver-bound bugle she rais'd to her lips ;
At the musical blast busy Echo awakes,
And tells her approach to the rivers and lakes :
Each nymph of the streamlet unmantles her face,
And looks up with a smile to the Queen of the Chase.

From the mansion of peace, on the side of a hill,
Where the fountains of health their pure waters distill ;
Bold Robin, the Bowman, came forth to the plain,
And return'd his Clorinda the melod'ous strain—
Where wanders my charmer ?—I go, cries the fair,
To kill a fat buck ; then to Nottingham fair.

From a covert, with woodbines and dog-roses drest,
Where the ringdoves were feeding their young in the
nest :
A pricket burst forth, not a finer could be,
Like a sun-beam he flitted the stream and the lea :
But swifter the dart of Clorinda was thrown,
She pierced his warm heart, and he sunk with a groan.

John Little came running, with Clim of the Plough,
Applauding Clorinda, the Queen of the Bow ;
While Robin directed his men to repair,
With the buck she had slain to the booth in the fair ;
Where quickly the maid with her Robin was seen,
To dance to the pipe round the pole on the green.

The treat being over, the song and the dance,
And to sleep the dull hours seem'd in haste to advance ;
For the mansion of peace was the signal to go,
And Love with his torch led the Queen of the Bow.
Peace, pleasure, and love, may our archers still share.
Like Robin the bold, and Clorinda the fair.

YE remnants of covies attend,
And list to my welcome locution ;
I happily foresee an end,
To our misery and persecution.

Tho' by fate soon or late we must fall,
By arts and contrivances various ;
By trammels, by nets, or by ball,
From the tubes of keen sportsmen nefarious.

Yet our foe, mighty Pepper* is gone,
To coverts far distant from home ;
Nor will he return here anon,
O'er these fated Coteswolds to roam.

Had he been in that scripture-fam'd land,
Where God sent abundance of quails,
All had died by his ravaging hand,
Had they been e'en as plenty as snails.

Now years we with safety may dwell,
For the aim of the rest we despise ;
Little Cambro and Co. I know well,
Cannot hit tho' we fly in their eyes.

Form a circle, dear sons, and rejoice ;
No longer you've reason to quake
At Pepper's to-ho ! and shrill voice—
For he's now in full scent of a DRAKE.

* This gentleman was esteemed the best shot in the country, and married an amiable and accomplished woman, of the name of Drake.

WHAT's the use of the dandy,
With spy-glass so handy,
And buckskins that cost twenty pounds ;
Who has rode on the back
Of a broken-knee'd hack,
But who never has follow'd the hounds !

Let the citizens talk
Of an afternoon walk,
By the side of the Thames or the Lea ;
Tho' pleasant their sport is,
My only retort is—
“ Don't talk in italics to me.”

Far away from the town,
Or the square cap and gown,
I live in my lovely retreat ;
Or saddle my mare,
For the chase of the hare,
Nor think of the old cockney street.

Sometimes in the morning,
While Sol is just dawning,
I take out my dog and my gun ;
Or with light fishing-rod,
I sit on the green sod,
And thus ends my day full of fun.

The cockneys, they say,
At the close of the day,

When they've served out the raisins and jam,
 Go out with a lanthorn,
 And guns of Joe Manton,
 To look after the sparrows at Ham.

But what is the fun
 Of a new-fashioned gun,
 If they know not the flint from the muzzle ?
 Or Forsyth's new lock,
 With its rum looking cock ?
 Their wisdom to me is a puzzle.

But I, an old clown,
 Who have seldom seen town,
 Am, I own, at a loss to discover,
 Why the old-fashioned make
 Of a gun cannot take
 The life of a teal or a plover.

WHAT is glory, what is fame ?
 What is splendid rank or name !
 Fame they call an empty story,
 Tell me, Austin, what is glory ?
 Not the soldier's high-born merit,
 Sent to pluck the blood-red laurel,
 Bred 'midst hostile strife and quarrel.
 To fame like this the country squire,
 Fond of home, does ne'er aspire.

Away, ye bloody scenes of strife !
 I sing the joys of a country life,
 Where still the sporting tribe inherit
 A soldier's or a sailor's spirit—

Spirit o'er the proud steed bending,
 To pursue the reynard foe ;
 Heav'n and earth's wide covers rending,
 With yoicks, away ! and tally-ho !
 To fame like this the country squire,
 In the chase does oft aspire.

Hark away ! from wood to wood,
 Pants each heart for reynard's blood ;
 Reynard breaks upon the sight,
 Sounding horns proclaim his flight.
 Now, my lads, give loose to pleasure,
 Fears and anguish cast away ;
 Yonder flies the huntsman's treasure,
 Happy he, who's first to-day !
 Rapturous joy like this be mine,
 And, well I know, my friend, 'tis thine.

Hark away ! from steep to steep,
 Mad with joy the coursers sweep ;
 Mad with joy, with hope elate,
 Fearless top the five-barr'd gate.
 Vain the streamlet's foaming eddy,
 Vain the fence or ditch so wide,
 O'er the ditch and quickset ready ;
 Yoicks ! my lads, your coursers guide !
 Glorious skill like this be mine,
 And, well I know, my friend, 'tis thine.

Hark forward ! forward ! hark away !
 Reynard's now the huntsman's prey ;
 See, he pants, he grasps for breath,
 Louder peals proclaim his death !

Ended now the grateful labour,
 Sportsman to thy home return !
 Envy not the soldier's sabre,
 Nor for distant glory burn !
 Austin ! this is noble glory,
 Which thy friend hath set before thee.

“ Hark forward ! forward ! hark away ! ”
 Be our death-song every day !
 Be it too the sportsman's merit,
 Daily reynard's brush t' inherit ;
 Friends with envious eyes shall greet us,
 When our jovial sport is done ;
 Friends with ardour flock to meet us,
 And admire the trophies won :
 Austin ! this is noble glory,
 This with joy I set before thee.

WHEN the grey morning breaks,
 O'er the dew-powder'd soil ;
 When his way the hind takes,
 Light of heart, to his toil,
 I rise, ere the sun
 Darts his beams, health to court,
 Call my dog, load my gun,
 And away to the sport.
 Creep slow through the stubble ; the covey are met ;
 To-ho ! Dido ! good dog—she has 'em—they're set ;
 I mark 'em—they rise—bang ! one's fated to die ;
 I bag it, and onward trot Dido and I.

Thus brace after brace,
 For my aim's pretty true,
 I bag in a space,
 That few sportsmen can do.
 With appetite keen,
 To my box then I go,
 While the charms of the scene,
 Set my heart in a glow.

But hold—in the stubble—hey—Dido stops short—
 To-ho ! Dido—good dog—she points to the sport—
 I mark 'em—they rise—bang ! another must die—
 I bag it, and homeward trot Dido and I.

THE lark doth invite the dull sportsman with song,
 Haste away, see the hounds trip eager along,
 Poor reynard's exhausted, his breath is near spent,
 Then away, brother sportsmen, we'll give him no vent.

CHORUS.

Tantara, tantara, salutes the grey morn,
 We'll follow the sound of the sweet winding horn.

The high-mettled Nimrod, with Spanker and Swift,
 Will soon bring the victim unto his last shift ;
 Then follow, brave boys, and partake of the chase,
 He is far out of view, but his footsteps we'll trace.

Sly reynard he trips it o'er hill and o'er dale,
 Yet still all his cunning can nothing avail ;
 At length he is caught, and, as panting he lies,
 The horns sound the vict'ry, the miscreant dies.

HARK, hark, I hear the huntsman's horn,
 'To horse, my lads, away,
 For Hanger Down,* the cheerful morn,
 Invites without delay,
 To hunt the hare, whilst rosy health,
 Awaits us in the field,
 A blessing far beyond all wealth,
 Our sport is sure to yield.

Yoicks, yoicks, yoicks, tantivy, tantivy, so-ho,
 O'er hill and dale with hearts right gay,
 Hark, tantivy calls! away, away!

Rouse, rouse, my boys, Aurora's beams,
 Illumine yonder sky,
 Now quit your slumbers, and your dreams,
 And o'er the hills we'll fly;
 Hark, that's a "walk," to "Bounty" go;
 Hold hard, don't ride so fast,
 Try round, try round, hark, hark, so-ho,
 Sly puss is found at last.
 Yoicks, yoicks, yoicks, &c. &c.

See puss now start from Blatchford† vale,
 Quick after her we'll bound,
 And winding thro' the echoing vale
 The merry horn shall sound;

* Near Ivy Bridge, in Devonshire, celebrated for being excellent hunting ground.

† Blatchford House, the seat of Sir John Rogers, Bart.

Hark forward, now, to Harford Moor,*
 Quick round by Hall† she flies,
 There turns, and doubles, o'er and o'er,
 'Till seiz'd upon she dies.
 Yoicks, yoicks, yoicks, &c. &c.

Return'd to Slade,‡ with bosoms light,
 These pleasures we admire,
 We'll crown with generous wine at night,
 And drink, "God bless the Squire."
 Next hunting morn, o'er Stall-Moor hills,§
 With hearts like sportsmen gay,
 Again we'll rout all mortal ills,
 And follow, "hark away."
 Yoicks, yoicks, yoicks, &c. &c.

Of Bath I'd heard our neighbours talk,
 And of its famous races ;
 Where ladies, with bare bosoms, stalk,
 Great heads and painted faces ;
 Where knowing blades, with hearts and spades,
 Are laying wait to bite us ;
 And little beaux, in silken clothes,
 Are thought hermaphrodites, sirs.

* A branch of Dartmoor Forest.

† An old mansion, now converted into a farm-house, the property of Sir J. Rogers.

‡ The seat of John Spurrell Pode, Esq.

§ Another branch of Dartmoor Forest.

Our harvest safe within the house,
Thought I unto myself, sirs,
Zooks ! I'll for once my spirits rouse,
Nor mind a little pelf, sirs :
With boots and whip, I'll take a trip,
And saddle steady Dragon :
As good a nag as e'er did drag
A plough or loaded waggon.

Then straight I don'd my Sunday clothes,
Best hat, and Sunday breeches ;
With that strip'd pair of worsted hose
That Cicely bewitches :
Then up I got, and 'gan a trot,
No lord or 'squire look'd bigger ;
My saddle new, and bridle, too,
Egad ! I cut a figure.

Now, trav'ller like, I should acquaint,
And give a long description ;
Who, such an ale-house sign did paint,
Who, cut such tomb's inscription :
Like that fair dame, of lasting fame,
Who went Italian journies ;
And some I've seen i' th' Magazine—
Your Twisses and your Burneys.

But I'll forbear, and speak of nought,
Until I reach the city ;
Where every thing appear'd, I thought,
Most wondrous fine and pretty :

I saw half moons, and squares, and rooms,
 For gentlefolks to dance in ;
 The fine new gaol, and riding school,
 Where stately nags were prancing.

The famous baths I went and view'd,
 Where boiling waters bubble ;
 Without the help of coal or wood,
 Or any such like trouble.
 Lud ! how I gaz'd and stood amaz'd ;
 Egad I'd cause to wonder !
 " For, zooks !" said I, then gave a sigh,
 " Why, surely h—ll is under ! "

A fellow did my fancy catch ;
 Oh, la ! when first I glimps'd 'en,
 I swore aloud it was old scratch,
 For zure I smelt some brimstone !
 But one who knew, told me as how,
 'Twas Bladud, prince of Briton,
 Who, with his hogs, found out these bogs :
 A lucky place he hit on !

For, by this very boiling spring,
 It clear'd him from disorder :
 Went home, and soon was made a king,
 His master made a lord, sir ;
 And who do know but my poor Joe,
 That little merry dog, sirs,
 Was not long since some mighty prince.
 And only now incog, sirs ?

Within this smoky, sulph'rous pool,
Old Madam Gout-toe waddles ;
And Humphrey Limp, that hippish fool,
With Madam Barren paddles ;
While some above, their healths t' improve,
Tho' to appearance sturdy,
The waters take, for fashion's sake,
Or hear the hurdy-gurdy.

But now the Down my song must claim,
And 'tis with joy I tell it ;
Did I but half the beauties name,
'Twould to a volume swell it.
Mechanic blades now quit their trades,
And each his doxy seizes ;
Some (to save ground) break hedges down,
" For d—n it, lads, 'tis races ! "

Whilst up the steep and dusty road
The chaise and coaches rattle ;
Whilst Lady Ton, with sweet Miss Mode,
'Bout equipages tattle ;
And Franky Fig, in his big wig,
A perfect macaroni !
With Peter Pluck, a Bristol buck,
Both mounted on a pony.

In carts and waggons mounted high,
Rude trulls, with ill-look'd fellows,
Who seem'd for all the world, thought I,
As going to the gallows :

Close by my side, on hunters ride,
 Displaying well fill'd purses ;
 Whose small round hats, and silk cravats,
 Shew their great skill in horses.

But, e'er the race begins, I think,
 I'll saunter at my leisure ;
 And at the pretty lasses wink,
 Or view the girls of pleasure :
 Zooks ! there they are, with powder'd hair,
 Cheeks redd'n'd with vermillion ;
 With ogling eyes, one me espies,
 Then da—ns the slow postillion.

One monstrous head I chanc'd to pick
 The quality among, sirs,
 Resembling much my great hay-rick,
 Stuck round with rakes and prongs, sirs.
 A little jilt with waggon lilt,
 I laugh'd aloud to see, sirs,
 As I'm alive, just like a hive,
 And in it one small bee, sirs.

But, hark ! the drum three times hath beat,
 The horses now are ready ;
 The riders look so tight and neat,
 And hold their heads so steady :
 Now they've begun—look how they run !
 Like hares from thickets rushing ;
 The riders whip, the horses skip,
 Now, now the dogs are pushing !

“ Here’s six to four that Marquis wins,”
 Cries out a knowing kiddy ;
 “ And three to one against Miss Tims ;
 “ The field against Miss Biddy :
 “ Make room ! make room—the horses come !
 “ Or down by Jove I’ll knock ye !
 “ Miss Tims is first, the jade be curst,
 “ And bl—t Miss Biddy’s jockey !”

Now neck and neck along they fly,
 Like bullets from a gun, sirs ;
 Poor Marquis, ’tis in vain to try !
 Miss Tims has fairly won, sirs :
 The knowing bloods are in the suds,
 With sighs, and sinking hearts, sirs ;
 They strive to see some friendly tree,
 Then, feel how strong their garters.

Now to the Down I’ll bid farewell,
 And end my tiresome ditty ;
 For ’tis too long I hear you tell,
 But not a jot too witty.
 Without dismay I’ll ever say,
 This place each place surpasses ;
 ’Tis pleasure’s rounds, where wit abounds,
 And beauty crowns its lasses.

RECITATIVE.

The shadows of the night are fled away,
 And from the orient peeps the God of Day ;

While the melodious horn's enliv'ning sound,
Calls jovial hunters to the destin'd ground :
Let us, my gay companions, then pursue,
Invigorating sport that's ever new.

AIR.

Rosy health marks the cheeks, and contentment the
minds,
Of the hunters who jovially chuse,
To give wild ambition to fast fleeting winds,
And riches for pleasure refuse.

In the morn, when Apollo from Thetis's breast,
As gay as a bridegroom has stole ;
And the sweet thrilling lark springs elate from her nest,
Melodious to gladden the whole.

With our horses and hounds, all lively as May,
Over mountains and moorlands we run ;
When reynard, from covert, steals swiftly away,
We rival the course of the sun.

All shouting we follow the merry-mouth'd hounds,
Over hedges and ditches we fly ;
Tally-ho, and tantaron, thro' woodlands resounds,
While rapture beams bright in each eye.

The traitor subdued, from the chase we retire,
To the mansion for welcome renown'd ;
Song, wine, wit, and friendship, our bosoms inspire,
Love and loyalty join the brisk round.

Our sweethearts and wives, condescending and fair,
Crown our festive and plentiful board ;
If thus cheerful and happy our days then declare,
Can life richer blessings afford ?

HARK away ! hark away ! to the sound of the horn ;
Our horses are mounted with glee,
We ride full of life, and will banish all strife,
For merry fox-hunters are we.

Arrived at the covert, so anxiously sought,
The hounds full of mettle and speed,
Soon rouse up sly Reynard, who, quicker than thought,
Breaks away like an old one, indeed.

Tally-ho ! there he races, now give him good time,
Hold hard, sir, and let the hounds trail ;
You'll have a fair start, and his brush that he shakes,
May be your's ere he reach yonder dale.

Now, now, we all fly, each determined to go,
Condition will show who can last :
Though this burst is severe, we'll do't never fear,
And honour the name of our cast,

No craneing or creeping, o'er walls and gates leaping,
Each courage is put to the test :
If we wish now to near them, those fences—go clear them,
Ram the spurs in, and each do our best.

Our fallow and mead we stride at full speed,
 In vain for a gap we may look ;
 The country so close is, the pace such a dose is,
 We must into, or over yon brook.

See, Fitzroy has hold of him close by the pate,
 Dash forward, and off with his brush ;
 For I see the young huntsman now rasping yon gate,
 And some sporting men clipping the rush.

Well done, my good boy, this is really a day
 In hunting exploits to be noted ;
 The heart that is in him, is sure now to win him
 The brush, and by all it is voted.

Whoo-whoop! the good hounds, you deserve well your fox,
 You've run him full twenty long miles ;
 And we all shall remember this day of December,
 The fences, the brooks, and the stiles.

Tis a fine manly sport, it gives courage to youth,
 May Britons, boys, always befriend it ;
 If our foe should assail, in his steel coat of mail,
 Such lads would be foremost to rend it.

How happy is the angler's life,
 No joy excels his pleasures ;
 While Mammon ends his days in strife
 To multiply his treasures.
 In needful stores we find a charm,
 Enough to keep the mind from harm,
 And fill the even measures.

At morning, if the sky be fair;
We leave our couch in quiet,
And selfish fools to die by care,
And wanton rakes by riot.
With bliss supreme we reach the stream,
The busy bleak, or perch we seek,
The dace, or speckled trout so sleek,
Or else the stately bream.

Now, down the daisy bank we sit,
Prepare the fly or gentle ;
But never in our sports forget
To exercise the mental.
The landscape round delights the eye,
The blackbird deals his sonnet,
While summer brings her new supply,
Array'd in plenty's bonnet.

To these belong the grateful song :
Let sons of wit, this task forget.
We think their conduct wrong.
Sometimes beside the stream we sit
For many a silent hour,
Yet never with impatience fret,
Or let the spirits cower.

But if we find the inmates shy
And cautious, past enduring,
Full many a skilful trick we try
To draw them to our luring.

For fish, like men, full nine in ten,
 Have very strange vagaries ;
 They'll leap on high to catch the fly,
 Then sink to where fresh fare is.

With wanton eye, perhaps they spy
 The hook where fast our bait is,
 If there they bite, then we delight
 To teach them how their fate is.

Some fools there are of fashion's train
 Who call our pastime idle,
 And say, what reason can't maintain,
 To cruelty we sidle.
 While they entice to cards and dice,
 And put on mis'ry's bridle.

Then, brother anglers, let's pursue
 The sport to health and quiet true,
 Each gamester is a sappy :
 The best of lads were fishermen,
 They led the way from mis'ry's den,
 And taught us to be happy.

AWAY with those evils the gloomy contrive,
 They oft lead to the gulph of despair,
 While the sons of the chase lasting pleasure derive
 From exercise, quiet, and air.
 Then come, let us follow the joy-stirring horn,
 And dash through the current, light-hearted, at morn,
 While the red berry hangs to the bough of the thorn.

The lark shall delight as we go,
And echo, shrill echo, shall merrily tell
To brown labour that follows the plough in the dell,
The pleasures the chase can bestow.

Hygeia, bright goddess, shall mantle the face,
While Chloë looks on with delight,
And yields to her sportsman a loving embrace,
With whispers that always are sure to solace,
While she gives to the world a more manly form'd race,
Than the fop, who turns day into night.

Then come, let us follow while brilliant's the sun,
Too soon his bright beams will be set ;
And at evening we'll tell of the feats we have done
In the stubble-dress'd field with the dog and the gun,
And toast the sweet girls our affections have won,
Where the sons of Diana have met.

The bottle shall merrily flow,
While mirth, laughing mirth, shall make gladsome the
heart,
Till the finger of time points the hour to depart
To the comforts that rest can bestow.

ARISE, jolly sportsmen, arise with the sun,
Get your shot-belt and powder-flask, dog and your gun;
For the game have all fed, and by this are all fled,
In some field for to bask in the sun.

Now, on to the field where you mean for to try,
Mark the wind where it blows, still as you draw nigh,
Hunt up wind, do not fear; Doll you'll find in the rear,
And with pleasure will go through the day.

Now Doll she draws nigh, to the spot where they lie,
What pleasure for you to command,
Mark well in your eye, when upwards they fly,
For Doll stiff on three legs doth stand.

Like a cloud they now rise, which dazzles your eyes,
Now join, brother sportsman, in haste;
Now level your gun, and be sure you kill one,
But never look after a brace.

Like a bullet it fell; Doll runs for to smell,
Pray do not this pleasure refuse;
Speak kindly and softly, good humour'd and free,
And do not good Dolly abuse.

So we make the game yield in meadow and field,
In air and in woodland as well:
At eve we return to our bottle and friend,
And drink success to the sports of the field.

RECITATIVE, ACCCOMPANIED.

THE horn salutes the ear,
The hunters ready, morning clear,
Come, the happy hours embrace,
Join the ever jovial chase.
See the stag how he bounds,
O'er the neighbouring grounds,
His speed still increas'd by his fear.
For hills and dales are soon past,
See his swiftness so vast,
The huntsman he leaves in the rear.

For 'twas Nimrod of old,
By the poets we are told,
Began first the sports of the chase ;
Tho' so great was his fame,
There's a slur on his name,
As men he pursued in the race.

But such tyrants the chase
Will its pleasures disgrace,
Yet friendship shall still be our guide ;
With the sound of the horn
Call forth each in the morn,
Our sports there shall nothing divide.

But again he's in view
And we nearer pursue,
His spirits decrease as he flies ;
Now they've pull'd him to ground,
And the hounds have him bound,
Ah ! see how he trembles and dies.

Now our pleasure's complete,
 Hark, the horn sounds retreat,
 Our sports does our health still maintain ;
 To the bowl next away,
 We'll with joy crown the day,
 And then be as merry again.

THE tuneful wind of Robin's horn
 Hath welcom'd thrice the blushing morn ;
 Then haste, Clorinda, haste away,
 And let us meet the rising day.

And through the green wood let us go
 With arrows keen, and bended bow ;
 There breathè the mountain's fresh'ning gale,
 Or scent the blossoms in the vale.

For nature now is in her prime,
 'Tis now the lusty summer time ;
 When grass is green, and leaves are long,
 And feather'd warblers tune their song.

At noon, in some sequester'd glade,
 Beneath some oak tree's ample shade
 We'll feast ; nor envy all the fare,
 Which courtly dames and barons share.

See, see in yonder glen appear
 In wanton herds the fallow deer ;
 Then haste, my love, Oh ! haste away,
 And let us meet the rising day.

A CAROLL OF HUNTYNGE.*

As I came by a grene forest syde,
I met with a forster y^t badde me abyde.
Whey go bet, hey'go bet, heygo, howe
We shall have sport and game ynowe.

Underneath a tre I dyde me set
And with a grete herte anone I met
I badde let slyppe, and sayd hey go bet.
With hey go bet, hey go bet howe.

I had not stande there but a whyle.
Not the mountenance of a myle
There came a great herte without gyle
There he gothe, there he gothe, &c.
We shall have sport and game ynowe.

Talbot my hounde with a merry taste
All about the grene wode he gan cast
I toke my horne and blew him a blast
With tro, ro, ro, ro: tro, ro, ro, ro.
With hey go bet, hey go bet, &c.
There he gothe, there he goth, &c.
We shall have sport and game ynowe.

WHAT shall he have that kill'd the deer?
His leather skin and horns to wear.

* This is supposed to have been the first carol written on the subject of hunting.

Take you no scorn to wear a horn,
 It was a crest ere thou wast born,
 'Thy father's father bore it,
 And thy father wore it;
 The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,
 Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

Hark ! hark ! hark !
 How the woods do ring
 With the hunters' halloo,
 With the hunters' halloo,
 And the cry that they follow,
 That they follow.
 O ! this is music,
 This is music for a king.
 Hark ! hark, &c.

O ! the wily, wily fox,
 With his many wily mecks,
 We'll earth him if you'll but follow.
 And when that we have don't,
 To conclude this merry hunt,
 Let us roundly whoop and halloo.
 Prithee drink, prithee drink,
 Prithee, prithee, prithee drink,
 That the hunters may follow.

As late by the Thames's verdant side,
 With solitary, pensive air,
 Fair Chloe search'd the silver tide,
 With pleasing hope and patient care ;

Forth as she cast the silken fly,
And musing stroll'd the bank along,
She thought no list'ning ear was nigh,
While thus she tun'd her moral song.

“ The poor, unhappy, thoughtless fair,
Like the mute race, are oft undone ;
These with a gilded fly we snare,
With gilded flatt'ry those are won.
Careless, like them, they frolic round,
And sportive toss th' alluring bait ;
At length they feel the treach'rous wound,
And struggle to be free too late.

“ But ah ! fair fools, beneath this show
Of gaudy colours, lurks a hook ;
Cautious, the bearded mischief view,
And, ere you leap, be sure to look.”
More she'd have sung—when, from the shade,
Rush'd forth gay Damon, brisk and young ;
And whatsoe'er he did or said,
Poor Chloe quite forgot her song.

With raptures extatic Aurora we hail,
And joyous the well-furnished table assail ;
In the hall we assemble where plenty presides,
And sloth's torpid son each keen sportsman derides.
Then prim'd for the field, we prepare to depart,
Whilst the bugle's blithe strains enliven the heart.

CHORUS.

To be cautious or careful is nonsense and folly,
For life's truest end is to live and be jolly.

The hounds now unkennell'd rush forward to view,
 O'erspreading the lawn richly spangled with dew ;
 Our steeds snuff the breeze—in our saddles we vault,
 And the scenes that surround us our spirits exalt.
 The heather-deck'd moor bursting full on the sight,
 Imparts to each bosom a thrill of delight.

To be cautious, &c.

Hark! that burst of old Victor, what a soul-thrilling sound,
 How eager they follow—hills and vallies resound ;
 Sly Reynard's strong drag attracts the whole throng,
 And full to the cover they wind him along.
 Here urg'd to decamp, he appears on the view,
 And the hounds are cheer'd on by a thund'ring halloo!

To be cautious, &c.

The chase is severe, like lightning we fly,
 Reynard's efforts are vain—'tis clear he must die ;
 Bold Calvin has fix'd thee—poor fool thou must fall,
 And thy brush add a trophy to grace the old Hall.
 Now thy death is proclaim'd by the bugle's loud blast,
 And homeward we turn to the welcome repast.

To be cautious, &c.

Round the table now seated our jokes we recount,
 And toasts fly well wine-wash'd, at Bacchus's fount.
 Good humour and mirth on each countenance shine,
 And glees, jokes, and songs, give a zest to the wine.
 Making most of our time we reject gloomy sorrow,
 And look forward with hopes to sports of to-morrow.

To be cautious, &c.

How sweet is the breath of the fresh op'ning morn,
When the dogs all in order and gay ;
The fresh clover springing and hous'd all the corn,
The stubble well reap'd, and the meadows neat shorn,
And we start at the dawning of day.

See Don, how sagacious he quarters the ground,
How cunning he works 'gainst the gale ;
Take heed, there's a point ! Toho ! the game's found :
Mark Lady, she cautiously backs at the sound ;
How extended each nose and each tail !

So staunch they both stand ! not a word—not a breath,
Till the birds seek the region of air ;
The straight-levell'd tubes devote many to death,
The covey is mark'd to the yellow-flower'd heath :
We reload and for action prepare.

In succession of sport, see the day wanes apace,
Then how pleasing at night the regale ;
Whilst the sportsmen each anecdote love to retrace,
To remember each field and each fortunate place,
And drink "to the Trigger" in ale.

COME here, brother sportsmen, attend to my song,
And no more about fox-hunting brag ;
On Pegasus mounted, I'll canter along,
And relate how we hunted a stag.
One morning in April, with hearts light and gay,
To Warley's wide common we went :
And after we'd loiter'd full three hours away,
Squire W——y his whipper-in sent.

Jack open'd the cart, where the stag lay *perdu*,
And bolted him out from behind ;
With amazement we saw our game thus in view,
And swore 'twas a beautiful find.
The stag trotted off, and the hounds soon appear'd,
(How our bosoms with ardour then glow'd,)
The huntsman's loud voice soon the gallant pack cheer'd,
And away, like the devil, we rode.

We skirted the park, and pass'd Thorndon's grand hall,
And to Dunton we went " a good pace ;"
The number that liv'd with the hounds was but small,
For the burst was so fine, 'twas a race !
Then for Burstead we bore, and made for the church,
And along the green meadows we took ;
But some of the riders were left in the lurch,
As their horses fell into a brook.

Here W——y, who rode with the first in the field,
Cried, " Where are the fox-hunters now ?"
" Noble sir," we replied, " to none will we yield,
" There are most of us with you, I trow."
Then Laindon we pass'd, and to Basildon came,
Where some lads, with their cattle did lag ;
But to Pitsea they got, though tired and lame,
As we view'd, on the marshes, the stag.

He first took the soil, then plung'd into the flood,
Where old father Thames rolls his tide ;
The hounds were all stopp'd, and he quietly stood,
For no horseman could after him ride.

Determin'd, however, the chase to renew,
The huntsman his pack led around ;
The stag, in full vigour, again from them flew,
Disdainfully spurning the ground.

He took ev'ry fence—neither bank, ditch, nor dam,
Nor river impeded his course ;
With courage undaunted, to Canvey Isle swam,
And bounded away with fresh force.
Then for Bemfleet he made, by Thundersly fled,
And near Hadleigh's old castle he pass'd ;
Till at Leigh, just as eve her grey mantle had spread,
We came up with, and took him at last.

CHORUS.

Hence Wellesley's proud name in our annals shall live,
With the heroes, whose deeds are our boast,
In hunting and war, none so great can we give,
So we'll Wellesley Long drink for a toast.

Ye dull, sleeping mortals, of every degree,
Awake at the sound of the horn !
Ye sluggards, arise, and go hunting with me,
And snuff the fresh odour of morn.
O'er mountains and vallies, thro' woodlands and dales,
And forests half hidden to sight,
I'll lead, if my argument with you prevails,
I'll lead you to scenes of delight.

Hygeia shall train you to exercise bold,
Hygeia, the goddess of health !
Then hasten away o'er the wide-spreading wold,
And laugh at the hoarders of wealth :

What's gold at the best but a phantom or toy,
If health should its blessings deny ?
Then hasten, and life's rosy vigour enjoy,
Haste, hasten, for Reynard must die.

In courts, or in cities, can pleasure be found,
Compared to the sports of the field ?
Then arise, and away o'er the green-mantled ground—
All pastime to hunting must yield.
The ruddy complexion that crimsons the face,
The peach-blushing glow on the cheek,
Proclaim the rich transports derived from the chase,
And all that is charming bespeak.

O'ER many a morning rough winter hath scowl'd,
Through many an evening incessantly howl'd
Since last we assembl'd, all rang'd in a row,
To follow the sport with a trusty yew bow.

Full often the merciless power of rain,
Descending in torrents, hath deluged the plain ;
Where, jocundly tripping, we oft times would go
To twang it away with a trusty yew bow.

This hall of our merriment cheerless remain'd,
And solitude, round it, with apathy reign'd ;
Rude Boreas alone here his bugle could blow,
When silent the twang of the trusty yew bow.

The god of our revelry listened in vain
For echo to swell up the rich note again,
Which, tuneful and mellow, would oftentimes flow
From the carol, in praise of the trusty yew bow.

But since old Time keeps trudging,
To vary still the year,
And the seasons disappear,
Rough winter too,
With his stormy crew,
Trudges it away Time to pursue:

Now spring-tide hours returning,
Lead in the merry month of May ;
Hark ! the bugles call away,
With a hey and a ho,
To the green-wood to go,
And twang it again with a tough yew bow.

While as now we are seated trolling
A ballad, catch, or glee,
Let our fav'rite burden be
Hey and ho,
To the green-wood go,
And twang it away with a tough yew bow.

For though ev'ry moment's smiling,
Though pleasure gilds each round,
Let the circle still be crown'd
With a hey ho,
To the green-wood go,
And finish with a twang of the tough yew bow.

Thus, when our sports are over,
In autumn's final day,
Each bowman sure will say,

Come, a parting cup,
 Aye, and bumper it up,
 To the next merry twang of the tough yew bow.

SINCE pleasure now sits smiling here,*
 Amid this social band,
 Our sport secur'd from year to year,
 We'll join with heart and hand ;
 And a hunting we will go, &c.

Try Nossey, then, that famous wood,
 As often as you will ;
 The scent you know is there so good,
 You'll get a run and kill ;
 And a hunting we will go, &c.

What joy the gallant pack to see !
 When tally-ho is cried,
 With men well mounted, in high glee,
 Resolv'd to dash and ride ;
 And a hunting we will go, &c.

The 'squire then cheers his fav'rite hound,
 And goes a slapping pace ;
 No better sportsman can be found
 To guide, or lead the chase ;
 And a hunting we will go, &c.

* Sung at the dinner given by the members of the Thorndon Hunt, at Billericay, Essex, 1817.

But, as in ticklish times we live,
The Crown we will support ;
Our landlord, too, declares he'll give
His very best of port ;
Then a drinking we will go, &c.

So push the bottle round, my boys,
Ne'er let the wine stand still ;
A fox-hunter his glass enjoys ;
Come, brother sportsman, fill ;
And a drinking we will go, &c.

Now farmers, doctors, majors, 'squires,
And all good fellows here,
A bumper first my toast requires,
And then stand by to cheer
"To the master of the Hounds."

It is the horn, the bliss-toned horn,
Salutes the list'ning ear !
And echoing to the breeze of morn,
Proclaims the chase is near.
Each opening flower its sweets distils,
To grace the charms of day ;
While sounding o'er the Cheviot Hills
The horn calls " Hark away ! "

The leaves display the dews of night
All trembling to the eye ;
And cloth'd in glist'ning drops of light,
Like diamonds seem to lie !

THE SPORTSMAN'S

But soon the bright'ning sun-beam kills
 Each spark and dazzling ray,
 While sounding o'er the Cheviot Hills
 The horn calls " Hark away ! "

It is the chase, the health-fraught chase,
 That gives a zest to life ;
 And rich in vigorous rosy grace,
 Dispels the gloom of strife !
 'Tis this with joy the warm heart fills
 Whatever dolts may say ;
 While sounding o'er the Cheviot Hills
 The horn calls " Hark away ! "

YE sportsmen come forth,
 Quit your slumber and sloth,
 And join in the musical chase ;
 Shall the fops of the town
 Our diversion cry down !
 No ; their sports shall to ours give place.

See puss is in view ;
 Mark Scentwell and Sue,
 They push forward as fleet as the wind !
 Huzza, my brave boys !
 What can equal our joys,
 When our care, and all fear's left behind !

Though she mounts up the hill,
 Yet we'll follow her still,

Till her strength and her courage are gone ;
She doubles—she tries—
But alas ! see she dies !
And aloud sounds the horn tantaron.

Come, my lads, let's away,
Crown the sports of the day
With a bottle and mistress at night :
Here's to each ruddy face
That is fond of the chase,
And we'll rise again soon as 'tis light.

THOUGH now at rest, my life was gay,
I frisk'd it through the month of May
All down the pebbled brook,
Till th' angler, priding in his skill,
Used all his art poor me to kill ;]
I seiz'd his tinsell'd hook.

The latent barb so nicely wrought,
With gold entwin'd and feathers brought
From southern shores afar ;
In playful mood I dashing caught,
'Twas thus with guile the angler sought
My happiness to mar.

'Tis so with you ; 'twas so with me—
Too much of life we wish to see,
And taste each various sweet ;
But sweetness cloys when we've our fill,
Or anguish comes :—ah, bitter pill !
Reluctant, death we meet.

Ye good men of Kent, so trusty and true,
 The fame of your fathers beams lustre on you,
 Invaded by foes, unaccustomed to yield,
 They were first in the battle and last in the field ;
 Dismay spread her panic where'er their bows bent,
 For no arm sent the shaft like the bowmen of Kent.

When Harold* of Goodwin oppress'd ye in sport,
 And the clergy† in all vice kept pace with the court,
 Bold William, the Norman,‡ for England arose,
 First taught you the bow as he conquer'd your foes ;
 The weapon so fatal with pleasure you bent,
 And the foremost in fame are the bowmen of Kent.

At Agincourt field how you drew the tough yew,
 The legions of France to their miseries knew :
 By Erpingham§ headed, what Bowman so bold,
 With the vigour of youth, tho' in years very old ?
 His band but three hundred, yet still where he went,
 The cavalry fled from the bowmen of Kent.

When civil commotion thro' England was spread,
 And the Lancaster lads died the white roses red,

* After the battle of Stamford, Harold grew insolent, retaining the spoils without distribution to the soldiers.—*Sir W. Raleigh.*

† The clergy licentious and only “ *Literatura tumultuaria contenti, scolæ, non vita discebant.*”—*Malmesbury.*

‡ The Normans, at the battle of Hastings, did great execution with the long bow, of which weapon the English were altogether unprovided.—*Sir W. Raleigh.*

§ The fame of old Sir Thomas Erpingham and his three hundred bows, particularly mentioned in the battle of Agincourt by Drayton.

By Cobham* call'd out, you were led to the field,
And York, through your means, made the red roses yield ;
Plantagenet saw, and would sorely lament
To meet with such foes as the bowmen of Kent.

Most happy was he who had you on his side,
They all knew your worth and caress'd you with pride ;
O'er their cups they would sing of the feats you have done,
You were equall'd by few and outnumber'd by none ;
And the richest of blood in the isle ever spent,
Was drawn by the shafts of the bowmen of Kent.

Thus famed for your prowess, let bowmen once more
Pursue that which honour'd your fathers of yore ;
If not for extension of conquests or wealth,
For the best of all blessings,—for pleasure and health ;
And the plaudit we'll yield as your long bows are bent,
No lads can compare with the bowmen of Kent.

BRIGHT Phœbus now lights up the radiance of morn,
And echo reverberates the sound of the horn ;
The blushes of health are now seen on each cheek,
And Reynard's resort now they eagerly seek ;
O'er hill and o'er dale tantaron they pursue,
Then follow, boys, follow, the fox is in view.

The silver-toned pack make the woodlands resound,
And joy, health, and pleasantry sparkle around ;

* The Kentish bows, led out by Lord Cobham, did wonders
against the Lancaster party.—*Drayton.*

The hunter each morn thus in exercise spends,
 And at night sits down with his bottle and friends ;
 O'er hill and o'er dale thus their game they pursue,
 And with Phœbus next morning their course they renew.

AURORA beams bright,
 Hunters rise to delight,
 Discard your dull pillows of down,
 Over downs we must trace,
 Hills and woodlands embrace,
 Joys surpassing the joys of the town.

O'er mountains we'll climb,
 Leaving backward old Time,
 Giving trouble and grief to the wind ;
 For a sportsman that's true,
 Can have little to do
 With the follies and cares of mankind.

Those mortals that fret
 Cannot happiness get,
 They surely are greatly to blame ;
 Tho' the world may run cross,
 Hunters fret at no loss
 But the terrible loss of their game.

To the woods then away,
 'Tis a scent-lying day,
 The bounty of nature ne'er slight ;
 Then over the bowl
 We'll enliven the soul,
 And beauty will bless us at night.

My bonny moorhen, my bonny moorhen,
Up in the gray hill, down in the glen ;
It's when ye gang butt the house, when ye gang ben,
Aye drink a health to my bonny moorhen.

My bonny moorhen's gane over the main,
And it will be simmer or she come again ;
But when she comes back again, some folk will ken ;
Joy be wi' thee, my bonny moorhen !

Come up by Glenduich, and down by Glendee,
And round by Kinclaven, and hither to me ;
For Ronald and Donald are out on the fen,
To break the wing o' my bonny moorhen.

WITH such a brisk widow to whirl time away,
Ye Gods, what a round of delight !
At home we would titter and romp all the day,
And fear not a bumper at night.

When warm in the chase, the fleet hounds in career,
Our spirits disdaining to flag,
We'd whip, spur, and fly, without scruple or fear,
And be in at the death of the stag.
Huzza ! huzza ! huzza !
We'd be in at the death of the stag.

THE thorn is in the bud,
The palm is in the blossom,
The primrose, in the shade,
Unfolds her dewy bosom.

Sweet Coquet's purling clear,
 And summer music making ;
 The trout has left his lair,
 Then waken, Fishers, waken.

The lavrock's in the sky,
 And on the heath the plover,
 The bee upon the thyme,
 The swallow skimming over ;
 The farmer walks the field,
 The seed he's casting steady ;
 The breeze is blowing west ;
 Be ready, Fishers, ready.

The violet's in her prime,
 And April is the weather ;
 The partridge on the wing,
 The muircock in the heather ;
 The sun's upon the pool,
 His mornin' radiance wasting,
 It's glittering like the gold ;
 Oh ! hasten, Fishers, hasten.

The Felton lads are up,
 They're lookin' to their tackle ;
 The sawmon's in the stream,
 And killing is the hackle.
 If there's a feat to do,
 'Tis Weldon, boys, should do it ;
 Then up an' rig your gads,
 And to it, Fishers, to it.

HARK ! thro' the vale, each passing gale,
Returns the jocund sound ;
The huntsman's cry ascends the sky,
The horn and opening hound,
 Away, away,
 Make no delay.

See Reynard is in view,
Let again the horn sound,
And echo around,
The musical chorus pursue.
 Away, away, &c.

He turns, he winds, no safety finds,
Yet all his cunning tries ;
The thick'ning wood, the circling flood,
His utmost skill defies ;
 For still they say,
 Away, away.

See Reynard is in view,
Let again the horn sound,
And echo, around,
The musical chorus pursue.

COME, Archers, learn the news I tell,
To the honour of your art ;
The Scottish king at Flodden fell,
By the point of an English dart.

Tho' fire and pike did wond'rous things,
More wonders still did we ;
And every tongue with rapture sings
Of the lads of Newbury.

The bonny boys of Westmorland,
And the Cheshire lads were there ;
With glee they took their bows in hand,
And with shouts disturb'd the air.
Away they sent the grey goose wing ;
Each killed his two and three ;
Yet none so loud with fame to ring
As the lads of Newbury.

They swore to scale the mountain bold,
Where some in vain had try'd ;
That their toes might take the better hold
Their boots they cast aside.
Bare footed soon they reach'd the height,
'Twas a goodly sight to see,
How fast the Scots were put to flight
By the lads of Newbury.

Lord Stanly saw with much delight,
And aloud was heard to say,
Each ought, by Jove, to be a Knight,
For to them we owe the day.
My Cheshire lads began the rout,
And the Kendal boys so free ;
But none of them all have fought more stout
Than the lads of Newbury.

Now, God preserve our Lord the King,
Who travels far in France ;
And let us all of Bowmen sing,
While round our cups we dance.
The Cheshire boys were brisk and brave,
And the Kendal lads as free ;
But none surpass'd (or I'm a knave)
The lads of Newbury.

WHEN Phœbus bright the azure skies,
With golden rays enlighteneth,
He makes all Nature's beauties rise ;
Herbs, trees, and flow'rs, he quick'neth :
Amongst all those he makes his choice,
And with delight goes thorough,
With radiant beams and silver streams,
O'er Leader haughs and Yarrow.

When Aries the day and night,
In equal length divideth,
And frosty Saturn takes his flight,
Nae langer he abideth :
Then Flora Queen, with mantle green,
Casts off her former sorrow,
And vows to dwell with Ceres' sel',
In Leader haughs and Yarrow.

Pan playing on his aiten reed,
And shepherds him attending,
Do here resort their flocks to feed,
The hills and haughs commanding ;

With cur and kent upon the bent,
 Sing to the sun good-morrow,
 And swear nae fields mair pleasure yield
 Than Leader haughs and Yarrow.

An house there stands on Leader side,
 Surmounting my describing,
 With rooms sae rare, and windows fair,
 Like Dedalus's contriving :
 Men passing by, do often cry,
 In sooth it hath nae marrow ;
 It stands as sweet on Leader side,
 As Newark does on Yarrow.

A mile below wha lists to ride,
 They'll hear the mavis singing,
 Into St. Leonard's banks shè'll bide,
 Sweet birks her head o'erhinging :
 The lintwhite loud, and progne proud,
 With tuneful throats and narrow,
 Into St. Leonard's banks they sing,
 As sweetly as in Yarrow.

The lapwing lilteth o'er the lee,
 With nimble wings she sporteth ;
 But vows shè'll flee far frae the tree
 Where Philomel resorteth :
 By break of day, the lark can say,
 I'll bid you a good morrow,
 I'll streak my wing, and, mounting, sing,
 O'er Leader haughs and Yarrow.

Park, Wantan waws, and Wooden cleugh,
The East and Western Mainses,
The wood of Lauder's fair enough,
The corn are good in Blainshes ;
Where aits are fine, and sald by kind,
That if ye search all thorough
Mearns, Buchan, Mar, nane better are,
Than Leader haughs and Yarrow.

In Burn-Mill bog, and Whiteslade Shaws,
The fearful Hare she hunteth ;
Brig-haugh and Braidwoodsheil she knaws,
And Chapel-wood frequenteth :
Yet when she irks, to Kaidly birks,
She rins and sighs for sorrow
That she should leave sweet Leader haughs,
And cannot win to Yarrow.

What sweeter music wad ye hear,
Than hounds and beigles crying ?
The started Hare rins hard with fear,
Upon her speed relying.
But yet her strength it fails at length,
Nae beilding can she borrow
In Sorrel's fields, Cleekman or Hag's,
And sighs to be in Yarrow.

For Rockwood, Ringwood, Spotty, Shag,
With sight and scent pursue her :
Till, ah ! her pith begins to flag,
Nae cunning can rescue her :

O'er dub and dike, o'er seugh and syke,
 She'll rin the fields all thorough,
 Till fail'd, she fa's in Leader haughs,
 And bids farewell to Yarrow.

Sing Erslington, and Cowden-knows,
 Where Homes had anes commanding :
 And Drygrange with the milk-white ewes,
 'Twixt Tweed and Leader standing ;
 The birds that flee through Reedpath trees,
 And Gledswood bauks ilk morrow,
 May chant and sing, sweet Leader haughs,
 And bonny howms of Yarrow.

But Minstrel Burn cannot assuage
 His grief, while life endureth,
 To see the changes of this age,
 That fleeting Time procureth ;
 For mony a place stands in hard case,
 Where blithe folk ken'd nae sorrow,
 With Homes that dwelt on Leader side,
 And Scots that dwell on Yarrow.

Look out, brother Sportsmen, the morning is clear,
 And Phœbus o'er Hambleton hills does appear ;
 Our sport is delighting, the day is inviting,
 Then away to the chase, to the chase without fear :
 Tho' Reynard may fly, his fate is to die,
 For we shrink from no danger before us ;
 To us, life's no trouble, and care is a bubble,
 When we follow the hounds in full chorus.

Tally ho ! my brave boys ; see he slackens his speed ;
Strength failing him, he to his cunning takes heed :

His art now forsakes him, see Dancer o'ertakes him,
The hounds now seize on him, poor Reynard is dead.

Tho' Reynard may fly, &c.

Now home, my brave boys, and to Bacchus repair,
And each give a toast to his favorite fair :

Day and night is thus spent, in mirth, joy, and content,
And may huntsmen for ever be strangers to care.

Tho' Reynard may fly, &c.

RECITATIVE.

SHE paused—then, blushing, led the lay,
To grace the stranger of the day ;
Her mellow notes awhile prolong
The cadence of the flowing song :
Till to her lips, in measured frame,
The minstrel verse spontaneous came,

Huntsman rest !

AIR.

Huntsman rest ! thy chase is done,
While our slumb'rous spells assail ye,
Dream not with the rising sun,
Bugles here shall sound reveillie.

Huntsman rest !

Sleep ! oh sleep ! the deer is in his den,
Sleep ! thy hounds are by thee lying,
Sleep ! nor dream in yonder glen,
How thy gallant steed lay dying.

Huntsman rest !

Huntsman rest! thy chase is done,
 Think not of the rising sun;
 For at dawning to assail ye,
 Here no bugles sound reveillie.

Huntsman rest!

THE lambs they are feeding on lonely Skill-moor,
 And the breezes blow softly o'er dark Simonside;
 The birds they are lilting in ev'ry green bower,
 And the streams of the Coquet now merrily glide.
 The primrose is blooming at Halystane Well,
 And the buds on the saugh, and the bonny birk tree;
 The moorcocks are calling round Harbottle-fell,
 And the snaw wreaths are gane frae the Cheviot sae
 hie.

The mist's on the mountain, the dew's on the spray,
 And the lassie has kilted her coats to the knee;
 The shepherd he's whistling o'er Barraburn brae,
 And the sunbeams are glintin far over the sea;
 Then we'll off to the Coquet, with hook, hair, and
 heckle,
 With our neat taper gads, and our well-belted creels,
 And far from the bustle and din of Newcastle,
 Begin the campaign at the streams of O'Linn-shiels.

The Nimrod may brag of his horns and his hounds,
 And of leaping o'er hedges and ditches may rave;
 But what's all their clamour, their rides, and their
 rounds,
 Compar'd with the murmur of Coquet's clear wave?

And Ramrod may crack of his pointer so staunch,
And may tramp till he's weary o'er stubble and lea ;
But what's all the fun of the dog and the gun,
Compared with the "Lang rod," and throwing the flee?

More big of our conquests than great Alexander,
We'll rise to our sport with the morning's first beam ;
Our creel shall grow heavier as onward we wander,
And levy large tribute from pool and from stream.
We'll plunder the deeps ; and the shallows we'll tax well,
Till Sharperton, Hepple, and Thropton are past ;
We'll halt near the Thrum for a dinner with Maxwell,
But land at our old home of Weldon at last.

Now Crag-end is past, and now Brinkburn is nearest,
Now the green braes of Tod-stead, the pride of the
Vale,

Then, hey ! for famed Weldon, to anglers the dearest,
Old Weldon, whose cellars and streams never fail ;
There we'll talk of our triumphs, and boast of our
slaughter.

How " we hook'd him, and play'd him, and kill'd him
so fine ;"

And the battle so gloriously finish'd in water,
Again and again we'll fight over in wine.

Here's good luck to the gad, and success to each friend
on't ;

If e'er pray'r of mine can have interest above,
May they run their line smoothly, nor soon see an end
on't,

And their course be as clear as the streams that they
love !

May the current of life still spread glitt'ring before them,
 And their joys ever rise as the season draws nigh ;
 And if e'er, as 'twill happen, misfortune comes o'er them,
 Oh ! still may her dart fall as light as their fly.

To Ealing's fam'd Hat we crack shots all invite,
 Whom the joys of the trigger and bottle delight ;
 Choice treasures of Bacchus shall steel ev'ry nerve,
 And the chaste Doves of Venus rare sport for us serve.
 In vain shall the Cyprian bird try to shun
 The wide spreading death of our percussion gun.

CHORUS.

Blaze away, roar away—let all thunder away,
 Let us drink to the joys of each grand Medal Day.

Flint and steel with keen sportsmen has now had its day,
 Percussion's a race-horse, flint slow as a dray ;
 The chair's horse-percussion, by Mortimer got,
 Was beat to a stand-still, though fiery and hot :
 These high-breds of mettle for age carry weight—
 These deep-laden jockies run off with the plate.

Blaze away, &c. &c.

All chances of honour last year our Vice lost,
 The smith-horse, unsound, ne'er appeared at the post ;
 Though strange it may seem, though it staggers belief,
 When his sinews gave way he was eating boil'd beef.*

* He cut the tendon of his thumb while doing the honors of the table.

From Princes-street stud some good runners appear,
Tho' seldom a colt the best produce of year.

Blaze away, &c. &c.

Of half a score horses, some fast and some slow,
The famed Detonator most blood seemed to shew ;
The swift Cambrian horse did all others outvie,
From Mortimer's stable gave all the go-by ;
The foe by five lengths * the great Lewis o'ercame,
Plinlimmon and Snowden re-echo his name.

Blaze away, &c. &c.

A white-maned courser, true mettle and fire,
The knowing ones hail'd as the Old Hats Club's sire,
Well mounted by Gully, at percussion's rate,
Rode the glorious founder of Ealing's gold plate ;
With cups at Newmarket his medal shall class,
And his name and his fame to posterity pass.

Blaze away, &c. &c.

HARK ! the sweet horn proclaims afar,
Against the stag the mimic war ;
While future heroes' hearts rebound,
And pant to hear the trumpet sound.
The warlike genius of our isle,
Who on the hunter deigns to smile,
In echoes gives the chase applause,
Which strings the nerve for glory's cause :

* Five Pigeons.

Where'er the devious chase may bend,
Still Freedom shall our steps attend ;
And bid us, as her pleasure rise,
Defend the blessings which we prize.

THE moonbeam with silver tipt night's sombre car
The air was unruffled—the landscape was still ;
Unclouded the aspect of ev'ry clear star,
And dew-gems bespangled the valley and hill—

When a hound, more sagacious than most of his train,
Whom, next morn, his stern keeper had destin'd to die ;
To the Chase's bright Goddess was heard to complain,
As she journey'd along the smooth brow of the sky—

O, Diana ! if still to thy bosom be dear
Those sports that enliven the woodlands at morn—
If still thou presid'st over hunting's career,
And delight in the music of hound and of horn—

Interpose, gentle Goddess ! thy powerful aid,
From utter extinction thy fav'rites to save ;
Dire taxation on us has his harpy claw laid,
And avarice doom'd half our race to the grave !

Already the work of destruction's begun ;
It would thrill thy chaste bosom with horror to see
What havoc amongst us is made by the gun—
What numbers are strangled each day on a tree !

Even he, whose faint voice howls this pitiful pray'r,
 Is to-morrow condemn'd to the hemp's fatal knot ;
 No remonstrance prevail, the sad victim to spare,
 Past merit, past services, all are forgot !

Prowling hares their full liberty now may enjoy,
 To maraud in the gardens, consume the young crop ;
 Fell foxes securely the poultry destroy,
 For no hound will be left soon their progress to stop.

O ! short-sighted policy, cruel as vain !
 That sought, by our ruin, the rev'nue to raise :
 But statesmen are callous, and heed not the pain
 Of unfortunate dogs, in these tax-laying days.

We are Archers so stout and so good :
 With hearts unacquainted with fear,
 We live in the merry green wood,
 And feed on the King's fallow-deer.
 We feed on the King's fallow-deer,
 In spite of the sheriff or law ;
 We ne'er from the poor draw a tear,
 But keep monks and fat abbots in awe.
 And so merry, so merry live we ;
 With hearts light as air,
 We are strangers to care,
 All under the greenwood tree.

For Archery England is fam'd ;
 Expert are her sons at the bow ;
 Their broad arrows often have tam'd
 The rude insults and vaunts of the foe.

But England itself can't excel,
 For valour and good archery,
 Bold Clym o' the Clough, Adam Bell,
 And William of Cloudeslee,
 And so merry, &c. &c.

Oh! hail, ever hail, the first day of September,
 For then we resume the fair sports of the field ;
 Whilst memory lasts, shall I ever remember,
 The joys which I've felt from the pleasures they yield.

Oft sleepless the night I have pass'd, ere the dawn
 Slow waking illumin'd some favourite spot ;
 Where I anxiously waited the full-blushing morn,
 And fearful lest others should get the first shot.

With my dogs in submissive restraint by my side,
 Those faithful companions for hill, dale, or wood ;
 The lingering twilight, their looks seem'd to chide,
 Impatient to range where they oftentimes stood.

Let indolent dreamers still press the soft bed,
 From the fetters of sloth may I ever be free ;
 But with spirits elastic, devote the brisk tread,
 Enraptur'd, Sol's earliest blushes to see.

'Tis then the fresh breeze with new life I'll inhale,
 As light, and with ardour, the game I pursue,
 O'er each bending sweep, braky copse, or deep vale,
 Where frequent the scene changes lovely to view.

We three Archers be,
 Rangers that rove throughout the north country,
 Lovers of ven'son and liberty,
 That value not honours or money.

We three good fellows be,
 That never yet ran from three times three,
 Quarter staff, broadsword, or bowmanry,
 But give us fair play for our money.

We three merry men be,
 At a lass or a glass under greenwood tree,
 Jocundly chaunting our auncient glee,
 Though we have not a penny of money.

THE gay huntsman no sooner awakes in the morn,
 And perceives that the day-star appears ;
 Than he hastily rises, and fills the shrill horn,
 And the sportsmen and hounds with the tally-ho
 cheers.
 Off we ride to the copse where sly Reynard secure,
 Peeps and laughs at uncoupling the hounds ;
 Now releas'd, the staunch dogs soon discover his lure,
 And the wood with their music resounds.

CHORUS.

Thus the charms of the chase fill each breast with
 delight,
 Whilst the exercise, vigour and health brings along ;
 And in vain would the lazy profaners of light,
 Of the fair in reviling it fill up the throng.

For a while all our efforts he baffles and scorns,
To submit to his increasing fears ;
But at length close pursued by the hounds and the horns,
Whilst the huntsman our hearts with the tally-ho cheers.
O'er the meadows, and pastures, and woodlands he flies,
Sometimes stops, sits, and pricks up his ears,
Then continues his route, and our ardour defies,
And each obstacle cheerfully clears.

Thus the charms of the chase, &c.

O'er hedges and ditches, o'er barriers and walls,
Ev'ry sportsman his course gaily steers :
If, by chance, or bad horsemanship, one of us falls,
The kind huntsman his heart with the tally-ho cheers ;
All his rivals outstrip, he repairs his disgrace,
And enjoys a new spring of delight ;
When he first sees the fox hang his brush with slow pace,
And the hounds press along in full sight.

Thus the charms of the chase, &c.

Now the sport at an end, with our appetites keen,
At the board we forget all our cares,
Drink long life and success to our Monarch and Queen,
Whilst the huntsman our hearts with the tally-ho
cheers. After a hunting match at the end of the day.
Then to bed to our wives as good husbands we go,
Let themselves, if they will, tell the rest :
Yet they'll own 'tis a debt, that to justice they owe,
Of all husbands that sportsmen are best.

Thus the charms of the chase, &c.

YE sportsmen blithe, come leave the town
For vernal recreation : ~~and where~~
To Vecta's pleasant Isle come down,
Let Newport be your station.

A brace of spaniels bring along,
A gun with open centre ;
True patent shot, and powder strong,
Or else you'll lose your venture.

If Phœbus paints the morning fair,
While blossom decks the woodbine ;
The glitt'ring sea, and sav'ry air,
Shall be to you a good sign.

Trip o'er the downs, a way well known,
Fresh water cliffs before you ;
Your best pursuit, if you're alone,
Is let a sup restore you.

You'll see the tavern-house below,
There's ev'ry accommodation,
To please the Cit or splendid Beau,
From every court or nation.

Without deceit, you're sure to find,
To gratify your pleasure,
Some pretty maids, a landlord kind,
And cheerful beyond measure.

There's godlike quiet day and night,
His charges are in reason :
To aid the sportsman's his delight
Throughout the shooting season.

Of well-built boats he owns a store,
And skilful hands to guide them :
To please their guests with sail or oar,
Lest danger should betide them.

Embark with these, if Neptune's kind,
They'll steer you down the channel ;
Don't leave your fowling-piece behind,
Nor yet your water spaniel.

And thus equipp'd your joys increase,
Your boatman will direct you ;
Discharge your first unshotted piece,
Let nothing now deject you.

Your thundering noise shall wake the rocks,
From cliff to cliff shall rattle ;
Swift out shall fly the Puffin flocks,
And echo round shall prattle.

'Tis now the time by Fate allow'd
To fill your mind with wonder,
The birds shall spread a darkling cloud,
And fall before your thunder.

Your spaniels, if they're rightly train'd,
Shall leap from out your wherry ;
And bring the conquest you have gain'd,
To make their master merry.

Now sporting has no more to claim,
And time with pleasure suiting ;
Go seek the shore from whence you came,
And sing of Puffin shooting.

HARK ! hark ! the huntsman sounds his horn,
Let's tipple away the rosy morn, ton, ton, ton,
We'll hunt the bottle from sun to sun,
And halloo the glasses the course to run.

Ton, ton, &c.

Each merry young toper a huntsman shall be,
And instead of a green, wear a red liv'ry, ton, ton, &c.
We'll scorn their bows, their arrows, and guns,
We'll hunt with long pipes, and ride upon tuns.

Ton, ton, &c.

We'll charge with tobacco, and follow the cry,
'Till failing of speed, the bottle shall die, ton, ton, &c.
And then for a horn make use of a bell,
Whose clangour shall rouse him, and make him run well.

Ton, ton, &c.

When thus reviv'd we'll merrily sing,
And joining in chorus make the woods ring, ton, ton, &c
Our game we'll eagerly pursue,
Our glasses filling, our cause renew.

Ton, ton, &c.

Our song shall reach the distant plain,
And echo shall summon the weary swain, ton, ton, &c.
The welcome sport he gladly hears,
His toil and labour no more fears.

Ton, ton, &c.

A pipe he takes and charges high,
And after the bottle does nimbly fly, ton, ton, &c.
At length, with equal force and speed,
He makes the generous victim bleed.

Ton, ton, &c.

As through the wound the blood does pass,
He boldly ventures to fill his glass, ton, ton, &c.
Nor fears to taste the flowing gore,
But hunting and drinking, still hunts for more.

Ton, ton, &c.

Then fill your glasses merrily round,
Since thus supplied with hare and hound, ton, ton, &c.
While cheerful Bacchus leads us on,
We'll follow in chorus with sprightly ton, ton, ton.

THIS fine-looking morn, which the fields do adorn,
Is enliven'd and rous'd by the sound of the horn ;
Then sportsmen make haste, to cover let's away,
And taste of the gay sports of hunting to-day.

And taste, &c.

Mount your high-mettled steeds, for the pastime prepare,
And in chasing the Fox we shall snuff the fresh air ;

Let the bucks of the great town their pleasure pursue,
We bucks of the field, other game have in view.

We bucks, &c.

Lord Lonsdale's fleet hounds, which are known to be good,
Are echoing their musical notes through the wood ;
Sly Reynard much fears them, and dreads to depart,
For conscious he is they will soon break his heart.

For conscious, &c.

Hark ! Ringwood and Towler, two very good hounds,
They're brushing him out, how sweet their note sounds ;
Let the Bang-up's of London, their pleasure pursue,
We Fox-hunters here, other game have in view.

We Fox-hunters, &c.

" He's off, gone away," the huntsman loud cries,
Smack, twang goes his whip, and o'er hedges he flies ;
Follow, follow, my nobles, let's leave the rough train
Of the fence-breaking sportsmen, to gaze on the plain.

Of the fence-breaking, &c.

O'er hills and o'er dales, how delightful we go,
When running the Fox, with " Hark forward, tally-ho ;"
Let the full bloods of Bond-street, their pastime pursue,
We bloods of the field other game have in view.

We bloods, &c.

A chase of four hours with very strong scent,
At three quarters speed, so dashing we went ;

'Till old Ren, being pressed, and quite out of breath,
He turn'd, and the hounds fought to save him from death.
He turn'd, &c.

View the field at this moment, with hunters adorn'd,
Hark ! hark ! from yon wood the sweet sound of the horn ;
Let the bucks who delight in such heavenly sport,
To the sweet vill of Cottesmore for hunting resort.

To the sweet, &c.

Then pastime like this, who can but admire,
Actæon would say, such the Gods might inspire ;
For of all the delights to pass away time,
There is nothing like hunting women, and wine.

There is nothing, &c.

With these and of health, be the blessings we boast,
And at night o'er our glass, we'll give as a toast—
May each buck whose taste does to hunting extend,
Ne'er want a good horse, a bottle, or friend.

Ne'er want, &c.

THE sun has arisen, love, Anna, my dear !
The horn of the hunter sounds merry and clear ;
The mists of the night are dispersed far and near,
And all to enrapture thee, Anna, my dear !

Then awaken, awaken thee, Anna, my dear !
The hounds are at fault till their mistress appear
Swift Mirza is saddled, to banish all fear,
Then hasten, O, hasten thee, Anna, my dear !

The roebuck is starting, love, Anna, my dear !
The light of his eye is bedimm'd with a tear ;
O, rise, and thy lover is waiting thee here,
To join in the gallant chase, Anna, my dear.

WHEN budding leaves, in early spring,
On many a tree are seen ;
When first, on many a fairy ring,
The grass grows fresh and green.

A band of youthful Archers wend
Their way to Greenwood side,
In sport their twanging bows to bend,
Toxophilus their guide.

A feather'd crest, with lightsome play
Above, his bonnet graces :
Below, the buskin's neat array
His well-shaped leg embraces.

Gold buttons on a grass-green vest,
Arranged along the border,
With cypher'd characters imprest,
Aptly denote his order.

Down the right side his arrows, see,
Couch'd in a belted sling ;
The shafts, with marks clear pointed, three
Good stiff goose-feathers wing.

His left hand grasps a bow of yew,
With ribands gaily streaming ;
Clorinda, for her Robin true,
Tied them in comely seeming.

Apparel'd thus, from head to heel,
 In uniform complete ;
 All muster, trim, and warm with zeal,
 Address them for thefeat.

The bugle sounds, each takes his stand
 In order at the end :
 Their arrows nock'd, with steady hand
 Successively they bend.

Toxophilus's well-drawn shaft,
 Clean loosen'd, to the centre
 Onward its guiding feathers waft :
 And now he views it enter

Right, where the midmost beamy round
 Of gold his eye invited :
 Hark ! at the stroke's responsive sound,
 How is his ear delighted !

His fellow-bowmen, crowding near,
 Admire their captain's skill ;
 And all, with many a hearty cheer,
 Hail him their captain still.

Invested with the victor's claim,
 The medal, thus rewarding
 His titled honours, and his name
 The silver shaft recording.

Behold him lead his social train
 To yonder oak-tree bow'r,
 Where feasting, oft they chaunt the strain,
 And close their festive hour.

THE sun had just peep'd his head over the hills,
While the plough-boy he whistles across the gay fields,
And the birds they are singing so sweet on each spray,
While the huntsman says to his hounds, "Tally-ho, hark
away!"

CHORUS.

Tally-ho ! hark away ! Tally-ho ! hark away !
Tally-ho, tally-ho, tally-ho ! hark away !

Come, come my brave sportsmen, and make no delay,
Quick saddle your horses and let's brush away ;
For the fox is in view, and is kindled with scorn,
Come along, my brave sportsmen, and join the shrill horn.

Tally-ho ! hark away, &c.

He led us a chase more than fifty long miles,
Over hedges and ditches, over gates and o'er stiles;
Little David came up with his musical horn,
We shall soon overtake him, for his brush drags along.

Tally-ho ! hark away, &c.,

We followed the chase ; six hours in full cry,
Tally-ho, hark away, for now he must die ;
Now we'll cut off his brush with a hallooing noise,
And drink good success to all fox-hunting boys.

Tally-ho ! hark away, &c.

WHAT pleasures wait the angler's life !

By streamlet side or brook !
The while the fish incessant rise
To take his Kirby hook :

His sober thoughts improve his mind,
His cares are far astray ;
Low pride and pomp he leaves behind
To breathe the sweets of May.
In cities there is noise and strife,
And every ill to poison life,
And wear its charms away.

The courtier hunts for gold and place,
Oft stoops beneath the man,
And sometimes meets that sad disgrace
Which checks his vital span ;
The while the angler, free from strife,
Pursues a calm repose,
And lengthens out his thread of life,
And seldom meets with foes.
In nature's smiles he takes a part,
Her morning-beams delight his heart,
And so does evening's close.

The landscape deals him lessons rare,
He marks the constant dove,
Who shows him how his race to rear,
And teaches peace and love ;
No home-bred jars at eve to find,
All smile at his return ;
A prudent wife to meet him kind,
Intent his will to learn.
Not so the wanton rake of state,
He flees his home and slight his mate,
'Till both with hatred burn.

The bee that sips the vernal flow'rs,
 And bears their sweets away,
 Instructs him to improve his hours
 Against a rainy day ;
 The ant that toils the autumn through,
 To store her distant hill,
 Inspires his thought with projects new
 To ward off distant ill.
 The spendthrift no such prudence learns,
 But squanders all his parent earns,
 By prudence, care, and skill.

Sweet Philomel, who, all day long,
 Can harmonise the spray,
 Instructs him to improve his song,
 And sing life's cares away ;
 The larks that mount to heav'n's high gate,
 His pleasing tale impart :
 Until we meet the stroke of fate,
 Go wear a cheerful heart ;
 Nor heed the dull fanatic thing,
 Whose errors often point the spring
 Of fraud, disguise, and art.

The faithful dog that waits his side,
 Inspires this grateful thought :
 " Fidelity let fools deride,
 My dog is better taught ;"
 From him I learn to guard my right
 Against the world's design,
 To meet my friend with true delight,
 And cheer his drooping mind.

Since dogs can such instruction give
 Let's treat them friendly while we live,
 And cruelty decline.

Thus fares the angler day by day
 Throughout the rolling year,
 While knaves, like rotten fruits, decay,
 Nor claim a pitying tear ;
 Then let us praise the angler's life,
 And thus in chorus sing :
 May anglers ever 'scape from strife,
 Nor feel oppression's sting.
 And may the lively girls they wed
 Ne'er dishonour board nor bed
 With peasant, prince, or king.

WHILE ere yet the bright Aurora
 Tints the hills with blush of morn ;
 While still droops the world of Flora,
 Ev'ry rose and dew-gem'd thorn.

Hark ! the hunter's cheering halloo,
 Wakes young Echo with its sound ;
 She, prepar'd, his steps to follow,
 E'er will in his train be found.

Youth and age, without repining,
 Eager rush into the plain :
 Love's and beauty's pow'r combining,
 Now display their charms in vain.

Chaste Diana claims the morning,
Urge then her speedy flight ;
She, the laughing Venus scorning,
Leaves to her the realm of night.

Rous'd early by the cheerful horn,
From the dull slumber of the night,
The huntsmen, ere the op'ning morn,
The stag pursue with tim'rous flight.

Thro' thickets, woods, and hills, they sweep,
Ere yet the sun begins to beam ;
Now swift thro' copse and dang'rous steep,
Now cross, with shouts, the rapid stream.

But see the purple east appear,
The horn re-echoes thro' the vale ;
The fainting stag, o'erwhelm'd with fear,
Now feels his drooping spirit fail.

Enraptur'd with the heat of chase,
The sportsmen seize their panting prey ;
In triumph close the joyous race,
And bear their captive spoil away.

Now eve brings softer scenes of joy,
That glide as jocund as the morn ;
'Midst hours of love, which ne'er can cloy,
The dangers of the day they scorn ;
While in love's soft raptures blest,
All their cares are lull'd to rest.

THE FALCONER'S CALL.

“ With hawkes and hounde he made him bowne,
 With horne and eke with bowe ;
 To Drayton-Besset took his waye,
 With all his lordes arowe.”—OLD BALLAD.

Go hood my gos and my tassel hawk,*
 And call ye my lady bright ;
 For the morn is fair, and high in air
 The ptarmigan takes his flight.

And we'll away, on our bonny steeds,
 To lakes where the herons lie ;
 There in the pride of the olden tide,
 Our gay tercel birds to fly.

Through seas of cloud, like a vessel chas'd,
 The rous'd-up prey will sail,
 Whilst—an arrow's flight, a flash of light,
 Or sudden as rattling hail—

Our crested hawks shall pounce in their pride
 Upon that now devoted thing,
 And, midst huntsmen's calls, the quarry falls,
 With pierced breast and bruised wing.

* Gos and tassel were the two principal hawks used in falconry ; they were formerly held in much estimation, and brought great prices. At the commencement of the seventeenth century, two were sold for one hundred marks ; “ and in the reign of James the First, (we are told,) Sir Thomas Morrison is said to have given a thousand pounds for a cast, that is, a pair of hawks.”

Oh, ours is sport the Saxon lov'd,*

And which monarchs joy'd to see ;
Gay green woods, brown fields, rejoicing yield,
For the falconer's company.

Let the hunter wind his merry horn,

And the fowler ply his art,
And the fisher dream of rippling stream,
And the bowman fit his dart ;

Yet, give the falconer Edward's days,†

When the hazard prey-birds flew
O'er those proud lands his warrior bands
Had so nobly dar'd subdue.

Then hood my gos and my tassel hawk,

And call my lady bright,
For the morn is fair, and high in air
The ptarmigan takes his flight.

WHEN Turriff coursing club appear'd,
Buchan was grac'd with many laird ;
A pleasant, grand, heroic train,
Fine equipage, grand livery-men.

* Falconry was so highly esteemed by the Anglo-Saxon nobility, that the training and flying of hawks became one of the essentials in the education of a young man of rank.

† Edward the Third, when he invaded France, had with him thirty falconers on horseback, and every day he indulged either in the sport of hunting or hawking.—*Percy Anecdotes.*

What glorious sight appear'd, these gentry,
When all arriv'd at Pitfour's entry,
So chieftain-like, with all their trains,
To course broad Buchan's hills and plains.

The parliamenter was so kin',
Invited them frequent to dine ;
Was so delighted with their sport,
To see some chases did resort.

Their rendezvous was Noble's Inn,
Where civil treatment is therein ;
Which suited well our sporting gentry,
With good things cheap, and very plenty.

Swift hounds from Huntly, Buchan, Tweed,
And hounds that Scotland never bred ;
Eight famous hounds as ever ran,
Were match'd three days a prize to win.

Three days were spent in this contest,
But Troup's Claret outran the best ;
Three English miles last chase extended,
The fierce antagonist she confounded.

Judges who view'd the second day's run,
Laid bets that Beauty would have won ;
Yet a mile or the chase was ended,
Judges affirmed it, tho' Claret gain'd it.

These silver couples thou shalt wear,
Thou'st gain'd with blood, and wounds severe ;

Like best of warriors would not yield,
Would die rather than lose the field.

That night we cheer'd, danc'd without rest,
And generous Troup slok'd a' our thirst ;
Hold up your head, victorious lady,
Get on, your honour's gain'd and ready.

These silver links, twa silver collars,
Are valu'd at thirty-twa dollars ;
Well does those set you, look not down,
But cock your lugs out o'er your crown.

Twice ten ell ribbons you hae got,
With colours chang'd, like Joseph's coat,
Wov'd all around you ilka bit,
Tess'l'd and knotted, like a net.

Look up, be proud, you're bra' and fine,
No, you seem rather to decline ;
Oh ! were some ladies half as humble,
And you, some less ambitious ramble.

For gaudy, and for rich array,
Their lords would have some less to pay ;
But I'll this remark by-by,
And lecture on't some other day.

Long life to Troup's victorious Claret,
Let all true sportsmen wish that hear it.

To crown the pleasures of that night
Gentry purposed a cock-fight ;
Game cocks were brought, of the best sort,
Which proved entertaining sport.

The bloody fighters fought so hot,
Many lay dead upon the spot ;
The feathers flew from off their crowns,
That Noble's rooms were soft with down.

These cocks had all sharp spurs by nature,
Yet, artificial, some thought better ;
Fix'd silver spurs behind the heel,
And artfully did them conceal.

Those who had their cocks legs a' bare,
When known, complain'd, it was not fair ;
For private arms there is no law,
But fair in sight, and harness'd a'.

No spear, nor spur, fix'd to the hive,
The fairest fight's the naked sieve ;
To hail the king, the queen, the knave,
The gentry three half guineas gave.

I WILL give you a song, if that's all that you crave,
May I die if I don't do my best ;
But, believe me, no notion have I of a stave,
Nor am I with melody blest :

Yet, among jolly stag-hunters, I'll never be
 The first to make merriment flag :
 So, while I have breath, and you call upon me,
 I'll sing " Hurra ! for hunting the stag ! "

And of all the fine stag-hounds of which I could sing,
 The Berkeley's the pack for the sport ;
 They are not " The King's," but they're fit for a King,
 And they often run nearer to Court.
 See foremost, in yellow, bright, brighter than gold,
 Rides Gr—tl—y, the pride of the race !
 With M—t—n, and fifty fine fellows as bold,
 As e'er knew the joys of the chase.

When the hounds are laid on, oh ! ye gods, what a crash,
 What bruising and pounding is here !
 See L——e, for a start, like a meteor dash,
 Or a Heaven-shot star from its sphere ;
 Lord B—d—ll, John L——r, and Ch—ch—r's Earl,
 Go charging the Yedden amain,
 Bold John gets a ducking, the Peer gets a purl,
 But they're up, on, and at it again.

Next W—b—ll, and P—k—r, and all the light weights,
 Thro' the deep go the deuce of a pace ;
 But where'er the stag's taken, you'll see Major B——n
 Is sure to be found in his place.
 Hold hard ! give 'em time ! now again you may ride,
 Each resolving alike to be first ;
 Tho' sixty score seconds your mettle have tried,
 Without any check to the burst.

Now away on to Harrow they flew like the wind,
 Hark! Gr—tl—y, he cheers them along ;
 How the out-of-condition are lagging behind ;
 To the road, the M'Adamites throng.
 But the few, chosen few, of the genuine sort
 Are enjoying the best of it all :
 Tho' the fences are stiff, they but add to the sport,
 For who cares a d—n for a fall !

Sure, he cannot hold long—he's beginning to fail—
 They are close at his haunches—'tis o'er :
 No, he swims the canal, and he tops the park pale,
 He will run for this half hour or more ;
 And the pack, pressing on, are pursuing him still,
 With such desperate bottom and pluck,
 That Gr—tl—y rides harder, from fear they should kill,
 Ere he rescues this wonderful buck.

When he's taken, they cry, in their extacy mad,
 " Why should we to Leicestershire roam,
 " When from Cranford a run such as this can be had,
 " Without going farther from home ?"
 Long, long of such runs may the Berkeley Hunt boast !
 Of such sport may they long live to brag !
 So I'll fill a bumper, and give you a toast—
 " The Berkeleys," and " Hunting the Stag !"

THE COLLEGE YOUTHS.

TING ! ting ! hark ! I hear the call-bell ;
 'Tis music divine to my ears ;
 It cries, " College Youths, take a spell"—
 I tumble o'er tables and chairs :

My wife thinks me crazy or mad,
 And roars " Poh ! you fool, what's the matter ?"
 Says I, " Pray, dear Ma'am, stow your gab,
 Our bells shall make merrier clatter."

CHORUS.

Then haste, College Youths, haste away !
 We'll gallantly peal it to-day.

Now off to the belfry we post,
 And tumble in one after t'other ;
 Until we assemble—a host—
 Staunch pullers of bell-ropes together.
 But having, like lads of true mettle,
 Made the very best use of our shoes,
 Ere each to his fav'rite bell settle,
 To breathe, we first ask " What's the news ?"

SPOKEN.—Why, replies the Sexton, a bottle-nosed toper of the old school—" There are glorious news arrived in town to-day." *

CHORUS.

So strip without further delay,
 We'll merrily hail this bright day.

Now off fly the clothes from each back,
 The Ringers are rang'd rank and file,
Feu-de-joie we give in a crack,
 And fire off the bells in grand style ;
 Thrice three rounds we steadily fire,
 Like veterans panting for fame,
 Then treble leads off the grandsire,
 And we merrily keep up the game.

* Here the words may be suited to any joyful occasion of the meeting.

CHORUS.

Pull, pull, College Youths, pull away,
We'll jovially peal it to-day.

If honest Mat. Hale's * ghost stood by
To hear how we merrily chim'd it,
" Ye're true College Youths!" he would cry—
So in tune and so justly we tim'd it :
All stood to their ropes—not a flincher—
No stroke miss'd—all true to a tittle—
'Till we'd given the grandsire a clincher,
And prov'd ourselves lads of bell-metal.

CHORUS.

Nor e'er brighter boys came in play
Than gallantly peal'd it to-day.

Now, having supported our fame,
In England none truer or better—
And prov'd ourselves cocks of the game,
To the NINE BELS† we steer for a whetter :
There having recruited our strength
With a supper of nice boil and roast,
Fill'd pipes of the Alderman length,
We call on the Chair for a Toast.‡

Mr. PRESIDENT SPEAKS.—Gentlemen, I'll give " May Old England never want a glorious occasion to set her bells a ringing!"

* Sir Matthew Hale, the great, good, and learned Lord Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench, was, in the earlier part of his life, a Member of the ancient and honourable Society of College of Youths.

† The sign of a public-house.

‡ Any toast may be given, suited to the occasion of the Meeting.

CHORUS.

Hurra ! boys, huzza ! blithe as May
 We'll ring for Old England each day.

WHEN Spring-tide brings in the new May-morn,
 And blossoms peer from ev'ry tree ;
 Sweet in the vale rings the mellow-toned horn,
 To hasten the Bowmen o'er the Lea.

Each with his pretty lass
 Hies him fleetly,
 Footing it feately
 Down the dell—
 Tripping it,
 Skipping it,

Blithe and bonny—while jug, jug, jug
 Sings little Philomel.

In Summer time, with handbows strong,
 How gay the roving down the glade ;
 What sport while yet the leaves are long,
 At butts beneath the greenwood shade.

Each with his pretty lass
 Trims him neatly,
 Shooting it feately
 Down the dell.
 Twanging it,
 Clanging it,

Blithe and bonny—still jug, jug, jug,
 Sings little Philomel.

These pastimes glad each noontide hour,
 Till Autumn gilds the falling leaf ;
 Then hey for the haunch in the festive bow'r,
 Which the Friar blesses—wisely brief.

Each by his pretty lass
 Seats him duly,
 Whisp'ring truly
 In her ear.
 Wooing to her,
 Cooing to her,

Blithe and bonny—with a sly hob-nob,
 As he fills to his Dear.

And still when wintry snow-drops fall
 In silver shower on wood and vale :
 Oh ! the Christmas gambols then in the hall,
 The dance, the song, the glee prevail.

Each with his pretty lass
 Carols it sweetly,
 Or foots it feately
 To the strain :
 Flaunting it,
 Chaunting it,
 Blithe and bonny—while the harp's tang, tang
 Thrill, every vein.

In sportive round, without a sigh,
 A Bowman varies thus the scene.
 Smooth as his shafts the seasons fly :
 His mark—Contentment's golden mean.

Still with his pretty lass
 Revelling gaily,
 Pastimes daily

His spirits cheer.
Clouds disappear,
While sporting with his Dear,
For her smiles brings sunshine all the year.

SLOW MARCH—INTRODUCTION.

LET our troops and our tars,
Meet the rage of the wars,
Fought on Portugal's coast and in Spain.
Let the tyrant of France,
With his blood-hounds advance,
Still to prey on each peaceful domain.

But brave Wellington's near,
To check their career,
Well appointed to combat the foe :
Like him we'll pursue,
With our victims in view,
And the hills shall re-echo—Soho !

QUICK MOVEMENT.

'Tis for exercise, air,
That we course the fleet hare,
Rosy health fancied ailments derides :
As 'tis readily granted,
No physic is wanted,
Where strong convalescence presides.

To the fields then away,
'Tis a fine coursing day,
And each steed feels a wish to be gone ;

But precaution's of use,
 Try your girths if too loose,
 And his shoes if they're well fasten'd on.

Puss springs from her seat,
 And now you've a treat,
 She runs in a capital style ;
 But I beg, my dear Bobby,*
 Do keep in your hobby,
 Give her law, and she'll hold it a mile.

I'll bet, if you're willing,
 Ten pounds to a shilling,
 Says Pett'ner, she'll make for the wood ;
 Cries Wilson, they'll turn her ;
 I plainly discern her,
 She's now very closely pursu'd.

Historians have told,
 'Twas from Nimrod of old,
 That hunters their pedigree trace ;
 But what is their fame
 To the title we claim,
 Adam Eve here unites in the chase.†

No topic prevails
 But who's luck, and who fails,
 From some fav'rite bitch whence he breeds ;

* Robinson, a famous Courser.

† Secretary and Treasurer of the Meeting.

While Puss, in the stubbles,
 By well-contrived doubles,
 The sleek nimble greyhounds misleads.

But her speed now increasing,
 The contest is ceasing,
 And soon she gets lost under cover :
 By the groom's coupling hand,
 Each dog at a stand,
 A signal the first course is over.

MARCH.—FINALE.

Since our pleasure's to course,
 We derive from that source,
 Which our gen'rous friend Chaplin supports ;
 As we course o'er his ground,
 We're by gratitude bound,
 To hope he will long join our sports.

QUICK MOVEMENT.

Then fill up each glass,
 That a bumper may pass,
 As the Muse by these presents greeting ;
 And enjoins us to say,
 Let the toast of the day,
 Be, " Success to Louth new Coursing Meeting."

CANTATA.

FROM slumbers rise, for see the peeping morn,
 And hark ! the huntsman sounds the enliv'ning horn ;
 The trailing hounds soon brush the pearly dew :
 To horse, to horse, the game soon bursts to view.

The wily Fox the cover breaks,
 Away in terror flies.
 See, see o'er yonder lawn he takes
 On, on with shouts, with shouts and cries.
 O'er desperate mounds, o'er rapid floods,
 And hills he bears along,
 Nor streams, nor cliffs, nor deep'ning woods,
 Can check the jovial throng.

Toil strings our nerves, and warms the face,
 We leave dull spleen behind ;
 Health bids us urge the mad'ning chase,
 In speed outstrip the wind.
 Thus far and wide we boldly roam,
 The midnight thief to slay ;
 We bear our well-earn'd trophies home,
 In mirth we close the day.

WHEN the sun is shining low,
 From our easy sport we go,
 Our kettle full of fish ;
 And, having thought the golden day,
 Through the meads we take our way,
 In haste to dress our dish.

Whether it barbel be, or pike,
 Or trout or silver eel belike,
 Or perch, or grayling free ;
 Or bream, or carp, or tench, or bleak,
 Or gudgeons, that in fords we seek,
 Or roach, or dace it be.

A cup well stirr'd with rosemary,
A health, to Madge too, pledged free,
A song of harmless love,
Sheets neatly kept in lavender,
May each day of the calendar
These simple blessings prove.

Before the fire we sit, and sing,
Content and happy as a King,
When winds of Autumn blow,
Employ'd upon our gentle themes,
'Till Spring unbend the frozen streams,
And then to fish we go ;

With morn unto the dewy meads,
Where the herd contented feeds,
Tracing our steps again :
What fortune can be like to this !
Then let the wise partake our bliss,
Th' unwise at Courts remain.

WHEN thro' the woods the hunters trace
The nimble hart, or hare,
Fond echo joins the noble chase,
And vocal makes the air.
The op'ning hounds the game pursue,
And brush away the morning dew.

From hills and dales the cries resound,
While mellow sounds the horn ;
Each varied prospect smiles around,
And rapture cheers the morn.
The op'ning hounds the game pursue,
And brush away the sparkling dew.

At length o'erta'en, the trembling prey
Its speed no longer tries ;
Fear all his courage takes away,
And soon the victim dies.
The hunters then the bowl pursue,
And all their songs of joy renew.

Farewell ! ye house of Aberdour,
Adieu ! ye gentles all ;
Farewell to all my neighbours dear,
That meet into the hall.

With you I many evenings shar'd,
In harmless mirth and glee,
Makes me regret that we should part
Into such destiny.

The heathy hills of Aberdour
They are both long and wide ;
Great pleasure is for sportsmen there,
As muir fowls much reside.

The Kettrine Wells, I much think on,
Where we oft drank and dine ;
Let the game rest, broke coveys meet,
Till we drink gin and wine.

At Lammas tide, sweet summer's pride,
When sportsmen crown the hill ;
With dogs all right, and armour bright,
We met them with good will.

My master* was a marksman grand,
As ever fir'd on hill,
Like Clously's arrows for his life
His aims were sure to kill.

When Sol had turn'd his light about,
And day began to gloam ;
All tir'd with pleasure, load with game,
We steer'd our course for home.

When supp'd, vaunts of victorious sport,
The evenings sweetly pass ;
To please the maids, who could refuse,
To dance with every lass.

Post fast about Apollo's steeds,
Glide fast the world o'er,
Bring a' our gentry back again
In state to Aberdour.

* J. Cumine, Esq. of Banff, whose gamekeeper, J. CHRISTIE, wrote this song.

Ye grandest schools and seminaries,
 The youths make graceful, bold ;
 That they may soon come back again
 Like pearls when set in gold.

Ye volunteers of Aberdour
 You're glorious to be seen,
 Defend your king, and country well,
 With hearts both stout and keen ;

Till combined foes with Bonaparte,
 His serpent pride bruis'd down ;
 Your God and arms shall humble them,
 For all his Pope-set crown.

THE op'ning morn dispels the night,
 Her beauties to display,
 The sun breaks forth in glory bright,
 And hails the new-born day.
 Diana like, behold me then
 The silver arrow wield,
 And call on horses, hounds, and men,
 Arise, and take the field.
 With a heighho chevy !
 Hark forward, hark forward tantivy !
 Arise, bold hunters, cheerly rise,
 This day a stag must die,
 This day a stag must die.

O'er mountains, vallies, hills, and dales,
 The fleet-foot coursers fly ;
 Nor heed whate'er the sport assails,
 Resolv'd a stag must die :

Roads, trees, and hedges, seem to move,
Such joys does hunting yield ;
And health a handmaid deigns to prove,
When huntsmen take the field.
With a heigho, chevy, &c.

Thus virgins are by man pursued,
And beauty made his aim,
Till by his wily craft subdued,
He hunts for other game :
And since e'en life is but a race,
We run, till forc'd to yield.
Yo-ho ! tantivy ! join the chase,
Arise and take the field.
With a heigho, chevy, &c.

HARK ! the goddess Diana
Calls aloud for the chase ;
Bright Phœbus awakens the morn ;
Rouse ! rouse from your slumber,
And for hunting prepare,
For the huntsman is winding his horn.

See ! the hounds are unkennell'd,
And all ripe for the chase,
They start to o'ertake the fleet hare ;
All danger they're scorning,
And for hunting preparing,
To the field, then, brave boys, let's repair.

Of all noble sport
 Used in country or court,
 For our health or our true delight,
 The wise have confess'd
 That an archer's is best,
 As 'tis also the noblest sight ;
 He firmly does stand,
 And looks like a man,
 When the shaft strongly drawn does go :
 Drink away then, my boys,
 And, to heighten our joys,
 Sing in praise of the brave long bow.

Britain's fathers did chuse,
 E'er damn'd guns were in use,
 With this weapon to end their frays ;
 Fam'd Agincourt
 Shews at this royal sport,
 How we conquer'd in Henry's days.
 The monsieur was mawl'd,
 And the English extoll'd,
 From the Thames to the Gallic Seine,
 And were guns laid aside,
 And our archers were try'd,
 We are sure we could do it again.

Health that we gain to our body and brain,
 To the world has been clearly shewn ;
 Who e'er can say,
 He that shoots ev'ry day,
 Has the strangury, gout, or the stone ?
 He firmly does stand,
 And looks like a man,

When the shaft strongly drawn does go :
 Drink away, then, my boys,
 And, to heighten our joys,
 Sing in praise of the brave long bow.

WHAT lots of gun patents, 'tis wondrous I ween,*
 We old jolly knights of the trigger have seen ;
 Patent pans, patent hammers, and waterproof locks,
 Patent breeches and touch-holes, and patent shap'd cocks.
 Derry down, down, derry down.

Patent ribs, patent lips, patent barrels, with bore
 Of large and small size, for each choice amateur ;
 With gravity catches, the sportsman's salvation,
 And many more catches that mock calculation.
 Derry down, down, derry down.

Like a globe patent shot, that in spite of fate must,
 When impell'd by the force of Pigou's patent dust,
 Go straight to its object without deviation,
 And render death always a sure operation.

Derry down, down, derry down.

The fire-proof flask that the powder contains,
 Defies all explosion or loss of your brains ;
 The self-filling shot-bag affords quicker fire—
 This principle all sporting men must admire.

Derry down, down, derry down.

* Sung by Mr. Dignum, at the Clarendon Hotel, April 16th, 1817, being the thirty-eighth Anniversary Dinner of the Old Hats Club.

O'erloaded with patents of quackish invention,
 A cure for bad shots is their honest intention ;
 But false to their purpose, they green-horns entrap,
 And render them worthy a patent fool's cap.

Derry down, down, derry down.

The best of all patents in Lisle-street came out*
 For quick'ning the fire, and there's no one can doubt,
 But fire in Lisle-street some quickly have ta'en—
 Though that fire, alas ! often causes much pain.

Derry down, down, derry down.

AURORA appearing, in grey mantle drest,
 The loud cheering horn calls the huntsmen from rest ;
 Scarcely mounted, and ready to start they appear,
 When the halloo ! view halloo ! salutes the fond ear :
 Then, spurring their coursers, none rein in for breath,
 But each fondly hopes to be in at the death.
 And, anxiously keeping the leader in view,
 Thinks already he hears cried the fam'd death halloo !

Past success, hope inspiring, the sportsman ne'er yields
 To the swift-closing day, or the toil of the fields ;
 Yet now cunning Reynard oft doubles in vain,
 As panting he doubles the uplands again :
 The hounds, while he skulks, on him eagerly rush,
 And Steady, our old whipper-in, bears the brush ;
 Then the huntsmen, with pleasure, their triumph review,
 And the air's rent with shouting the fam'd death halloo !

* Smith, the celebrated gun-maker, resided in this street ;
 but afterwards removed to Princes-street, Leicester Fields.

ON thy banks, limpid Thames, as I stand
To hook the keen glutton below,
As the breeze flows refreshing and bland,
I'm tempted my hair-line to throw.

Nor thy waters alone can delight ;
The herbage, the landscape, appear
To enrapture my wandering sight,
As the music of birds charm the ear.

If my cork, faithful friend, sinks below,
At the bite of the barbel or bream,
To see what thy clear currents bestow
I draw up my prize from the stream.

In the sunbeams he glitters, for liberty tries,
But his efforts are vain, and he tires ;
And, finding no way of escape to devise,
In the pure open air he expires.

Your heroes (I sing) round the world let them roam,
Or for honour seek death in the field ;
We anglers are happy, in quiet at home,
With such sports as the rivulets yield.

At our humble pursuits let the casuist go frown,
Our pastime 'tis mine to defend ;
But not like the lawman, bred up in the town,
To beggar the purse of a friend.

Such are our pleasures the summer's day long,
While there's fish in the streamlets or brook ;
In praise of the angler (let this be our song),
Who delights in the line and the hook.

AWAKE, boys, awake ! is the huntsman's loud cry,
Aurora's just risen, and Sol gilds the sky ;
The young beams look bright on the cloud-breaking day,
And the breath of the breeze calls the blithe hark away !

Our hounds and fleet steeds scent the fresh air of morn,
As the dew-spangled drops die away on the thorn ;
Not a bird far or near but is heard from the spray,
To join in the call of the blithe hark away !

Off, sportsmen, off, off ! Little Wood-brusher sings,
And taste of the pastime and pleasure of kings ;
Bold Towler, staunch Ringwood, young Scentwell,
and Tray,
All join in the call of the blithe hark away !

The high grassy mountains peep through the grey mist,
And the wood-pigeon dove calls her mate to be kiss'd ;
All nature, sweet nature ! looks blooming and gay,
And joins in the call of the blithe hark away !

Let dull plodding mortals, like slaves toil for wealth,
Our boast and delight is the treasure of health ;
Our uplands and lowlands right cheerful to stray,
And join in the call of the blithe hark away !

Ye sportsmen, whose joys are the charms of the field,
 Whose courage, like Nimrod's, to nothing will yield ;
 On the lips of dear woman your love-kisses pay,
 And join in the call of the blithe hark away !

THE sportsmen keep hawks, and their quarry they gain,
 Thus the woodcock, the partridge, the pheasant is slain.
 What care and expense for their hounds are employ'd ?
 Thus the fox, and the hare, and the stag are destroy'd.
 The spaniel they cherish, whose flattering way,
 Can, as well as their masters, cringe, fawn, and betray.
 Thus staunch politicians, look all the world round,
 Love the men who can serve as hawk, spaniel, or hound.

THE stag, when chas'd all the long day
 O'er the lawn, thro' the forest and brake ;
 Now panting for breath and at bay,
 Now stemming the river or lake ;
 When the treacherous scent is all cold,
 And at eve he returns to his hind,
 Can her joy, can her pleasure be told ?
 Such joy and such pleasure I find.

WHEN Aurora is up, the sweet goddess of day,
 And Apollo from Thetis's breast,
 The fleet-footed hare steals swiftly away,
 And the sweet-thrilling lark leaves her nest :

CHORUS.

Then rise, my brave boys, to the health-giving chase,
 And hail the gay nymph of the morn ;
 No care in your breast shall ever take place
 While you follow the sound of the horn.

Sure no sport on earth such a pleasure can yield,
 No joy to the chase can compare ;
 What prospect so bright as to view the gay field,
 Or taste of the sweet morning air.
 Then rise, my brave boys, &c.

We thus spend our lives in a round of delight,
 While rapture beams bright in each eye ;
 Our fav'rites we toast, with bumpers at night,
 And thus fickle Fortune defy.
 Then rise, my brave boys, &c.

SOUND, sound the music, sound it,
 Let hills and dales rebound it,
 Let hills and dales rebound it,
 In praise of Archery.

It's origin divine is,
 The practice brave and fine is,
 Which gen'rously inclines us
 To guard our liberty.

Art by the gods employed,
 By which heroes enjoyed,
 By which heroes enjoyed
 The wreaths of victory.

The Deity of Parnassus,
 The god of soft caresses,
 Diana, and her lasses,
 Delight in Archery.

See, see yon bow extended !
'Tis Jove himself that bends it,
'Tis Jove himself that bends it,
 O'er clouds on high it glows.
All nations, Turks and Parthians,
The Tartars and the Scythians,
The Arabs, Moors, and Indians,
 With bravery draw their bows.

Our own true records tell us
That none cou'd e'er excel us,
That none cou'd e'er excel us
 In martial Archery.
With shafts our sires engaging,
Oppos'd the Romans raging,
Defeat the fierce Norwegian,
 And spared few Danes to flee.

Witness the Largo and Loncartie,
Dunkeld and Aberlemno,
Dunkeld and Aberlemno,
 Rosline and Bannockburn.
The Cheviots, — all the Border,
Where bowmen in brave order,
Told enemies, if further
 They mov'd, they'd ne'er return.

Sound, sound the music, sound it,
Let hills and dales rebound it,
Let hills and dales rebound it
 In praise of Archery.

Us'd as a game it pleases,
 The mind to joy it raises,
 And throws off all diseases
 Of lazy luxury.

Now, now our care beguiling,
 When all the year looks smiling,
 When all the year looks smiling,
 With healthful harmony.
 The sun in glory glowing,
 With morning dew bestowing
 Sweet fragrance, life, and growing,
 To flowers and every tree.

'Tis now the Archers royal,
 A hearty band and loyal,
 A hearty band and loyal,
 That in just thoughts agree,
 Appear in ancient bravery,
 Despising all base knavery,
 Which tends to bring in slavery,
 Souls worthy to live free.

Sound, sound the music, sound it,
 Fill up the glass and round with it,
 Fill up the glass and round with it :]
 Health and prosperity
 To our great chief and officers,
 To our president and councillors ;
 To all who, like their brave forbears,
 Delight in Archery.

SAID Mary to Tom,
 (Who is apt to look glum,
 And rail at the world without reason or rhyme)
 'Tis strange that from home
 So far you could roam,
 And for one brace of cocks lose three days of your time.

Nay, wife, Tom replied,
 You forget, while you chide :
If I've gain'd little good, I have lost many evils—
 For on every hill,
 I ne'er fail to kill,
Either running or flying, *a brace vf blue devils !*

HARK forward, my boys, tally-ho is the cry,
 Tantara ! tantara ! resounds the blithe horn ;
 The bright beams of Phœbus illumine the sky,
 And sweet is the breath of the fresh-breaking morn.
 O'er hills and thro' vallies undaunted they rush,
 While swift-footed Reynard leads onward the foe ;
 But nought can avail him, the hounds scent his brush,
 Hark forward ! away to the sweet tally-ho !

Now bounding o'er mountains, now halting for breath,
 Tantara ! tantara ! he trembles with fear ;
 Yet still, still eludes the staunch courser of death,
 And leaves the loud pack by his art in the rear.
 Away men and horses like Nimrods dash on,
 Regardless of danger, right daring they go ;
 Now, now they gain on him, now once more he's gone,
 Hark forward ! away to the sweet tally-ho !

He struggles—pants—trembles—so closely he's run,
 Tantara ! tantara ! resounds to the sky ;
 In vain by his cunning the staunch hounds would shun,
 The hounds burst upon him, poor Reynard must die !
 Now flush'd with their conquest, the sportsmen return,
 And toast, in red bumpers, confusion to woe !
 And since rosy health is each mortal's concern,
 Hark forward ! away to the sweet tally-ho !

Now the finny brood united,
 O'er the buoyant liquid sweep,
 Or, lost in wanton sport, delighted,
 Plunge adown the azure steep,
 Yielding to the wily plan
 Of the jolly fisherman.

Softly sweet the breeze is blowing,
 Wand'ring streamlets swell the flood,
 While with health and pleasure glowing,
 Jocund pastime yields us food ;
 Crowning gay the wily plan
 Of the jolly fisherman.

WHEN Aurora's sweet blushes enliven the morn,
 How sweet is the dawning of day ;
 Arise my brave boys while the dew on the thorn,
 Makes the meadows look cheerful and gay.
 How sweet o'er the hills is the merry-ton'd horn,
 As thro' forests and meadows we bound ;
 The hounds all in chorus make cheerful the morn,
 And with shouts make the welkin resound.

See the hounds are uncoupled, and jovial the cry,
All eager to follow the chase ;
To the sports of the morn no pastime can vie,
Rosy health blooms with natural grace.

How sweet o'er the hills, &c.

The chase being o'er we return full of glee,
When the sun-beams no longer adorn ;
Sweet sleep doth befriend us, so happy are we, &c.
And wake to fresh sports in the morn.

How sweet o'er the hills, &c.

COME, ye sportsmen, lend an ear to
These prime verses from my pen ;
I, who always hover near you,
Sing your praises o'er again.

Now the season fast is gliding,
Come, ye lads of metal true :
This, a sport you take a pride in,
I in humble verse pursue.

Windsor, fam'd for all the graces,
Windsor, fam'd in tale and song ;
Windsor, fam'd for pretty faces,
And the lads to dash along.

Over brake and briar to follow,
Over wilds unfrequented trod ;
Bosoms glowing at a hollow,
Horses bounding o'er the sod.

Here hounds as good as e'er were follow'd,
O'er the pearly shining dew ;
Huntsmen rare as ever halloo'd,
Horses stout, of mettle true.

Come, ye tribe of little creatures,
Now for whoop and now for bound ;
Come, and shew your dainty features,
Over royal sporting ground.

Keenly drives the misty vapour,
Coldly feels the turfy bed ;
Closely try, or you may 'scape her,
Trail has long since over fled.

For good Phœbus in his waggon,
Slowly mounts him into day ;
Sickly yet from last night's flagon,
Feebly lights his beaten way.

Then squib and drive about with spirit,
What are hounds, or what is hare ?
Shew your truly sporting merit,
Nothing dash, why nothing dare.

Hounds you may ride o'er by dozens,
Should they not go fast to please ;
There's plenty more of aunts and cousins,
Now at home and at their ease.

Now the clouds are even spreading,
Mildly feels the settled air ;
Phœbus hides the track he's treading,
Screening all his noble glare.

Now breast-high the scent is glowing,
See the hounds in settled clan ;
Sweeter still the scent is glowing,
Now ride o'er them if you can.

Hark ! old Echo, how she prattles,
Dying in the distant glade ;
Hark ! yon covert, how it rattles,
To the music in the shade.

'Tis folly now with them be staying,
Toiling over trackless ground ;
Now your skirting tricks be playing,
Keep ye trotting in the round.

Then you boast you got a stand-still,
Gelding fine as mortal rode ;
Up and down Snow's high and grand hill,
Or along a splashy road.

Now, my masters, I could name ye,
Which could lead the burst along ;
My trite verse would never shame ye,
While such spirits grace my song.

Then live in rhyme and live in story,
Fame shall know your deeds so bright ;
I will hand ye down in glory,
To eternity's long night.

Tho' scandal will her trumpet blazon,
With her many tongues of shame ;
Many goodly souls she plays on,
Damning oft a noble name.

Scandal here I do assure ye,
Shall not find a resting place ;
Try my verses by their jury,
Muses, and each lovely Grace.

Rest ye—Pegasus is tired,
This sharp burst has run him hard ;
And the horse was only hired,
For a heavy, stupid Bard.

Who means to sing in dainty measure,
How each fete of horse and man,
Added zest to madden'd pleasure,
Through the noisy, jolly clan.

Nag shall rest him in the stable,
For a month to bring him round ;
Then we'll view again, if able,
All the blades of sporting ground.

Now I have him in my keeping,
He'll not work so hard and oft ;
If I ride, I'm only creeping
Where the ground is plain and soft.

He is fired, founder'd, winded,
Therefore I but view afar,
All the bustling, crazy-minded,
Of the mocking little war.

Now adieu, ye sons of Nimrod,
Now adieu I bid with grace ;
Your patron, tho' a noble trim god,
Did not half enjoy the chase.

If you doubt it, read with spirit,
Rhymes that I in future write ;
Own that Windsor has some merit,
In the sporting world so bright.

HARK ! the sweet mellow horn,
Salutes the grey-eyed morn,
That dawns o'er yonder hill
Sounding clear its high notes shrill.
Tantara ! the valley resounds,
Tantara ! sweet echo rebounds,
Hark, forward ! Tally-ho !
See where the sportsmen go,

To rouse the bold fleet stag,
 While Reynard, snug in the bag,
 But little dreams that he
 Their victim soon shall be.
 Hark ! how the huntsman cries,
 Tally ho ! do rend the very skies :
 See they fly ! there they go,
 Over hedge and o'er brake.

Now they venture the lake :
 The hounds, from scenting long,
 Grow fainter in their song ;
 Ah ! now I lose their cry !
 The victim's doomed to die :
 See the stag falls ! he flies !
 Again he falls !
 Ah ! he dies—he dies !

ONCE more, my good fellows, together we meet ;
 Carol it, carol it, hey to the ditty ;
 Apollo invites us to Harmony's seat ;
 Carol it, carol it, hey to the ditty :
 New pleasures alternate the God will inspire,
 In twanging his bow, and in tuning his lyre
 To derry down derry,
 Be lively and merry,
 Sing derry down, derry down, hey down derry.

Though often we part, by Necessity's laws,
 Carol it, carol it, hey to the ditty ;
 Yet again we assemble in Archery's cause ;
 Carol it, carol it, hey to the ditty ;

Society smoothes what is ruffled by Care,
And plucks from each bosom the shaft of Despair.

Then derry down derry,

Be lively and merry ;

Sing derry down, derry down, hey down derry.

Should surly Severity Freedom control,

Carol it, carol it, hey to the ditty ;

With a string of rough sentiments hamper the soul,

Carol it, carol it, hey to the ditty ;

Let the Cynic for once at our sentiments bend,

And he'll find the true length of Philosophy's end.

Then derry down derry,

He's lively and merry.

Sing derry down, derry down, hey down derry.

For the wheel of dame Fortune's the target of life ;

Carol it, carol it, hey to the ditty ;

To hit the true medium is ev'ry man's strife :

Carol it, carol it, hey to the ditty ;

As the circles are varied, let this be our plan,

To be first in the circle that's fit for each man,

Then derry down derry,

He's at home, and he's merry,

Sing derry down, derry down, hey down derry.

In the circle of Fashion if Vanity leads,

Carol it, carol it, hey to the ditty ;

Extravagance loosens, and Folly succeeds ;

Carol it, carol it, hey to the ditty ;

But in Archery's circle Economy guides,

We have Health to reward us, and Vigour presides,

With derry down derry,
 We're lively and merry ;
 Sing derry down, derry down, hey down derry.

On the hills of Ambition let multitudes rove,
 Carol it, carol it, hey to the ditty ;
 Sun and Moon let them shoot at and terrify Jove ;
 Carol it, carol it, hey to the ditty ;
 While the shaft of true Archery quietly flies,
 In the vale of Contentment where Love is the prize :
 Derry down derry,
 Be quiet and merry.
 Sing derry down, derry down, hey down derry.

From the circle of Happiness how many err ;
 Carol it, carol it, hey to the ditty ;
 How many do Wealth's golden circle prefer,
 Carol it, carol it, hey to the ditty ;
 I prize not the glitter when Friendship has led,
 And mark'd out Sincerity's circle of red :
 Then derry down derry,
 I'm lively and merry.
 Sing derry down, derry down, hey down derry.

If Wit in the circle of pleasing would shine,
 Carol it, carol it, hey to the ditty ;
 The rose of Good-nature his shaft should entwine :
 Carol it, carol it, hey to the ditty ;
 But if thorns of Malignity furnish the plume,
 May the butt of Perdition be ever its doom !
 Then derry down derry,
 Be good-natured and merry,
 With derry down, derry down, hey down derry,

View yonder our trophies of Archery placed,
 Carol it, carol it, hey to the ditty ;
 By the plumes of our patron most royally graced ;
 Carol it, carol it, hey to the ditty ;
 Then at Loyalty's mark be our bows ever bent,
 In the circle of Britain to signalize Kent :
 Derry down, derry,
 Be loyal and merry,
 Sing derry down, derry down, hey down derry.

For myself, if yet more of myself I may prate,
 And carol it, carol it, hey to the ditty ;
 May a circle of Ease be my circle of Fate,
 Then I'll carol it, carol it, hey to the ditty ;
 When at Sentiment's circles I aim, as at these,
 May each flight of my fancy successively please ;
 With derry down derry,
 Thus lively and merry,
 I'll freely sing derry down, hey down derry.

OLYMPIA.

Come away ! merry maids, and blithe cavaliers all !
 Come away ! with a shout at your liege lady's call ;
 Wherever ye scatter, for pleasure or prey,
 At the cry of " La Leup," gather round and away !

HYPPOLITO.

Come away ! whilst the morning be yet in its prime,
 Dashing dew from pale myrtles, and beds of wild thyme ;
 Under roofs quaintly arch'd by the blossoming spray,
 At the cry of " La Leup !" gather round and away.

FALCONER.

La Leup ! La Leup !
 Our falcons stoop,
 They wist the shrill call and obey ;
 Lead, lady ! lead,
 O'er rock, o'er mead,
 Cry merry "La Leup !" and away.

OLYMPIA AND HYPPOLITO.

From the dingle, the glade, and the dell,
 From cool bower where wood-fairies dwell,
 Down the brake, where the green lizard glides,
 By the den where the sleeping wolf hides,
 'Midst the plush of the water-fall's bed,
 Near the cross of the murder'd man's head,
 Thro' the wood's hundred paths as ye stray,
 At the cry of "La Leup !" come away.

FALCONER.

La Leup ! La Leup ! lead away !

OLYMPIA.

La Leup ! La Leup ! come away !

O'er the desert, cross the meadows,
 Hunters blew the merry horn ;
 Phœbus chac'd the flying shadows ;
 Echo she reply'd in scorn ;
 Still adoring,
 And deploring,
 Why must Thyrsis lose his life ?

Rivers murmur'd from their fountains,
 Acorns dropping from the oaks ;
 Fawns came tripping o'er the mountains ;
 Fishes bit the naked hooks :
 Still admiring,
 And desiring,
 When shall Phillis be a wife.

DUET.

Foxglove. When Aurora's appearance, by Phœbus' rays
 brighten'd,
 Gives semblance of flame to the regions of air,
Charles. When the eyes of a damsel, by Venus enlighten'd,
 Encourage the youth in pursuit of the fair,
Charles. Then Love
Foxglove. And Diana
Both. Will ever require
 A bosom of energy, spirit, and fire.
Foxglove. For the chase mocks the sluggard who scarce
 keeps the field ;
Charles. Who makes the best speed has the best of the day,
 Then gallop on gaily—yoicks ! forward, huzza !

THE sun-beams tint the upland hills,
 The dew drops tremble bright ;
 The breath of morn its sweets distils,
 And hails the new-born light,
 Hark, boys ! hark, hark ! the huntsman cries,
 The loud halloo his boast ;
 And next to love, that conquering flies,
 Fox-hunting is the toast.

The morning sky looks lively round,
 And teems with bracing health ;
 While pleasure wakes man, horse, and hound,
 To joys unknown to wealth.
 Let sordid souls on gold rely,
 'Till life gives up the ghost,
 So love but glads the sportsman's eye,
 Fox-hunting is the toast.

Clorinda joins the fond embrace,
 And yields to love's caress ;
 Bids every joy attend the chase,
 And mirth their pastime bless.
 "Hark, boys, hark forward!" rends the air,
 "Tantivy!" rules the roast ;
 And while each sportsman laughs at care,
 Fox-hunting is the toast.

No more let wine, no longer hounds,
 Engage the tuneful Nine ;
 I chaunt a nobler theme by far,
 And choose the course for mine.

The well-breathed greyhound on the lawn
 Had long ago been sung,
 But dreading lest his verse should fail,
 Each poet held his tongue.

The hunter, who pursues his game
 From earliest dawn till noon,
 Laughs at the courser's rapid joy,
 Because 'tis o'er too soon.

Let those who think the course is dull,
 Attend where beauties shine,
 Where TOWNSHEND,* PEYTON,† grace the plain,
 And make the sport divine.

Whether on Weeting's well-kept field,
 Or HAMOND's‡ wide domain,
 Or at the stouter hares on *Smee*,
Witch, *Quince*, or *Laura* strain ;

Or on Stonehenge's bounding turf,
 Which e'en with Norfolk vies,
 Or over ASTLEY's§ well-stock'd heath,
 The Wiltshire greyhound flies.

By those, how much misnam'd the course,
 Who beat each hedge with care,
 Well pleas'd if in the live-long day,
 They start one hapless hare.

No, let me view the high-train'd dogs,
 In VALE's unerring hand,
 Loos'd at an instant from the Slips,
 And skimming o'er the land.

* Marchioness Townshend, the then Lady Patroness of the Swaffham Coursing Society.

† Lady Peyton, Lady Vice-Patroness.

‡ The late A. Hamond, Esq., of Westacre, in Norfolk, a distinguished member of the Swaffham Coursing Society.

§ Sir John Astley, of Everleigh House, Wilts ; the coursing upon whose domain, from the stoutness of the hares and the nature of the ground, is particularly fine.

With ORFORD,* of the coursing train
 Deservedly the pride,
 Whilst friends around him gladly throng,
 By wealth, by sport allied.

Then may ye meet each circling year,
 And oft renew the sport ;
 Long may the evening laugh and tale
 Add flavour to the port.

Each take his glass, a bumper fill,
 No truant here be found ;
 Drink that the course may flourish still,
 And let the toast go round.

I row'd for a prize,
 To receive from those eyes
 A kind look, from those lips a sweet smile ;
 But lest I should lose,
 And you for that fault your poor Tom should refuse,
 My heart it went pit-a-pat all the while.
 When we came to the pull,
 How I handled my scull !
 'Twould have done your heart good to have seen us ;
 There was never a boat's length between us.

* To found the era of *improved coursing*, and for introducing greyhounds of superior form and higher blood, was reserved for the late princely owner of Houghton,

“Where cheerful plenty met the wearied guest,
 And splendid welcome doubly crown'd his rest.”

If the agricultural meetings in the most distant counties feel themselves gratefully justified in drinking, as their first toast, “The memory of Mr. BAKEWELL,” no true and consistent coursing meeting can ever omit to give, with equal enthusiasm, “The memory of the Earl of ORFORD !”

But the *Swan** once in view,
 My boat how it flew!
 And verily believe it was all thinking of you.

Ye good fellows all,
 Who love to be told where there's claret good store,
 Attend to the call
 Of one who's ne'er frightened,
 But greatly delighted
 With six bottles more.
 Be sure you don't pass
 The good house money glass,
 Which the jolly red god so peculiarly owns ;
 'Twill well suit your humour,
 For pray, what would you more,
 Than mirth with good claret and bumper,
 'Squire Jones ?

Ye lovers who pine
 For lasses, who oft prove as cruel as fair,
 Who whimper and whine,
 For lilies and roses,
 With eyes, lips, and noses,
 Or tip of an ear,

* In the year after **GEORGE** the First came to the throne, **THOMAS DOGGET**, an actor of celebrity, gave a waterman's coat and silver badge to be rowed for by six young men whose apprenticeships had expired the year before. This he continued till his death; when he bequeathed a sum of money, the interest of which to be appropriated, annually, for ever, to the purchase of a like coat and badge. This ceremony is performed on the first of August, being the anniversary of the accession of the house of Brunswick, to which family he was devotedly attached. The competitors start at that time of the tide when the current is strongest against them, and row from the Old Swan, near London Bridge, to the White Swan at Chelsea.

Come, I'll shew you
 How Phillis and Chloe
 No more shall occasion such sighs and such groans ;
 For what mortal so stupid,
 As not to quit Cupid,
 When call'd by good claret, and bumpers,
 'Squire Jones ?

Ye poets who write,
 And brag of your drinking fam'd Helicon's brook ;
 Tho' all you get by it
 Is a dinner oft-times,
 In reward for your rhymes,
 With Humphry, the Duke,
 Learn Bacchus to follow,
 And quit your Apollo,
 Forsake all the muses, those senseless old drones ;
 Our jingling of glasses
 Your rhyming surpasses,
 When crown'd with good claret and bumpers,
 'Squire Jones ?

Ye soldiers so stout,
 With plenty of oaths, tho' not plenty of coin,
 Who make such a rout
 Of all your commanders
 Who serv'd us in Flanders,
 And eke at the Boyne,
 Come, leave off your rattling
 Of fighting and battling,
 And know you'd much better to sleep in whole bones ;
 Were you sent to Gibraltar,
 Your note would soon alter,
 And wish for good claret and bumpers,
 'Squire Jones !

Ye clergy so wise,
Who mysteries profound can demonstrate clear,
How worthy to rise,
You preach once a week,
But your tythes never seek
Above once in a year.
Come here without failing,
And leave off your railing
Gainst bishops providing for dull stupid drones.
Say the text so divine,
What is life without wine ?
Then away with the claret, a bumper,
'Squire Jones.

Ye lawyers, so just,
Be the cause what it will, who so learnedly plead,
How worthy of trust,
You know black from white,
Yet prefer wrong to right,
As you chance to be feed.
Leave musty reports,
And forsake the king's courts,
Where Dulness and Discord have set up their thrones ;
Burn Salkeld and Ventris,
With all your damn'd entries,
And away with the claret, and bumper,
'Squire Jones.

Ye physical tribe,
Whose knowledge consists in hard words and grimace,
Whene'er you prescribe,
Have at your devotion
Pills, bolus, or potion,
Be what will the case ;

Pray where is the need
To purge, blister, and bleed,
When ailing yourselves ; the whole faculty owns
That the forms of old Galen
Are not so prevailing
As mirth with good claret, and bumpers,
'Squire Jones.

Ye fox-hunters eke,
That follow the call of the horn and the hound,
Who your ladies forsake
Before they're awake,
To beat up the brake
Where the vermin is found.
Leave Piper and Blueman,
Shrill Duchess and Trueman,
No music is found in such dissonant tones ;
Would you ravish your ears
With the songs of the spheres,
Hark ! away to the claret, a bumper,
'Squire Jones.

I N D E X.

ANGLING.

	Page.
As late by Thames' verdant side	322
Anxious, by the gliding stream,.....	228
Albeit, gentle Angler, I,	167
Bright blazed the fire of crackling wood	90
By purling stream in shady dell	16
Come, anglers, come, for work prepare	19
Frequent at early blush of morn	86
From town I walked to take the air	104
Grown tired of the town and its noisy pursuit.....	144
How happy is the Angler's life.....	314
In circling eddies whirl'd the tide.....	170
It chanced that an angler	110
Now the finny brood united	398
Of all the recreations which	248
On thy banks, limpid Thames, as I stand	391
On yon fair brook's enamell'd side	184
Reclin'd upon a bank of moss	260
South-west blows the wind, and a lowering sky	288
The lambs they are feeding on lonely Skill-moor.....	346
The thorn is in the bud.....	337
Though now at rest, my life was gay	333
To the waters of Lea, so much in esteem.....	84
What pleasures wait the Angler's life,.....	363
What though the hunter's horn is mute	37
When the sun is shining low.....	382

ARCHERY.

	Page.
A bowman's life's the life to court	20
As blithe as the linnet sings in the green woods	227
Come, Archers, learn the news I tell.....	339
Come, my good fellows, and quit the bower.....	174
Come, tune the solemn strain	105
Gay companions of the bower.....	236
Let abler bards rich trophies raise	36
Link'd in pleasure's sweet communion.....	83
Now wend we together my merry men all	145
Of all noble sports	388
Old Sagittarius, stuck in the sky	197
On Parnassus' green top where immortal groves nod.....	257
Once more, my good fellows, together we meet	404
O'er many a morning rough winter hath scowled.....	328
Refreshed, like Aurora, when Cancer prevails.....	297
Since custom of old has call'd out for a song.....	265
Sound, sound the music, sound it.....	394
Survey the gay heath, what bright beauties are here	112
The tuneful wind of Robin's horn.....	320
'Twas one day at a fête.....	18
We are Archers, so stout and so good	351
We three Archers be.....	353
When budding leaves in early spring	361
When spring-tide brings in the new May morn	377
Ye good men of Kent, so trusty and true.....	334
Ye Lancashire lads, at whose liberal board	192

COURsing.

Come, listen all you sportsmen gay	114
Let our troops and our tars	379
No more let wine, no longer hounds.....	410

	Page.
On sixth November, year sixteen.....	273
When Turriff coursing club appeared	369
Ye mortals whose boast.....	23

FOX-HUNTING.

A sportsman I am, my delight's in the chase.....	250
Arise, ye sons of sloth, arise.....	226
Aurora has harness'd the horses of light	51
Aurora has mounted, has mounted her car.....	1
Aurora appearing, in grey mantle drest	390
Bright Phœbus now lights up the radiance of morn.....	335
Bright Phœbus in his chariot borne	59
Come, jolly sportsman, come saddle your mare	168
Come ! wake to the chase, boys, and don your array.....	177
Cease, cease that raven note, that ringing.....	174
Descend ye chaste Nine !	53
Early one morning as I was walking	109
From slumbers rise ; for see the peeping morn	381
Hark ! the hollow woods resounding.....	261
Hark, the horn from the valley.....	55
Hark ! through the vale, each passing gale	339
Hark ! hark ! I hear the hunter's horn	238
Hark ! hark ! the hunting horn.....	56
Hark, hark, to the notes of the melodious French-horn....	234
Hark away ! hark away ! to the sound of the horn.....	313
Hark forward, my boys, tally-ho is the cry.....	397
Here's a health to them that can ride.....	145
Huntsman, rejoice, lift up thy voice	207
Huzza, boys ! the royal command has been given.....	143
Look out, brother sportsmen, the morning is clear	344
Matt Horsley is gone ! a true sportsman from birth.....	106
Mount, brothers, mount ; 'tis now the time for capering....	263
Of fox-hunters now we've got a fresh store	147

	Page.
O list! 'tis the horn's joyous sound.....	30
O! ye sons of the chase, while your spirits are gay.....	267
O! list to the sound of the horn.....	61
Oh, had you but seen, near the stone they call Blarney.....	63
On the third of September, I think thereabout	70
Rouse, rouse, my bucks, and hail the day.....	209
Since Pleasure now sits smiling here.....	330
Sly reynard is started; the hounds scent his brush.....	111
The cock awakes the rosy dawn	116
The gay huntsman no sooner awakes in the morn	353
The glowing east Aurora streaks	74
The lark doth invite the dull sportsman with song	304
The leaf is red, the leaf is sear.....	32
The shadows of the night are fled away	311
The sporting train with joy begin	213
The sprightly horn awakes the morn.....	275
The sun had just peep'd his head over the hills.....	363
The sun now peeps o'er yonder hill	279
The sun-beams tint the upland hilis.....	409
The west-wind sighs, the night has fled	80
Then free from care, from pain, and sorrow.....	50
This fine-looking morn which the fields do adorn	358
Though music delights me, yet none has a charm.....	274
'Tis the horn's shrilly sound that calls us away	212
What is glory, what is fame.....	301
With raptures extatic Aurora we hail.....	323
What shall he have that killed the deer	321
When parting at Cobham, his grace let it fall.....	33
When the season's fine for sporting.....	91
While others pursue a poor timorous hare.....	287
Ye dull sleeping mortals of every degree.....	327
Ye fox-hunters, stag, aye, and hare-hunters too.....	220

HARE-HUNTING.

	Page.
Come, ye sportsmen, lend an ear to.....	399
Come, bustle up, the morn is fair.....	172
Clear is the air, and the morning is fair.....	117
Hark ! the goddess Diana.....	387
Hark, hark ! I hear the huntsman's horn	305
How sweet is the perfume	15
Since winter's keen blast.....	108
The nimble hours obey great Phœbus' call.....	270
Thro' woodlands and forests, how sweet sounds the horn...	94
To a fair lovely huntress devoted's my song	200
Up, up, in the morn.....	252
When Aurora is up, the sweet goddess of day.....	393
When the huntsmen awake us with shrill sounding horns..	195
Ye sons of dull sloth.....	29
Ye sportsmen come forth	332

STAG-HUNTING.

Aurora's blush dispels the night	3
Awaken'd by the sprightly horn.....	201
Aurora's blush the east adorns.....	233
Come here, brother sportsmen, attend to my song.....	325
Hark ! the sweet mellow horn	403
Hark ! the sweet horn proclaims afar.....	349
Hark ! hark ! jolly sportsmen.....	296
I sing the fam'd hunt, whose men and whose hounds.....	94
I will give you a song, if that's all you crave.....	372
Rous'd early by the cheerful horn.....	367
The horn salutes the ear.....	319
The lads of Windsor would set out.....	27
The stag, when chas'd all the long day.....	393
The op'ning morn dispels the night	386

	Page.
Through flickering clouds, as orient morn.....	285
What jocund delight.....	262
When morn peep'd o'er the mountain's height.....	182
With such a brisk widow to whirl time away	337
Who knows not the forest where Harold was tomb'd.....	4
Ye riders, so fam'd in the field and the race.....	120

HUNTING (THE CHARMS OF)

Aurora beams bright	336
Awake, boys, awake ! 'tis the huntsman's loud cry.....	392
Arise jolly sportsmen, the sun-beams of morn	7
Away with those evils the gloomy contrive.....	316
Come, Albert, come, the sunbeams bright (<i>the wolf</i>).....	232
Calm the winds, the distant ocean.....	240
Far in the distant east Sol sheds his ray	178
Fom Latmos' mount, whence sacred groves depend	183
From east to west, from north to south.....	7
How lovely the morning, the landscape how bright	87
Hark, away to the woodlands.....	42
Happy is a country life.....	183
Hark, hark ! I think I hear the horn	122
It is the horn, the bliss-toned horn	331
Keep silence, good folks, and I pray you attend	41
Let astronomers preach up their science pedantic	101
Mankind are all hunters. the little, the great.....	77
Morning dawns, Aurora blushes	233
Music every charm reveals.....	151
My grandfather's grandfather, valiant and stout.....	194
No life's like the hunter's; no joy like the sport.....	154
O'er Sundorn's rugged tower, we fear no tempest's lour.....	205
Since the days of great Nimrod when hunting.....	126
Sound, sound the horn.....	272
Success to all hunters of every degree.....	123

INDEX.

423

	Page.
See, seated round the winter's fire.....	255
She paused—then, blushing, led the lay.....	345
The hounds that deck my simple verse.....	291
To the field, to the field, brother sportsman, repair.....	221
The hunt is begun ; hark ! the sound of the horn	269
The sun has arisen, love, Anna, my dear	360
What joy can compare with the sports of the field.....	9
What pastime's like hunting ; it lengthens our lives.....	78
When Aurora's sweet blushes enliven the morn.....	398
When the forehead of Phœbus illumines the east.....	215
While ere yet the bright Aurora.....	365
Why sing ye the praises of Fanny or Sue	277
When thro' the woods the hunters trace.....	383
When the southern breezes play	284

RACING.

Come, gentlemen sportsmen, I'll sing you a song.....	127
Don't you know I from Hawkesbury came.....	14
My Pegasus dull, has the honour and pride	185
Of Bath, I'd heard our neighbours talk.....	306
Oft the bards of old times, and the minstrels' gay strains.....	58
Oh, George ! I've been, I'll tell you where.....	241
On the Downs, near New Sarum, to sportsmen well known ..	99
O Wully ! had tou nobbet been at Burgh Races.....	148
Ye who thirst for sport and fun	179

SHOOTING.

A truce with your vapours, refinement, and stuff.....	150
Arise, jolly sportsmen, arise with the sun.....	318
A wealthy young squire of Tamworth, we hear.....	169
Brother sportsmen, give ear.....	75
Come, you who love the pastime of the fields.....	39
Come, come, my good fellows, attend to my song.....	56
Have you been to Ealing, sir (<i>pigeons</i>)	217

	Page.
How sweet is the breath of the fresh op'ning morn.....	325
I sing of a medal, bright medal of gold (<i>pigeons</i>).....	230
Mr. Brande new laws may frame.....	244
My bonny moorhen, my bonny moorhen.....	337
Now, from the busy scenes of noisy trade.....	188
Now Phœbus glads the hills no more (<i>Snipes</i>).....	12
Now ripening berries grace the thorn.....	11
Of all the joys that sporting yields.....	141
Oh, day of joy ! long wished for day.....	166
Oh, hail ! ever hail, the first day of September.....	352
Said Mary to Tom.....	397
Stay, sylvan friend, with plenty blest.....	152
The day fix'd for our meeting.....	253
The harvest was over, the crops were all in.....	268
The morn was peeping through the east.....	198
The woodcocks and snipes t'other eve met together.....	74
The wood-path is carpeted over with leaves.....	101
There's no rural sport surpasses (<i>Pigeons</i>)	128
Though I rove through the wilds of majestic Braemar.....	271
To Ealing's famed Hat, we crack shots all invite.....	348
Up, up, sportsmen up.....	86
What lots of queer patents, 'tis wondrous I ween.....	389
When Eldon was young, as we've heard him declare.....	210
When inclin'd for a shot I am up with Aurora.....	10
When the grey morning breaks.....	303
When smoke upwreaths from humble cots.....	277
When the very first day to the field I had got	208
Ye remnants of covies attend.....	229
Ye sportsmen blithe, come leave the town (<i>puffin</i>).....	355
Ye sportsmen young, who seek the fens	159

SPORTING MISCELLANEOUS.

As I came by a grene forest syde.....	321
---------------------------------------	-----

	Page.
Anything's fun in the country, you know.....	132
Actæon, who fell by the daughter of Jove.....	203
Attend, brother sportsmen, your tribute I crave	49
At the back of old Waltham stands high the king's oak.....	136
Bards call themselves a heavenly race.....	129
Begin the song, ye mirthful crew.....	229
Brother sportsmen, to listen, don't fail.....	154
Come away ! merry maids and blithe cavaliers all (<i>hawking</i>)	407
Don't you see that as how I'm a sportsman in style.....	259
Don't you know me? Jenny Dash.....	161
Dear Phillis, farewell.....	79
Dick Spencer was son of a country squire.....	68
Farewell! ye house of Aberdour	384
From Noah's great grandson our order we trace.....	67
Go hood my gos and my tassel hawk.....	368
Hark ! hark ! the huntsman sounds his horn	357
Hark ! thro' the woods the rising sound (<i>wolf hunting</i>)....	157
Hail! mighty hunter, hail	245
Hail to friendship! hail to mirth.....	204
I'm a happy old fellow with very few wants.....	102
I row'd for a prize	412
I am a jolly bowler.....	64
It chanc'd one fine night, having little to do.....	279
Let sons of sloth dream time away.....	191
Let sportsmen delight in the joys of the field.....	172
Let us rejoice, the spring appears	131
Life's a general chase.....	286
Look, brother Bob, to the meadows below (<i>Otter hunting</i>)	47
My hawk is tir'd of perch and hood.....	46
No, no, 'tis in vain in this turbulent town.....	140
Now Robin lend to me thy bow.....	216
Oh, I'll reform! I will, I swear.....	175
O'er the desart, cross the meadows.....	408

	Page.
The age is a chase	160
The moon-beam with silver-tipt.....	350
The morn is bright.....	295
The sportman distant from his native home.....	2
The sportsmen keep hawks, and their quarry they gain....	393
The world is amazingly full of deceit.....	134
This bleak and frosty morning (<i>Skating</i>).....	139
Though far from field sports.....	45
To Knole's famous seat in the year sixty-two (<i>Hawking</i>)	24
Ting, ting! hark! I hear (<i>Ringing</i>)	374
To live a life free from gout (<i>Cricket</i>) ..	157
To the sports of the field.....	163
To the words that I sing, my good brother, attend.....	176
What cursed luck is mine	222
When as the hand at Tennis plays (<i>Tennis</i>).....	137
What is it that impels mankind	275
What is life without pleasure.....	43
What's the use of the dandy.....	300
When Aurora appears, by Phœbus rays brightened.....	219
When Aurora's appéarance.....	409
When first a little knowing lad (<i>Ringing</i>).....	289
When Phœbus bright, the azure skies.....	341
When we sportsmen at table.....	165
When with spurs, boots, and breeches, in apple-pye trim..	224
Whilst thousands court fair Chloe's love.....	141
Ye good fellows all.....	413
You may boast of wines from gaudy France	88

THE END.



